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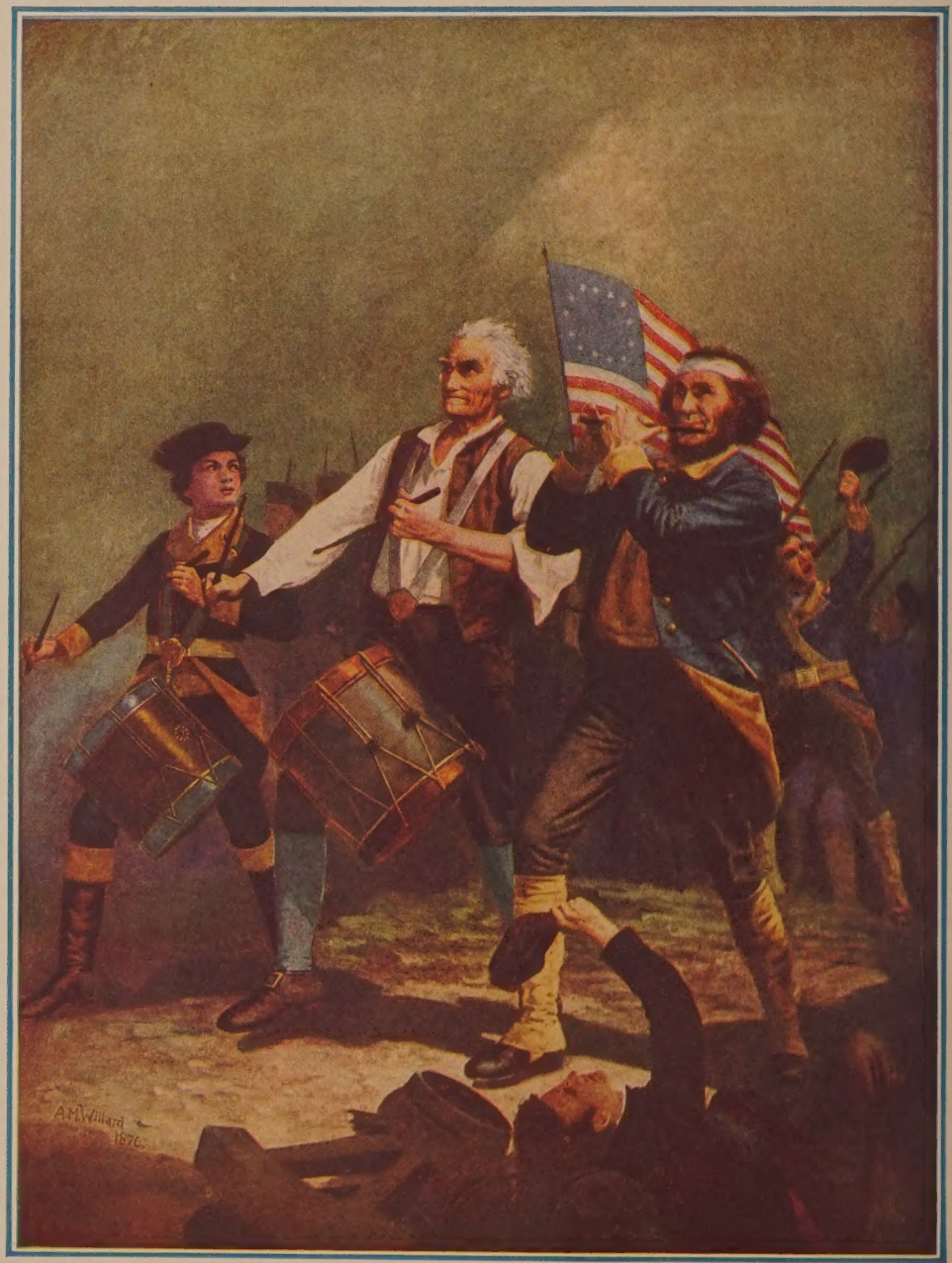

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THE SPIRIT OF '76

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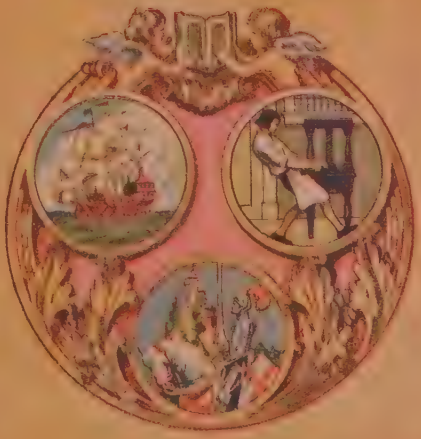

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VOLUME EIGHT

STORY AND HISTORY

The first time I read an excellent book, it is to me just as if I had gained a new friend; when I read over a book I have perused before, it resembles the meeting with an old one.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

IN Volume VIII, we acknowledge with thanks the courtesy of the following publishers in allowing us to use text and illustrations on the pages named:

CASSELL & COMPANY, London, for the "Captain John Smith" illustrations, on pages 329 331.

CASSELL, PETTER & GALPIN, New York, for illustrations for "Baron Munchausen," on pages 286, 288, 289, 290.

DODGE PUBLISHING COMPANY, New York, for illustrations from "Stories from the Iliad" and "Stories from Greek Tragedy," on pages 1, 2, and 40, and from "Stories from Don Quixote," on pages 294, 296, 297, and 299.

GEORGE H. DORAN & CO., New York, agents in America for Hodder & Stoughton of London, for illustrations from "Swiss Family Robinson," on pages 124 and 129; from Dickens' "Christmas Carol," on pages 163 and 165; and the tailpiece on page 224.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., New York, agents in America for Ernest Nister of London, for illustrations from "Water-Babies," on pages 250 and 261; from "Robinson Crusoe," on pages 291–293; and from Kingsley's "The Heroes," on pages 26, 30, and 37.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Boston, and J. S. P. ALCOTT for the selection "Scrapes," with accompanying cut, from "An Old-fashioned Girl," by Louisa M. Alcott, pages 115–121.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., London and New York, for the selection with picture, "Why Old Baboon has that Kink in his Tail," pages 277–283.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., London, through the Macmillan Company, New York, for illustrations from "Cranford," on pages 185, 189, 191, and 192.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York, for the selection from "Hans Brinker," pages 206 214.

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY, New York, for illustrations from "English Literature for Boys and Girls," on pages 72 and 78.

FREDERICK WARNE & CO., New York and London, for illustrations from "John Gilpin's Ride," one of R. Caldecott's Picture Books, on pages 62 and 64.

We are also indebted to GEORGE ALLEN, London, for the Walter Crane illustrations of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," reproduced on pages 48 and 49 from the full-page originals; to SANDS & COMPANY, London, for the "Vicar of Wakefield" pictures on page 68, from their reprint of the Mulready drawings in the edition of 1843; and to SEELEY, SERVICE & COMPANY, LTD.,

London, for illustrations on pages 171 and 175. The "Pilgrim's Progress" pictures on pages 82 and 86 were first published by Bickers & Son, London, 1882.

Special acknowledgment is due the EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, Boston, for permission to use selections from "American History Stories," by Mara L. Pratt, a most entertaining work of its class for children and alive with the "Spirit of '76." These selections are in "Episodes and Leaders in American History," on pages 329–331, 336, 338, 339–341, 343–351, 359–366, 368–370, 372–374.

We are also indebted to the DENTAL SUPPLY COMPANY, New York, for permission to reproduce in color their original of "Hudson's Ship," facing page 309; and to CLOSE, GRAHAM & SCULLY, INC., for their originals of color pictures facing the title-page and page 346.

CONTENTS

VOLUME VIII

PART I. STORY

THE BEST OF GOOD READING

	Page
The Siege of Troy, as retold by A. J. Church	2
The Minotaur, in the version of Nathaniel Hawthorne	10
Perseus, as retold by Charles Kingsley	23
Horatius at the Bridge, by Thomas Babington Macaulay	41
The Merry Wives of Windsor, in picture by Walter Crane	48
The Story of the Tempest, by Charles and Mary Lamb	50
Lochinvar, by Sir Walter Scott	55
Lord Ullin's Daughter, by Thomas Campbell	56
The Charge of the Light Brigade, by Alfred Tennyson	57
How Hereward Won Mare Swallow, by Charles Kingsley	58
The Diverting History of John Gilpin, by William Cowper	62
The Vicar of Wakefield's Horses, by Oliver Goldsmith	66
The Story of Milton's "Paradise Lost"	73
Lady Clare, by Alfred Tennyson	79
The Story of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress"	80
The King of the Golden River, by John Ruskin	90
Little Billee, by William Makepeace Thackeray	103
The Capture of the "Hispaniola," by Robert Louis Stevenson	103
Scrapes, by Louisa M. Alcott, in "An Old-Fashioned Girl"	115
The Wreck of the "Hesperus," by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow	121
The Swiss Family Robinson is Saved from Shipwreck	125
Brother and Sister, by George Eliot, in "The Mill on the Floss"	136
Peter Rugg, the Missing Man, by William Austin	141
Rab and his Friends, by John Brown	147
The Legend of Bishop Hatto, by Robert Southey	154
A Narrow Escape, by J. Fenimore Cooper, in "The Last of the Mohicans"	157
Christmas Dinner at Bob Cratchit's, by Charles Dickens, in "A Christmas Carol"	163
Heavy Weather, by Richard Henry Dana, in "Two Years before the Mast"	166
Captain's Story, by Anna Sewell, in "Black Beauty"	172
Ned in Africa, by Sir Samuel Baker, in "Cast up by the Sea"	175
Consternation in Cranford, by Mrs. Gaskell	185
An Adventure before Breakfast, by Captain Mayne Reid	192
The Skeleton in Armor, by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow	197
Life on a Whaler, by W. H. G. Kingston, in "Peter the Whaler"	199

PAGE

A Skating Race in Holland, by Mary Mapes Dodge, in "Hans Brinker" 206
The Rescue of Lorna Doone, by R. D. Blackmore 214
The Gold-Bug, by Edgar Allan Poe 224
Dobbin of Ours, by William Makepeace Thackeray, in "Vanity Fair" 243
The Poulps, by Jules Verne, in "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea" . . . 247
Tom Becomes a Water-Baby, by Charles Kingsley, in "The Water-Babies" . . . 251
The Children of Blentarn Ghyll, by Charlotte M. Yonge 264
The Cobra's Treasure, by Alice F. Jackson 267
Sheridan's Ride, by Thomas Buchanan Read 270
Little Annie's Ramble, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, in "Twice-Told Tales" 272
Why Old Baboon has that Kink in his Tail, by Captain A. O. Vaughan 277
In the Coils of Death, by Alfred H. Miles 284
Baron Munchausen 285
Robinson Crusoe 291
Cervantes and "Don Quixote" 295
Short Stories about Great Men: Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Abraham Lincoln . . . 301
The Chief English Poets, Dramatists, Novelists, etc. 305
Good Books to Read 306
Picture Books for Children 307
Public Libraries 308

PART II. HISTORY

BIRD'S-EYE VIEWS OF HISTORY

The Ancient World 309
The Medieval Advance 317
In Modern Europe 324
The Birth of a Nation 327

EPISODES AND LEADERS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

The Early Colonies 329
Episodes in Colonial Life 339
The Revolution 343
George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, and Other Leaders 353
The War of 1812 364
The Civil War 367
The Spanish-American War 379

THE STORY OF OUR FLAG 380

OUR NATIONAL SONGS 382

THE ROMANTIC STORY OF CANADA 383

GREAT DATES IN AMERICAN HISTORY

Period of Discovery; Colonial Period; Revolutionary Period; The Development of the Nation; Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the United States 389

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS 394

FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

	Page
The Spirit of '76 (color)	*Frontispiece*
Scott's Meeting with Burns (color)	*facing* 1
The Apotheosis of Homer, by Archelaos	31
Stories from Greek Tragedy	40
The Merry Wives of Windsor	48, 49
From "The Vicar of Wakefield"	68
Caxton's Workshop	72
Spenser; Milton; Shakespeare; Bunyan	78
The Story of "Pilgrim's Progress" in Pictures	82, 86
The King of the Golden River	97
Four Great English Writers	111
"Down Came the Storm"	122
Scenes from "Swiss Family Robinson"	124
Later Adventures of the Family	129
Scenes from an English Literature College Pageant	135
Tableau in College Pageant	143
A Delegation of Indians at Washington	156
Scenes from Dickens' "Christmas Carol"	165
An Old-time Square-rigger (color)	*facing* 166
Arabian Horse; Morgan Horses; Shetland Ponies	173
Native Beaters; Ready to Prod the Elephants	177
Natives Binding Wild Elephant; Two Tame Elephants	181
Molière; Cervantes; Goethe; Schiller	195
The Ski Runner	209
The Famous Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey	218
A Group of American Writers	242
Scenes from "The Water-Babies"	250, 261
English Authors	273
Scenes from "Baron Munchausen"	286, 289, 290
Robinson Crusoe's Experiences	292, 293
Don Quixote	294, 297, 299
Hudson's Ship, the "Half Moon" (color)	*facing* 309
The Puritan	333
Hudson, the Explorer, and Fulton, the Inventor	335
Floats at the Hudson-Fulton Celebration	337
The American Eagle	342
The Minuteman	345

	PAGE
"Ring, Ring for Liberty" (color) . . . . . *facing*	347
Declaration of Independence	348
Facsimiles of the Signatures to the Declaration	349
Gilbert Stuart's Portrait of George Washington	352
Washington Family Manor House and Church in England	354
Gilbert Stuart's Portrait of Martha Washington	357
Washington Memorials	359
Benjamin Franklin	363
"Old Glory" (color) . . . . . *facing*	380
The "Santa Maria"	388

In addition there are 88 illustrations in the text, catalogued under their respective subjects in the General Index in Volume X.

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SCOTT'S MEETING WITH BURNS

In 1787 Walter Scott, then a youth of fifteen, met Burns at Dr. Ferguson's residence in Edinburgh, and won the poet's notice by supplying the name of an author which none of the others of this company could remember. Dr. Ferguson is seated at the left; Adam Smith is third from the right, Dr. Black fourth. Other noted men shown are Adam Ferguson, Dugald Stewart, John Home, and Dr. Hutton.

STORY AND HISTORY

THIS volume is made on the principle that carefully chosen selections, each complete, covering the rich fields of literature, beginning with the ever fascinating hero stories of Greece and Rome, will prove much more satisfactory to the reader, and certainly be of much greater value, than a large number of brief and tantalizingly incomplete snatches. Every selection is worth reading, and belongs to a masterpiece of its class. Every selection, moreover, is readable, and whets the appetite for more. With great confidence, therefore, we invite you into the entrancing pages which follow. When you have finished with the story, you will be ready to go on with the history, where literally much is packed in little space, with our own American development filling the larger part, as it should. The story and history are alike fascinating reading; while the survey and summary of great events will prove invaluable for quick reference, and the illustrations tell whole events at a glance.

ABOVE: HECTOR'S FAREWELL, ROMAN CHARIOT, HELEN OF TROY. BELOW: HOMER HYMNING THE FALL OF TROY

THE SIEGE OF TROY

[Three thousand years ago the blind poet Homer wandered through Greece, singing his songs in celebration of the achievements of heroes of olden time. In his famous poem of the *Iliad* he describes notable events during the siege of Troy by the Greeks. Under the title of *Stories from Homer*, Rev. A. J. Church has summed up in interesting form for young readers the various happenings told of in the *Iliad*. The selections given here are chiefly from this work, but the parts about "The Horse of Wood" and "The Sack of Troy" are from another good book by Mr. Church, called *Stories from Vergil*. Vergil was a Latin poet who lived many centuries after Homer. He narrates, in his *Æneid*, the imaginary adventures of the Trojan leaders after the capture and destruction of their city.]

THE ANGER OF APOLLO

FOR nine years and more the Greeks had besieged the city of Troy, and being more numerous and better ordered, and having very strong and valiant chiefs, they had pressed the men of the city very hard, so that these dared not go outside the walls. This being so, it was the custom of the Greeks to leave a part of their army to watch the besieged city and to send a part on expeditions against such towns as they knew to be friendly to the men of Troy, or as they thought to contain good store of provision and treasure. Now among the towns with which they dealt in this fashion was Chrysa, which was sacred to Apollo, who had a great temple therein and a priest. The temple and the priest the Greeks, fearing the anger of the god, had not harmed; but they had carried off with other prisoners the priest's daughter, Chryseïs by name.

Now in the army of the Greeks there were many kings, ruling each his own people, and one who was sovereign lord over all, Agamemnon, king of Mycenæ. This sovereign lord went not commonly with the army on its expeditions, but he received, as indeed was fitting, a share of the spoil. This time the Greeks gave him, with other things, the maiden Chryseïs. But there came to the camp next day the priest Chryses, wishing to ransom his daughter. Much gold he brought with him, and he had on his head the priest's crown, that men might reverence him the more. He went to all the chiefs, making his prayer that they would take the gold and give him back his daughter. And they all spake him fair, and would have done what he wished. Only Agamemnon would not have it so.

"Get thee out, graybeard!" he cried in great wrath. "Let me not find thee lingering now by the ships, neither coming hither again, or it shall be the worse for thee, for all thy priesthood. And as for thy daughter, I shall carry her away to Argos, when I shall have taken this city of Troy."

Then the old man went out hastily in great fear and trouble. And he walked in his sorrow

by the shore of the sounding sea, and prayed to his god Apollo:

"Hear me, god of the silver bow. If I have built thee a temple, and offered thee the fat of many bullocks and rams, hear me, and avenge me on these Greeks!"

And Apollo heard him. Wroth he was that men had so dishonored his priest, and he came down from the top of Olympus, where he dwelt. Dreadful was the rattle of his arrows as he went, and his presence was as the night coming over the sky. Then he shot the arrows of death, first on the dogs and the mules, and then on the men; and soon all along the shore rolled the black smoke from the piles of wood on which they burnt the bodies of the dead.

THE QUARREL OF THE CHIEFS

On the tenth day Achilles, who was the bravest and strongest of all the Greeks, called the people to an assembly. When they were gathered together, he stood up among them and spake to Agamemnon.

"Surely it were better to return home, than that we should all perish here by the plague. But come, let us ask some prophet, or priest, or dreamer of dreams, why it is that Apollo is so wroth with us."

Then stood up Calchas, best of seers, who knew what had been, and what was, and what was to come, and spake.

"Achilles, thou biddest me tell the people why Apollo is wroth with them. Lo! I will tell thee, but thou must first swear to stand by me, for I know that what I shall say will anger King Agamemnon, and it goes ill with common men when kings are angry."

"Speak out, thou wise man!" cried Achilles; "for I swear by Apollo that while I live no one shall lay hands on thee, no, not Agamemnon's self, though he be sovereign lord of the Greeks."

Then the prophet took heart and spake. "It is on behalf of his priest that Apollo is wroth, for he came to ransom his daughter, but Agamemnon would not let the maiden go. Now, then, ye must send her back to Chrysa without ransom, and with her a hundred beasts for sacrifice, so that the plague may be stayed."

Then Agamemnon stood up in a fury, his eyes blazing like fire.

"Never," he cried, "hast thou spoken good concerning me, ill prophet that thou art, and now thou tellest me to give up this maiden! I will do it, for I would not that the people should perish. Only take care, ye Greeks, that there be a share of the spoil for me, for it would ill beseem the lord of all the host that he alone should be without his share."

"Nay, my lord Agamemnon," cried Achilles, "thou art too eager for gain. We have no treasures out of which we may make up thy loss, for what we got out of the towns we have either sold or divided; nor would it be fitting that the people should give back what has been given to them. Give up the maiden, then, without conditions, and when we shall have taken this city of Troy, we will repay thee three and four fold."

"Nay, great Achilles," said Agamemnon, "thou shalt not cheat me thus. If the Greeks will give me such a share as I should have, well and good. But if not, I will take one for myself, whether it be from thee, or from Ajax, or Ulysses; for my share I will have. But of this hereafter. Now let us see that this maiden be sent back. Let them get ready a ship, and put her therein, and with her a hundred victims, and let some chief go with the ship, and see that all things be rightly done."

Then cried Achilles, and his face was black as a thunderstorm, "Surely thou art altogether shameless and greedy, and, in truth, an ill ruler of men. No quarrel have I with the Trojans. They never harried oxen or sheep of mine. But I have been fighting in thy cause, and that of thy brother Menelaüs. Naught carest thou for that. Thou leavest me to fight, and sittest in thy tent at ease. But when the spoil is divided, thine is always the lion's share. Small indeed is my part — 'a little thing, but dear.' And this, forsooth, thou wilt take away! Now am I resolved to go home. Small booty wilt thou get then, methinks!"

And King Agamemnon answered, "Go, and thy Myrmidons with thee! I have other chieftains as good as thou art, and ready, as thou art not, to pay me due respect. I hate thee, with thy savage, bloodthirsty ways. And as for the matter of the spoil, know that I will take thy share, the girl Briseïs, and fetch her myself, if need be, that all may know that I am sovereign lord here in the host of the Greeks."

Then Achilles was wild with anger, and he thought in his heart, "Shall I arise and slay this caitiff, or shall I keep down the wrath in my breast?" And as he thought he laid his hand on his sword hilt, and had half drawn his sword from the scabbard, when lo! the goddess Athené stood behind him (for Heré, who loved both this chieftain and that, had sent her), and caught him by the long locks of his yellow hair. But Achilles marveled much to feel the mighty grasp, and turned, and looked, and knew the goddess, but no one else in the assembly might see her. Then his eyes flashed with fire, and he cried, "Art thou come, child of Zeus, to see the insolence of Agamemnon? Of a truth, I think that he will perish for his folly."

But Athené said, "Nay, but I am come to stay thy wrath. Use bitter words, if thou wilt, but put up thy sword in its sheath, and strike him not. Of a truth, I tell thee that for this insolence of to-day he will bring thee hereafter splendid gifts, threefold and fourfold for all that he may take away."

Then Achilles answered, "I shall abide by thy command, for it is ever better for a man to obey the immortal gods." And as he spake he laid his heavy hand upon the hilt, and thrust back the sword into the scabbard, and Athené went her way to Olympus.

Then the assembly was dismissed. Chryseïs was sent to her home with due offerings to the god, the wise Ulysses going with her. And all the people purified themselves, and the plague was stayed.

But King Agamemnon would not go back from his purpose. So he called to him the heralds, Talthybius and Eurybates, and said:

ATHENÉ RESTRAINING ACHILLES' WRATH

"Heralds, go to the tents of Achilles and fetch the maiden Briseïs. But if he will not let her go, say that I will come myself with many others to fetch her; so will it be the worse for him."

Sorely against their will the heralds went. Along the seashore they walked, till they came to where, amidst the Myrmidons, were the tents of Achilles. There they found him sitting, but stood silent in awe and fear. But Achilles spied them, and cried aloud, "Come near, ye heralds, messengers of gods and men. 'T is no fault of yours that ye are come on such an errand."

Then he turned to Patroclus (now Patroclus

was his dearest friend) and said, "Bring the maiden from her tent, and let the heralds lead her away. But let them be witnesses, before gods and men, and before this evil-minded king, against the day when he shall have sore need of me to save his host from destruction. Fool that he is, who thinks not of the past nor of the future, that his people may be safe!"

Then Patroclus brought forth the maiden from her tent and gave her to the heralds, and they led her away.

THE TROJANS' ATTACK ON THE SHIPS

THE DEEDS AND DEATH OF PATROCLUS

Patroclus stood by Achilles, weeping bitterly. Then said Achilles, "What ails thee, Patroclus, that thou weepest like a girl-child that runs along by her mother's side and would be taken up, holding her gown, and looking at her with tearful eyes till she lift her in her arms? Hast thou heard evil news from Phthia? Menœtius yet lives, they say, and Peleus. Or art thou weeping for the Greeks because they perish for their folly?"

Then said Patroclus, "Be not wroth with me, great Achilles, for indeed the Greeks are in grievous straits, and all their bravest are wounded, and still thou cherishest thy wrath. Surely Peleus was not thy father, nor Thetis thy mother; but the rocks begat thee, and the sea brought thee forth. Or if thou heedest some warning from the gods, yet let me go forth to the battle, and thy Myrmidons with me. And let me put thy armor on me; so shall the Greeks have breathing space from the war."

So he spake, entreating, nor knew that for his own doom he entreated. And Achilles made reply:

"It is no oracle that I heed, that I keep back from the war. But these men took from me my prize, which I won with my own hands. But let the past be past. I said that I would not rise up till the battle should come nigh to my own ships. But thou mayest put my armor upon thee, and lead my Myrmidons to the fight. For in truth the men of Troy are gathered as a dark cloud about the ships, and the Greeks have scarce standing-ground between them and the sea. For they see not the gleam of my helmet. And Diomed is not there with his spear; nor do I hear the voice of Agamemnon, but only the voice of Hector, as he calls the men of Troy to the battle. Go, therefore, Patroclus, and drive the fire from

the ships. And then come thou back, nor fight any more with the Trojans, lest thou take my glory from me. And go not near, in the delight of battle, to the walls of Troy, lest one of the gods meet thee to thy hurt; and, of a truth, the keen archer Apollo loves them well."

So Patroclus put on the armor — corselet and shield and helmet — and bound upon his shoulder the silver-studded sword, and took a mighty spear in his hand. But the great Pelian spear he took not, for that no man but Achilles might wield. Then Automedon yoked the horses to the chariot, Bayard and Piebald, and with them, in the side harness, Pedasus; and they two were deathless steeds, but he was mortal.

Meanwhile Achilles had called the Myrmidons to battle. Fifty ships had he brought to Troy, and in each there were fifty men. Five leaders they had, and the bravest of the five was Pisander.

Then Achilles said, "Forget not, ye Myrmidons, the bold words that ye spake against the men of Troy during the days of my wrath, making complaint that I kept you from the battle against your will. Now, therefore, ye have that which you desired."

Now Patroclus with the Myrmidons had come to where the battle was raging about the ship of Protesilaüs, and when the men of Troy beheld him, they thought that Achilles had forgotten his wrath, and was come forth to the war. And first Patroclus slew Pyræchmes, who was the chief of the Pæonians who live on the banks of the broad Axius. Then the men of Troy turned to flee, and many chiefs of fame fell by the spears of the Greeks. So the battle rolled back to the trench, and in the trench many chariots of the Trojans were broken, but the horses of Achilles went across it at a stride, so nimble were they and strong. And the heart of Patroclus was set to slay Hector; but he could not overtake him, so swift were his horses. Then did Patroclus turn his chariot, and keep back those that fled, that they should not go to the city, and rushed hither and thither, still slaying as he went.

But Sarpedon, when he saw the Lycians dismayed and scattered, called to them that they should be of good courage, saying that he would himself make trial of this great warrior. So he leaped down from his chariot, and Patroclus also leaped down, and they rushed at each other as two eagles rush together. Then first Patroclus struck down Thrasymelus, who was the comrade of Sarpedon; and Sarpedon, who had a spear in either hand, with the one struck the horse Pedasus, which was of mortal breed, on the right shoulder, and with the other missed his aim, sending it over the left shoulder of Patroclus. But Patroclus missed not his aim, driving his spear into Sarpedon's heart. Then fell the great Lycian chief, as an oak, or a poplar, or a pine falls upon the hills before the ax.

Then did Patroclus forget the word which Achilles had spoken to him, that he should not go near to Troy, for he pursued the men of the city even to the wall. Thrice he mounted on the angle of the wall, and thrice Apollo himself drove him back, pushing his shining shield. But the fourth time the god said, "Go thou back, Patroclus. It is not for thee to take the city of Troy; no, nor for Achilles, who is far better than thou art."

So Patroclus went back, fearing the wrath of the archer-god. Then Apollo stirred up the spirit of Hector, that he should go against Patroclus. Therefore he went, with his brother Cebriones for driver of his chariot. But when they came near, Patroclus cast a great stone which he had in his hand, and smote Cebriones on the forehead, crushing it in, so that he fell headlong from the chariot. And Patroclus mocked him, saying:

"How nimble is this man! how lightly he dives! What spoil he would take of oysters, diving from a ship, even in a stormy sea! Who would have thought that there were such skillful divers in Troy!"

Then again the battle waxed hot about the body of Cebriones, and this too, at the last, the Greeks drew unto themselves, and spoiled it of the arms. And this being accomplished, Patroclus rushed against the men of Troy. Thrice he rushed, and each time he slew nine chiefs of fame. But the fourth time Apollo stood behind him and struck him on the head and shoulders, so that his eyes were darkened. And the helmet fell from off his head, so that the horsehair plumes were soiled with dust. Never before had it touched the ground, for it was the helmet of Achilles. And also the god brake the spear in his hand, and struck the shield from his arms,

and loosed his corselet. All amazed he stood, and then Euphorbus, son of Panthoüs, smote him on the back with his spear, but slew him not. Then Patroclus sought to flee to the ranks of his comrades. But Hector saw him, and thrust at him with his spear, smiting him in the groin, so that he fell. And when the Greeks saw him fall, they sent up a terrible cry.

THE BATTLE AT THE RIVER

Achilles sat mourning for Patroclus, and his comrades wept about him. And at dawn Thetis brought him the arms and laid them before him. Loud they rattled on the ground, and all the Myrmidons trembled to hear; but when Achilles saw them his eyes blazed with fire, and he rejoiced in his heart. Only he said to his mother that he feared lest the body should decay, but she answered:

"Be not troubled about this, for I will see to it. Make thy peace with Agamemnon, and go to the battle."

Then Achilles went along the shore and called the Greeks to an assembly, shouting mightily; and all, even those who were wont to abide in the ships, listened to his voice and came. So the assembly was gathered, and Achilles stood up in the midst, saying that he had put away his wrath; and King Agamemnon, sitting on his throne (for his wound hindered him from standing), said that he repented him of the wrong which he had done, only that Zeus had turned his thoughts to folly; but now he would give Achilles all that Ulysses had promised on his behalf. And Achilles would have led the Greeks straightway to battle, but the wise Ulysses hindered him, saying that it was not well that he should send them to the fight fasting. Then did Agamemnon send to the tents of Achilles all the gifts that he had promised, and with them the maiden Briseïs. But she, when she came and saw Patroclus, beat her breast and her fair neck and face, and wailed aloud, for he had been gentle and good, she said. And all of the women wailed with her, thinking each of her own sorrows.

But after this the Greeks were gathered to the battle, and Achilles shone in the midst with the arms of Hephæstus upon him, and he flashed like fire. Then he spake to his horses:

"Take heed, Bayard and Piebald, that you save your driver to-day, nor leave him dead on the field, as you left Patroclus."

Then with a shout he rushed to the battle. And first there met him Æneas. Now Achilles cared not to fight with him, but bade him go back to his comrades. But Æneas would not, but told him of his race, how that he came from Zeus on his father's side, and how that his mother was Aphrodité, and that he held himself a match for any mortal man. Then he cast his spear, which struck the shield of Achilles with so dreadful a sound that the hero feared lest it should pierce it through, knowing not that the gifts of the gods were not easy for mortal man to vanquish. Two folds indeed it pierced that were of bronze, but in the gold it was stayed, and there were yet two of tin within. Then Achilles cast his spear. Through the shield of Æneas it passed, and though it wounded him not, yet was he sore dismayed, so near it came. Then Achilles drew his sword and rushed on Æneas, and Æneas caught up a great stone to cast at him. But it was not the will of the gods that Æneas should perish, seeing that he and his sons after him should rule over the men of Troy in the ages to come. Therefore Poseidon lifted him up and bore him over the ranks of men to the left of the battle, but first he drew the spear out of the shield and laid it at the feet of Achilles. Much the hero marveled to see it, crying:

"This is a great wonder that I see with mine eyes. For, lo! the spear is before me, but the man whom I sought to slay I see not. Of a truth Æneas spake truth, saying that he was dear to the immortal gods."

Then he rushed into the battle, slaying as he went. And Hector would have met him, but Apollo stood by him and said, "Fight not with Achilles, lest he slay thee." Therefore he went back among the men of Troy.

Then Achilles turned to the others, and slew multitudes of them, so that they fled, part across the plain, and part to the river, the eddying Xanthus. And these leaped into the water as locusts leap into a river when the fire which men light drives them from the fields. And all the river was full of horses and men. Then Achilles leaped into the stream, leaving his spear on the bank, resting on the tamarisk trees.

Only his sword had he, and with this he slew many; and they were as fishes which fly from some great dolphin in the sea. In all the bays of a harbor they hide themselves, for the great beast devours them apace. So did the Trojans hide themselves under the banks of the river.

And that hour would the Greeks have taken the city of Troy, but that Apollo saved it.

THE HORSE OF WOOD

For ten years King Agamemnon and the men of Greece laid siege to Troy. But though sentence had gone forth against the city, yet the day of its fall tarried, because certain of the gods loved it well and defended it, as Apollo, and Mars, the god of war, and Father Jupiter himself. Wherefore Minerva put it into the heart of Epeius, Lord of the Isles, that he should make a cunning device wherewith to take the city. Now the device was this: he made a great Horse of wood, feigning it to be a peace offering to Minerva, that the Greeks might have a safe return to their homes. In the belly of this there hid themselves certain of the bravest of the chiefs, as Menelaüs, and Ulysses, and Thoas the Ætolian, and Machaon, the great physician, and Pyrrhus, son of Achilles (but Achilles himself was dead, slain by Paris, Apollo helping, even as he was about to take the city), and others also, and with them Epeius himself. But the rest of the people made as if they had departed to their homes; only they went not farther than Tenedos, which was an island near to the coast.

Great joy was there in Troy when it was noised abroad that the men of Greece had departed. The gates were opened, and the people went forth to see the plain and the camp. And one said to another, as they went, "Here they set the battle in array, and there were the tents of the fierce Achilles, and there lay the ships." And some stood and marveled at the great peace offering to Minerva, even the Horse of wood. And Thymœtes, who was one of the elders of the city, was the first who advised that it should be brought within the walls and set in the citadel. Now whether he gave this counsel out of a false heart, or because the gods would have it so, no man knows. But Capys, and others with him, said that it should be drowned in water, or burned with fire, or that men should pierce it and see whether there were aught within. And the people were divided, some crying one thing and some another. Then came forward the priest Laocoön, and a great company with him, crying, "What madness is this? Think ye that the men of Greece are indeed departed, or that there is any profit in their gifts? Surely, there are armed men in this mighty Horse; or haply they have made it that they may look down upon our walls. Touch it not, for as for these men of Greece, I fear them, even though they bring gifts in their hands."

And as he spake he cast his great spear at the Horse, so that it sounded again. But the gods would not that Troy should be saved.

Meanwhile there came certain shepherds, dragging with them one whose hands were bound behind his back. He had come forth to them, they said, of his own accord, when they were in the field. And first the young men gathered about him mocking him, but when he cried aloud, "What place is left for me, for the Greeks suffer me not to live, and the men of Troy cry for vengeance upon me?" they rather pitied him, and bade him speak, and say whence he came and what he had to tell.

Then the man spake, turning to King Priam: "I will speak the truth, whatever befall me. My name is Sinon, and I deny not that I am a Greek. Only do thou, O king, have pity on me, who have suffered many things, not having harmed any man."

And King Priam had pity on him, and bade them loose his bonds, saying, "Whoever thou art, forget now thy country. Henceforth thou art one of us. But tell me true: why made they this huge Horse? Who contrived it? What seek they by it? to please the gods or to further their siege?"

Then said Sinon, and as he spake he stretched his hands to the sky, "I call you to witness, ye everlasting fires of heaven, that with good right I now break my oath of fealty and reveal the secrets of my countrymen. Listen then, O king. All our hope has ever been in the help of Minerva. But, from the day when Diomed and Ulysses dared, having bloody hands, to snatch her image from her holy place in Troy, her face was turned from us. Well do I remember how the eyes of the image, well-nigh before they had

set it in the camp, blazed with wrath, and how the salt sweat stood upon its limbs, aye, and how it thrice leaped from the ground, shaking shield and spear. Then Calchas told us that we must cross the seas again, and seek at home fresh omens for our war. And this, indeed, they are doing even now, and will return anon. Also the soothsayer said, 'Meanwhile ye must make the likeness of a Horse, to be a peace offering to Minerva. And take heed that ye make it huge

DRAWING THE HORSE OF WOOD INTO THE CITY

of bulk, so that the men of Troy may not receive it into their gates, nor bring it within their walls, and get safety for themselves thereby. For if,' he said, 'the men of Troy harm this image at all, they shall surely perish; but if they bring it into their city, then shall Asia lay siege hereafter to the city of Pelops, and our children shall suffer the doom which we would fain have brought on Troy.'"

These words wrought much on the men of Troy, and as they pondered on them, lo! the gods sent another marvel to deceive them. For while Laocoön, the priest of Neptune, was slaying a bull at the altar of his god, there came two serpents across the sea from Tenedos, whose heads and necks, whereon were thick manes of hair, were high above the waves, and many scaly coils trailed behind in the waters. And when they reached the land they still sped forward. Their eyes were red as blood and blazed with fire, and their forked tongues hissed loud for rage. Then all the men of Troy grew pale with fear and fled away, but these turned not aside this way or that, seeking Laocoön where he stood. And first they wrapped themselves about his little sons, one serpent about each, and began to devour them. And when the father would have given help to his children, having a sword in his hand, they seized upon himself, and bound him fast with their folds. Twice they compassed about his body, and twice his neck, lifting their heads far above him. When their work was done, the two glided to the citadel of Minerva, and hid themselves beneath the feet and the shield of the goddess. And men said one to another, "Lo! the priest

Laocoön has been judged according to his deeds; for he cast his spear against this holy thing, and now the gods have slain him." Then all cried out together that the Horse of wood must be drawn to the citadel. Whereupon they opened the Scæan Gate, and pulled down the wall that was thereby, and put rollers under the feet of the Horse, and joined ropes thereto. So, in much joy, they drew it into the city, youths and maidens singing about it the while, and laying their hands to the ropes with great gladness.

THE SACK OF TROY

But when night was now fully come, and the men of Troy lay asleep, lo! from the ship of King Agamemnon there rose up a flame for a signal to the Greeks; and these straightway manned their ships, and made across the sea from Tenedos, there being a great calm, and the moon also giving them light. Sinon likewise opened a secret door that was in the great Horse, and the chiefs issued forth therefrom, and opened the gates of the city, slaying those that kept watch.

Some of the Greeks were seeking to climb the walls, laying ladders thereto, whereon they stood, holding forth their shields with their left hands, and with their right grasping the roofs. And the men of Troy, on the other hand, being in the last extremity, tore down the battlements and the gilded beams wherewith the men of old had adorned the palace. Meanwhile others sought to break down the gates of the palace, Pyrrhus, son of Achilles, being foremost among them. And with Pyrrhus were tall Periphas, and Automedon, who had been armor-bearer to his father Achilles, and following them the youth of Scyros. With a great battle-ax he hewed through the doors, breaking down also the doorposts, though they were plated with bronze, making, as it were, a great window, through which a man might see the palace within, the hall of King Priam and of the kings who had reigned aforetime in Troy. But when they that were within perceived it, there arose a great cry of women wailing aloud and clinging to the doors and kissing them. But ever Pyrrhus pressed on, fierce and strong as ever was his father Achilles, nor could aught stand against him, either the doors or they that guarded them. Then, as a river bursts its banks and overflows the plain, so did the sons of Greece rush into the palace.

So King Priam, who had ruled mightily over many peoples and countries in the land of Asia, was slain that night, having first seen Troy burning about him, and his citadel laid even with the ground.

LAOCOÖN
From statue in Vatican Museum, Rome.

THE MINOTAUR

[The story of the Minotaur is one of the famous old legendary tales of Greece that every Greek boy and girl knew by heart. It belongs among the world's imperishable stories, and is just as fresh and interesting to-day as it was when first told — for courage, love, and self-sacrifice never grow old and stale. The version here given is from Nathaniel Hawthorne's *Tanglewood Tales*. This book tells over again

for modern children the best of the Greek stories, and is one of the most fascinating books for children that ever was written.]

IN the old city of Trœzene, at the foot of a lofty mountain, there lived, a very long time ago, a little boy named Theseus. His grandfather, King Pittheus, was the sovereign of that country, and was reckoned a very wise man; so that Theseus, being brought up in the royal palace, and being naturally a bright lad, could hardly fail of profiting by the old king's instructions. His mother's name was Æthra. As for his father, the boy had never seen him. But, from his earliest remembrance, Æthra used to go with little Theseus into a wood, and sit down upon a moss-grown rock, which was deeply sunken into the earth. Here she often talked with her son about his father, and said that he was called Ægeus, and that he was a great king, and ruled over Attica, and dwelt at Athens, which was as famous a city as any in the world. Theseus was very fond of hearing about King Ægeus, and often asked his good mother Æthra why he did not come and live with them at Trœzene.

"Ah, my dear son," answered Æthra, with a sigh, "a monarch has his people to take care of. The men and women over whom he rules are in the place of children to him; and he can seldom spare time to love his own children as other parents do. Your father will never be able to leave his kingdom for the sake of seeing his little boy."

"Well, but, dear mother," asked the boy, "why cannot I go to this famous city of Athens, and tell King Ægeus that I am his son?"

"That may happen by-and-by," said Æthra. "Be patient, and we shall see. You are not yet big and strong enough to set out on such an errand."

"And how soon shall I be strong enough?" Theseus persisted in inquiring.

"You are but a tiny boy as yet," replied his mother. "See if you can lift this rock on which we are sitting?"

The little fellow had a great opinion of his own strength. So, grasping the rough protuberances of the rock, he tugged and toiled amain, and got himself quite out of breath, without being able to stir the heavy stone. It seemed to be rooted into the ground. No wonder he could not move it; for it would have taken all the force of a very strong man to lift it out of its earthy bed.

His mother stood looking on, with a sad kind of a smile on her lips and in her eyes, to see the zealous and yet puny efforts of her little boy. She could not help being sorrowful at finding him already so impatient to begin his adventures in the world.

"You see how it is, my dear Theseus," said she. "You must possess far more strength than now before I can trust you to go to Athens, and tell King Ægeus that you are his son. But when you can lift this rock, and show me what is hidden beneath it, I promise you my permission to depart."

Often and often, after this, did Theseus ask his mother whether it was yet time for him to go to Athens; and still his mother pointed to the rock, and told him that, for years to come, he could not be strong enough to move it. And again and again the rosy-cheeked and curly-headed boy would tug and strain at the huge mass of stone, striving, child as he was, to do what a giant could hardly have done without taking both of his great hands to the task. Meanwhile the rock seemed to be sinking farther and farther into the ground. The moss grew over it thicker and thicker, until at last it looked almost like a soft green seat, with only a few gray knobs of granite peeping out. The overhanging trees, also, shed their brown leaves upon it, as often as the autumn came; and at its base grew ferns and wild flowers, some of which crept over its surface. To all appearance, the rock was as firmly fastened as any other portion of the earth's substance.

But, difficult as the matter looked, Theseus was now growing up to be such a vigorous youth, that, in his own opinion, the time would quickly come when he might hope to get the upper hand of this ponderous lump of stone.

"Mother, I do believe it has started!" cried he, after one of his attempts. "The earth around it is certainly a little cracked!"

"No, no, child!" his mother hastily answered. "It is not possible you can have moved it, such a boy as you still are!"

Nor would she be convinced, although Theseus showed her the place where he fancied

that the stem of a flower had been partly uprooted by the movement of the rock. But Æthra sighed and looked disquieted; for, no doubt, she began to be conscious that her son was no longer a child, and that, in a little while hence, she must send him forth among the perils and troubles of the world.

It was not more than a year afterwards when they were again sitting on the moss-covered stone. Æthra had once more told him the oft-repeated story of his father, and how gladly he would receive Theseus at his stately palace, and how he would present him to his courtiers and the people, and tell them that here was the heir of his dominions. The eyes of Theseus glowed with enthusiasm, and he would hardly sit still to hear his mother speak.

"Dear mother Æthra," he exclaimed, "I never felt half so strong as now! I am no longer a child nor a boy, nor a mere youth! I feel myself a man! It is now time to make one earnest trial to remove the stone."

"Ah, my dearest Theseus," replied his mother, "not yet! not yet!"

"Yes, mother," said he, resolutely, "the time has come!"

Then Theseus bent himself in good earnest to the task, and strained every sinew, with manly strength and resolution. He put his whole brave heart into the effort. He wrestled with the big and sluggish stone, as if it had been a living enemy. He heaved, he lifted, he resolved now to succeed, or else to perish there and let the rock be his monument forever! Æthra stood gazing at him, and clasped her hands, partly with a mother's pride, and partly with a mother's sorrow. The great rock stirred! Yes, it was raised slowly from the bedded moss and earth, uprooting the shrubs and flowers along with it, and was turned upon its side. Theseus had conquered!

While taking breath, he looked joyfully at his mother, and she smiled upon him through her tears.

"Yes, Theseus," she said, "the time has come, and you must stay no longer at my side! See what King Ægeus, your royal father, left for you, beneath the stone, when he lifted it in his mighty arms, and laid it on the spot whence you have now removed it."

Theseus looked, and saw that the rock had been placed over another slab of stone, containing a cavity within it; so that it somewhat resembled a roughly-made chest or coffer, of which the upper mass had served as the lid. Within the cavity lay a sword, with a golden hilt, and a pair of sandals.

"That was your father's sword," said Æthra, "and those were his sandals. When he went to be king of Athens, he bade me treat you as a child until you should prove yourself a man by lifting this heavy stone. That task being accomplished, you are to put on his sandals, in order to follow in your father's footsteps, and to gird on his sword, so that you may fight giants and dragons, as King Ægeus did in his youth."

"I will set out for Athens this very day!" cried Theseus.

But his mother persuaded him to stay a day or two longer, while she got ready some necessary articles for his journey. When his grandfather, the wise King Pittheus, heard that Theseus intended to present himself at his father's palace, he earnestly advised him to get on board of a vessel, and go by sea; because he might thus arrive within fifteen miles of Athens, without either fatigue or danger.

"The roads are very bad by land," quoth the venerable king; "and they are terribly infested with robbers and monsters. A mere lad, like Theseus, is not fit to be trusted on such a perilous journey, all by himself. No, no; let him go by sea!"

But when Theseus heard of robbers and monsters, he pricked up his ears, and was so much the more eager to take the road along which they were to be met with. On the third day, therefore, he bade a respectful farewell to his grandfather, thanking him for all his kindness; and, after affectionately embracing his mother, he set forth, with a good many of her tears glistening on his cheeks, and some, if the truth must be told, that had gushed out of his own eyes. But he let the sun and wind dry them, and walked stoutly on, playing with the golden hilt of his sword, and taking very manly strides in his father's sandals.

I cannot stop to tell you hardly any of the adventures that befell Theseus on the road to Athens. It is enough to say, that he quite cleared that part of the country of the robbers,

about whom King Pittheus had been so much alarmed. One of these bad people was named Procrustes; and he was indeed a terrible fellow, and had an ugly way of making fun of the poor travellers who happened to fall into his clutches. In his cavern he had a bed, on which, with great pretence of hospitality, he invited his guests to lie down; but if they happened to be shorter than the bed, this wicked villain stretched them out by main force; or, if they were too tall, he lopped off their heads or feet, and laughed at what he had done, as an excellent joke. Thus, however weary a man might be, he never liked to lie in the bed of Procrustes. Another of these robbers, named Scinis, must likewise have been a very great scoundrel. He was in the habit of flinging his victims off a high cliff into the sea; and, in order to give him exactly his deserts, Theseus tossed him off the very same place. But if you will believe me, the sea would not pollute itself by receiving such a bad person into its bosom, neither would the earth, having once got rid of him, consent to take him back; so that, between the cliff and the sea, Scinis stuck fast in the air, which was forced to bear the burden of his naughtiness.

After these memorable deeds, Theseus heard of an enormous sow, which ran wild, and was the terror of all the farmers round about; and, as he did not consider himself above doing any good thing that came in his way, he killed this monstrous creature, and gave the carcass to the poor people for bacon. The great sow had been an awful beast, while ramping about the woods and fields, but was a pleasant object enough when cut up into joints, and smoking on I know not how many dinner tables.

Thus, by the time he reached his journey's end, Theseus had done many valiant feats with his father's golden-hilted sword, and had gained the renown of being one of the bravest young men of the day. His fame travelled faster than he did, and reached Athens before him. As he entered the city, he heard the inhabitants talking at the street corners and saying that Hercules was brave, and Jason too, and Castor and Pollux likewise, but that Theseus, the son of their own king, would turn out as great a hero as the best of them. Theseus took longer strides on hearing this, and fancied himself sure of a magnificent reception at his father's court, since he came thither with Fame to blow her trumpet before him, and cry to King Ægeus, "Behold your son!"

He little suspected, innocent youth that he was, that here in this very Athens, where his father reigned, a greater danger awaited him than any which he had encountered on the road. Yet this was the truth. You must understand that the father of Theseus, though not very old in years, was almost worn out with the cares of government, and had thus grown aged before his time. His nephews, not expecting him to live a very great while, intended to get all the power of the kingdom into their own hands. But when they heard that Theseus had arrived in Athens, and learned what a gallant young man he was, they saw that he would not be at all the kind of person to let them steal away his father's crown and sceptre, which ought to be his own by right of inheritance. Thus these bad-hearted nephews of King Ægeus, who were the own cousins of Theseus, at once became his enemies. A still more dangerous enemy was Medea, the wicked enchantress; for she was now the king's wife, and wanted to give the kingdom to her son Medus, instead of letting it be given to the son of Æthra, whom she hated.

It so happened that the king's nephews met Theseus, and found out who he was, just as he reached the entrance of the royal palace. With all their evil designs against him, they pretended to be their cousin's best friends, and expressed great joy at making his acquaintance. They proposed to him that he should come into the king's presence as a stranger, in order to try whether Ægeus would discover in the young man's features any likeness either to himself or his mother Æthra, and thus recognize him for a son. Theseus consented; for he fancied that his father would know him in a moment, by the love that was in his heart. But, while he waited at the door, the nephews ran and told King Ægeus that a young man had arrived in Athens, who, to their certain knowledge, intended to put him to death, and get possession of his royal crown.

"And he is now waiting for admission to your Majesty's presence," added they.

"Aha!" cried the old king, on hearing this. "Why, he must be a very wicked young fellow

indeed! Pray, what would you advise me to do with him?"

In reply to this question, the wicked Medea put in her word. As I have already told you, she was a famous enchantress. According to some stories, she was in the habit of boiling old people in a large caldron, under pretence of making them young again; but King Ægeus, I suppose, did not fancy such an uncomfortable way of growing young, or perhaps was contented to be old, and therefore would never let himself be popped into the caldron. If there were time to spare from more important matters, I should be glad to tell you of Medea's fiery chariot, drawn by winged dragons, in which the enchantress used often to take an airing among the clouds. This chariot, in fact, was the vehicle that first brought her to Athens, where she had done nothing but mischief ever since her arrival. But these and many other wonders must be left untold; and it is enough to say, that Medea, amongst a thousand other bad things, knew how to prepare a poison, that was instantly fatal to whomsoever might so much as touch it with his lips.

So when the king asked what he should do with Theseus, this naughty woman had an answer ready at her tongue's end.

"Leave that to me, please your Majesty," she replied. "Only admit this evil-minded young man to your presence, treat him civilly, and invite him to drink a goblet of wine. Your Majesty is well aware that I sometimes amuse myself with distilling very powerful medicines. Here is one of them in this small vial. As to what it is made of, that is one of my secrets of state. Do but let me put a single drop into the goblet, and let the young man taste it; and I will answer for it, he shall quite lay aside the bad designs with which he comes hither."

As she said this, Medea smiled; but, for all her smiling face, she meant nothing less than to poison the poor innocent Theseus, before his father's eyes. And King Ægeus, like most other kings, thought any punishment mild enough for a person who was accused of plotting against his life.

He therefore made little or no objection to Medea's scheme, and, as soon as the poisonous wine was ready, gave orders that the young stranger should be admitted into his presence. The goblet was set on a table beside the king's throne; and a fly, meaning just to sip a little from the brim, immediately tumbled into it, dead. Observing this, Medea looked round at the nephews, and smiled again.

When Theseus was ushered into the royal apartment, the only object that he seemed to behold was the white-bearded old king. There he sat on his magnificent throne, a dazzling crown on his head, and a sceptre in his hand. His aspect was stately and majestic, although his years and infirmities weighed heavily upon him, as if each year were a lump of lead, and each infirmity a ponderous stone, and all were bundled up together, and laid upon his weary shoulders. The tears both of joy and sorrow sprang into the young man's eyes; for he thought how sad it was to see his dear father so infirm, and how sweet it would be to support him with his own youthful strength, and to cheer him up with the alacrity of his loving spirit. When a son takes his father into his warm heart, it renews the old man's youth in a better way than by the heat of Medea's magic caldron. And this was what Theseus resolved to do. He could scarcely wait to see whether King Ægeus would recognize him, so eager was he to throw himself into his arms.

Advancing to the foot of the throne, he attempted to make a little speech, which he had been thinking about, as he came up the stairs. But he was almost choked by a great many tender feelings that gushed out of his heart and swelled into his throat, all struggling to find utterance together. And, therefore, unless he could have laid his full, over-brimming heart into the king's hand, poor Theseus knew not what to do or say. The cunning Medea observed what was passing in the young man's mind. She was more wicked at that moment than ever she had been before; for (and it makes me tremble to tell you of it) she did her worst to turn all this unspeakable love with which Theseus was agitated, to his own ruin and destruction.

"Does your Majesty see his confusion?" she whispered in the king's ear. "He is so conscious of guilt, that he trembles and cannot speak. The wretch lives too long! Quick! offer him the wine!"

Now King Ægeus had been gazing earnestly

at the young stranger, as he drew near the throne. There was something, he knew not what, either in his white brow, or in the fine expression of his mouth, or in his beautiful and tender eye that made him indistinctly feel as if he had seen this youth before; as if, indeed, he had trotted him on his knee when a baby, and had beheld him growing to be a stalwart man, while he himself grew old. But Medea guessed how the king felt, and would not suffer him to yield to these natural sensibilities; although they were the voice of his deepest heart, telling him, as plainly as it could speak, that here was his dear son, and Æthra's son, coming to claim him for a father. The enchantress again whispered in the king's ear, and compelled him, by her witchcraft, to see everything under a false aspect.

He made up his mind, therefore, to let Theseus drink off the poisoned wine.

"Young man," said he, "you are welcome! I am proud to show hospitality to so heroic a youth. Do me the favor to drink the contents of this goblet. It is brimming over, as you see, with delicious wine, such as I bestow only on those who are worthy of it! None is more worthy to quaff it than yourself!"

So saying, King Ægeus took the golden goblet from the table, and was about to offer it to Theseus. But, partly through his own infirmities, and partly because it seemed so sad a thing to take away this young man's life, however wicked he might be, and partly, no doubt, because his heart was wiser than his head, and quaked within him at the thought of what he was going to do — for all these reasons, the king's hand trembled so much that a great deal of the wine slopped over. In order to strengthen his purpose, and fearing lest the whole of the precious poison should be wasted, one of his nephews now whispered to him, —

"Has your Majesty any doubt of this stranger's guilt? There is the very sword with which he meant to slay you. How sharp and bright, and terrible it is! Quick! — let him taste the wine; or perhaps he may do the deed even yet."

At these words, Ægeus drove every thought and feeling out of his breast, except the one idea of how justly the young man deserved to be put to death. He sat erect on his throne, and held out the goblet of wine with a steady hand, and bent on Theseus a frown of kingly severity; for, after all, he had too noble a spirit to murder even a treacherous enemy with a deceitful smile upon his face.

"Drink!" said he, in the stern tone with which he was wont to condemn a criminal to be beheaded. "You have well deserved of me such wine as this!"

Theseus held out his hand to take the wine. But, before he touched it, King Ægeus trembled again. His eyes had fallen on the gold-hilted sword that hung at the young man's side. He drew back the goblet.

"That sword!" he cried; "how came you by it?"

"It was my father's sword," replied Theseus with a tremulous voice. "These were his sandals. My dear mother (her name is Æthra) told me his story while I was yet a little child. But it is only a month since I grew strong enough to lift the heavy stone, and take the sword and sandals from beneath it, and come to Athens to seek my father."

"My son! my son!" cried King Ægeus, flinging away the fatal goblet, and tottering down from the throne to fall into the arms of Theseus. "Yes, these are Æthra's eyes. It is my son."

I have quite forgotten what became of the king's nephews. But when the wicked Medea saw this new turn of affairs, she hurried out of the room, and going to her private chamber, lost no time in setting her enchantments at work. In a few moments, she heard a great noise of hissing snakes outside of the chamber window; and, behold! there was her fiery chariot, and four huge winged serpents, wriggling and twisting in the air, flourishing their tails higher than the top of the palace, and all ready to set off on an aerial journey. Medea stayed only long enough to take her son with her, and to steal the crown jewels, together with the king's best robes, and whatever other valuable things she could lay hands on; and getting into the chariot, she whipped up the snakes, and ascended high over the city.

The king, hearing the hiss of the serpents, scrambled as fast as he could to the window, and bawled out to the abominable enchantress never to come back. The whole people of Athens, too, who had run out of doors to see this wonderful spectacle, set up a shout of joy at the prospect

of getting rid of her. Medea, almost bursting with rage, uttered precisely such a hiss as one of her own snakes, only ten times more venomous and spiteful; and glaring fiercely out of the blaze of the chariot, she shook her hands over the multitude below, as if she were scattering a million of curses among them. In so doing, however, she unintentionally let fall about five hundred diamonds of the first water, together with a thousand great pearls, and two thousand emeralds, rubies, sapphires, opals, and topazes, to which she had helped herself out of the king's strong-box. All these came pelting down, like a shower of many-colored hailstones, upon the heads of grown people and children, who forthwith gathered them up, and carried them back to the palace. But King Ægeus told them that they were welcome to the whole, and to twice as many more, if he had them, for the sake of his delight at finding his son, and losing the wicked Medea. And, indeed, if you had seen how hateful was her last look, as the flaming chariot flew upward, you would not have wondered that both king and people should think her departure a good riddance.

And now Prince Theseus was taken into great favor by his royal father. The old king was never weary of having him sit beside him on his throne (which was quite wide enough for two), and of hearing him tell about his dear mother, and his childhood, and his many boyish efforts to lift the ponderous stone. Theseus, however, was much too brave and active a young man to be willing to spend all his time in relating things which had already happened. His ambition was to perform other and more heroic deeds, which should be better worth telling in prose and verse. Nor had he been long in Athens before he caught and chained a terrible mad bull, and made a public show of him, greatly to the wonder and admiration of good King Ægeus and his subjects. But pretty soon, he undertook an affair that made all his foregone adventures seem like mere boy's play. The occasion of it was as follows:

One morning, when Prince Theseus awoke, he fancied that he must have had a very sorrowful dream, and that it was still running in his mind, even now that his eyes were open. For it appeared as if the air was full of a melancholy wail; and when he listened more attentively, he could hear sobs, and groans, and screams of woe, mingled with deep, quiet sighs, which came from the king's palace, and from the streets, and from the temples, and from every habitation in the city. And all these mournful noises, issuing out of thousands of separate hearts, united themselves into the one great sound of affliction which had startled Theseus from slumber. He put on his clothes as quickly as he could (not forgetting his sandals and gold-hilted sword), and hastening to the king, inquired what it all meant.

"Alas, my son," quoth King Ægeus, heaving a long sigh, "here is a very lamentable matter in hand! This is the woefullest anniversary in the whole year. It is the day when we annually draw lots to see which of the youths and maidens of Athens shall go to be devoured by the horrible Minotaur!"

"The Minotaur!" exclaimed Prince Theseus; and like a brave young prince as he was, he put his hand to the hilt of his sword. "What kind of a monster may that be? Is it not possible, at the risk of one's life to slay him?"

But King Ægeus shook his venerable head, and to convince Theseus that it was quite a hopeless case, he gave him an explanation of the whole affair. It seems that in the island of Crete there lived a certain dreadful monster, called a Minotaur, which was shaped partly like a man and partly like a bull, and was altogether such a hideous sort of a creature that it was really disagreeable to think of him. If he were suffered to exist at all, it should have been on some desert island, or in the duskiness of some deep cavern, where nobody would ever be tormented by his abominable aspect. But King Minos, who reigned over Crete, laid out a vast deal of money in building a habitation for the Minotaur, and took great care of his health and comfort, merely for mischief's sake. A few years before this time, there had been a war between the city of Athens and the island of Crete, in which the Athenians were beaten, and compelled to beg for peace. No peace could they obtain, however, except on condition that they should send seven young men and seven maidens every year, to be devoured by the pet monster of the cruel King Minos. For three years past, this grievous calamity had been borne. And the sobs, and groans, and shrieks, with which the city was now filled, were caused by the people's

woe, because the fatal day had come again, when the fourteen victims were to be chosen by lot; and the old people feared lest their sons or daughters might be taken, and the youths and damsels dreaded lest they themselves might be destined to glut the ravenous maw of that detestable man-brute.

But when Theseus heard the story, he straightened himself up, so that he seemed taller than ever before; and as for his face, it was indignant, despiteful, bold, tender, and compassionate, all in one look.

"Let the people of Athens, this year, draw lots for only six young men, instead of seven," said he. "I will myself be the seventh; and let the Minotaur devour me, if he can!"

"O my dear son," cried King Ægeus, "why should you expose yourself to this horrible fate? You are a royal prince, and have a right to hold yourself above the destinies of common men."

"It is because I am a prince, your son, and the rightful heir of your kingdom, that I freely take upon me the calamity of your subjects," answered Theseus. "And you, my father, being king over this people, and answerable to Heaven for their welfare, are bound to sacrifice what is dearest to you, rather than that the son or daughter of the poorest citizen should come to any harm."

The old king shed tears, and besought Theseus not to leave him desolate in his old age, more especially as he had but just begun to know the happiness of possessing a good and valiant son. Theseus, however, felt that he was in the right, and therefore would not give up his resolution. But he assured his father that he did not intend to be eaten up, unresistingly, like a sheep, and that if the Minotaur devoured him, it should not be without a battle for his dinner. And finally, since he could not help it, King Ægeus consented to let him go. So a vessel was got ready, and rigged with black sails; and Theseus, with six other young men, and seven tender and beautiful damsels, came down to the harbor to embark. A sorrowful multitude accompanied them to the shore. There was the poor old king, too, leaning on his son's arm, and looking as if his single heart held all the grief of Athens.

Just as Prince Theseus was going on board, his father bethought himself of one last word to say.

"My beloved son," said he, grasping the prince's hand, "you observe that the sails of this vessel are black; as indeed they ought to be, since it goes upon a voyage of sorrow and despair. Now, being weighed down with infirmities, I know not whether I can survive till the vessel shall return. But, as long as I do live, I shall creep daily to the top of yonder cliff, to watch if there be a sail upon the sea. And, dearest Theseus, if by some happy chance you should escape the jaws of the Minotaur, then tear down those dismal sails, and hoist others that shall be bright as the sunshine. Beholding them on the horizon, myself and all the people will know that you are coming back victorious, and will welcome you with such a festal uproar as Athens never heard before."

Theseus promised that he would do so. Then, going on board, the mariners trimmed the vessel's black sails to the wind, which blew faintly off the shore, being pretty much made up of the sighs that everybody kept pouring forth on this melancholy occasion. But by-and-by, when they had got fairly out to sea, there came a stiff breeze from the north-west, and drove them along as merrily over the white-capped waves as if they had been going on the most delightful errand imaginable. And though it was a sad business enough, I rather question whether fourteen young people, without any old persons to keep them in order, could continue to spend the whole time of the voyage in being miserable. There had been some few dances upon the undulating deck, I suspect, and some hearty bursts of laughter, and other such unseasonable merriment among the victims, before the high, blue mountains of Crete began to show themselves among the far-off clouds. That sight, to be sure, made them all very grave again.

Theseus stood among the sailors gazing eagerly towards the land; although, as yet, it seemed hardly more substantial than the clouds, amidst which the mountains were looming up. Once or twice, he fancied that he saw a glare of some bright object, a long way off, flinging a gleam across the waves.

"Did you see that flash of light?" he inquired of the master of the vessel.

"No, prince; but I have seen it before," answered the master. "It came from Talus, I suppose."

As the breeze came fresher just then, the master was busy with trimming his sails, and had no more time to answer questions. But while the vessel flew faster and faster towards Crete, Theseus was astonished to behold a human figure, gigantic in size, which appeared to be striding with a measured movement along the margin of the island. It stepped from cliff to cliff, and sometimes from one headland to another, while the sea foamed and thundered on the shore beneath, and dashed its jets of spray over the giant's feet. What was still more remarkable, whenever the sun shone on this huge figure it flickered and glimmered; its vast countenance, too, had a metallic lustre, and threw great flashes of splendor through the air. The folds of its garments, moreover, instead of waving in the wind, fell heavily over its limbs, as if woven of some kind of metal.

The nigher the vessel came, the more Theseus wondered what this immense giant could be, and whether it actually had life or no. For, though it walked, and made other lifelike motions, there yet was a kind of jerk in its gait, which, together with its brazen aspect, caused the young prince to suspect that it was no true giant, but only a wonderful piece of machinery. The figure looked all the more terrible because it carried an enormous brass club on its shoulder.

"What is this wonder?" Theseus asked of the master of the vessel, who was now at leisure to answer him.

"It is Talus, the Man of Brass," said the master.

"And is he a live giant, or a brazen image?" asked Theseus.

"That, truly," replied the master, "is the point which has always perplexed me. Some say, indeed, that this Talus was hammered out for King Minos by Vulcan himself, the skillfulest of all workers in metal. But who ever saw a brazen image that had sense enough to walk round an island three times a day, as this giant walks round the island of Crete, challenging every vessel that comes nigh the shore? And, on the other hand, what living thing, unless his sinews were made of brass, would not be weary of marching eighteen hundred miles in the twenty-four hours, as Talus does, without ever sitting down to rest? He is a puzzler, take him how you will."

Still the vessel went bounding onward; and now Theseus could hear the brazen clangor of the giant's footsteps, as he trod heavily upon the sea-beaten rocks, some of which were seen to crack and crumble into the foamy waves beneath his weight. As they approached the entrance of the port, the giant straddled clear across it, with a foot firmly planted on each headland, and uplifting his club to such a height that its butt-end was hidden in a cloud, he stood in that formidable posture, with the sun gleaming all over his metallic surface. There seemed nothing else to be expected but that, the next moment, he would fetch his great club down, slam bang, and smash the vessel into a thousand pieces, without heeding how many innocent people he might destroy; for there is seldom any mercy in a giant, you know, and quite as little in a piece of brass clockwork. But just when Theseus and his companions thought the blow was coming, the brazen lips unclosed themselves, and the figure spoke.

"Whence come you, strangers?"

And when the ringing voice ceased, there was just such a reverberation as you may have heard within a great church bell, for a moment or two after the stroke of the hammer.

"From Athens!" shouted the master in reply.

"On what errand?" thundered the Man of Brass.

And he whirled his club aloft more threateningly than ever, as if he were about to smite them with a thunder-stroke right amidships, because Athens, so little while ago, had been at war with Crete.

"We bring the seven youths and the seven maidens," answered the master, "to be devoured by the Minotaur!"

"Pass!" cried the brazen giant.

That one loud word rolled all about the sky, while again there was a booming reverberation within the figure's breast. The vessel glided between the headlands of the port, and the giant resumed his march. In a few moments, this wondrous sentinel was far away, flashing in the distant sunshine, and revolving with immense strides around the island of Crete, as it was his never-ceasing task to do.

No sooner had they entered the harbor than a party of the guards of King Minos came down

to the waterside, and took charge of the fourteen young men and damsels. Surrounded by these armed warriors, Prince Theseus and his companions were led to the king's palace, and ushered into his presence. Now, Minos was a stern and pitiless king. If the figure that guarded Crete was made of brass, then the monarch, who ruled over it, might be thought to have a still harder metal in his breast, and might have been called a man of iron. He bent his shaggy brows upon the poor Athenian victims. Any other mortal, beholding their fresh and tender beauty, and their innocent looks, would have felt himself sitting on thorns until he had made every soul of them happy, by bidding them go free as the summer wind. But this immitigable Minos cared only to examine whether they were plump enough to satisfy the Minotaur's appetite. For my part, I wish he himself had been the only victim; and the monster would have found him a pretty tough one.

One after another, King Minos called these pale, frightened youths and sobbing maidens to his footstool, gave them each a poke in the ribs with his sceptre (to try whether they were in good flesh or no), and dismissed them with a nod to his guards. But when his eyes rested on Theseus, the king looked at him more attentively, because his face was calm and brave.

"Young man," asked he, with his stern voice, "are you not appalled at the certainty of being devoured by this terrible Minotaur?"

"I have offered my life in a good cause," answered Theseus, "and therefore I give it freely and gladly. But thou, King Minos, art thou not thyself appalled, who, year after year, hast perpetrated this dreadful wrong, by giving seven innocent youths and as many maidens to be devoured by a monster? Dost thou not tremble, wicked king, to turn thine eyes inward on thine own heart? Sitting there on thy golden throne, and in thy robes of majesty, I tell thee to thy face, King Minos, thou art a more hideous monster than the Minotaur himself!"

"Aha! do you think me so?" cried the king, laughing in his cruel way. "To-morrow, at breakfast time, you shall have an opportunity of judging which is the greater monster, the Minotaur or the king! Take them away, guards; and let this freespoken youth be the Minotaur's first morsel!"

Near the king's throne (though I had no time to tell you so before) stood his daughter Ariadne. She was a beautiful and tender-hearted maiden, and looked at these poor doomed captives with very different feelings from those of the iron-breasted King Minos. She really wept, indeed, at the idea of how much human happiness would be needlessly thrown away, by giving so many young people, in the first bloom and rose blossom of their lives, to be eaten up by a creature who, no doubt, would have preferred a fat ox, or even a large pig, to the plumpest of them. And when she beheld the brave, spirited figure of Prince Theseus bearing himself so calmly in his terrible peril, she grew a hundred times more pitiful than before. As the guards were taking him away, she flung herself at the king's feet, and besought him to set all the captives free, and especially this one young man.

"Peace, foolish girl!" answered King Minos. "What hast thou to do with an affair like this? It is a matter of state policy, and therefore quite beyond thy weak comprehension. Go water thy flowers, and think no more of these Athenian caitiffs, whom the Minotaur shall as certainly eat up for breakfast as I will eat a partridge for my supper."

So saying, the king looked cruel enough to devour Theseus and all the rest of the captives, himself, had there been no Minotaur to save him the trouble. As he would hear not another word in their favor, the prisoners were now led away, and clapped into a dungeon, where the jailer advised them to go to sleep as soon as possible, because the Minotaur was in the habit of calling for breakfast early. The seven maidens and six of the young men soon sobbed themselves to slumber. But Theseus was not like them. He felt conscious that he was wiser, and braver, and stronger than his companions, and that therefore he had the responsibility of all their lives upon him, and must consider whether there was no way to save them, even in this last extremity. So he kept himself awake, and paced to and fro across the gloomy dungeon in which they were shut up.

Just before midnight, the door was softly

unbarred, and the gentle Ariadne showed herself, with a torch in her hand.

"Are you awake, Prince Theseus?" she whispered.

"Yes," answered Theseus. "With so little time to live, I do not choose to waste any of it in sleep."

"Then follow me," said Ariadne, "and tread softly."

What had become of the jailer and the guards, Theseus never knew. But, however that might be, Ariadne opened all the doors and led him forth from the darksome prison into the pleasant moonlight.

"Theseus," said the maiden, "you can now get on board your vessel, and sail away for Athens."

"No," answered the young man; "I will never leave Crete unless I can first slay the Minotaur, and save my poor companions, and deliver Athens from this cruel tribute."

"I knew that this would be your resolution," said Ariadne. "Come, then, with me, brave Theseus. Here is your own sword, which the guards deprived you of. You will need it; and pray Heaven you may use it well."

Then she led Theseus along by the hand until they came to a dark, shadowy grove, where the moonlight wasted itself on the tops of the trees, without shedding hardly so much as a glimmering beam upon their pathway. After going a good way through this obscurity, they reached a high marble wall, which was overgrown with creeping plants, that made it shaggy with their verdure. The wall seemed to have no door, nor any windows, but rose up, lofty, and massive, and mysterious, and was neither to be clambered over, nor, so far as Theseus could perceive, to be passed through. Nevertheless, Ariadne did but press one of her soft little fingers against a particular block of marble, and, though it looked as solid as any other part of the wall, it yielded to her touch, disclosing an entrance just wide enough to admit them. They crept through, and the marble stone swung back into its place.

"We are now," said Ariadne, "in the famous labyrinth which Dædalus built before he made himself a pair of wings, and flew away from our island like a bird. That Dædalus was a very cunning workman; but of all his artful contrivances, this labyrinth is the most wondrous. Were we to take but a few steps from the doorway, we might wander about all our lifetime, and never find it again. Yet in the very centre of this labyrinth is the Minotaur; and, Theseus, you must go thither to seek him."

"But how shall I ever find him," asked Theseus, "if the labyrinth so bewilders me as you say it will?"

Just as he spoke they heard a rough and very disagreeable roar, which greatly resembled the lowing of a fierce bull, but yet had some sort of sound like the human voice. Theseus even fancied a rude articulation in it, as if the creature that uttered it were trying to shape his hoarse breath into words. It was at some distance, however, and he really could not tell whether it sounded most like a bull's roar or a man's harsh voice.

"That is the Minotaur's noise," whispered Ariadne, closely grasping the hand of Theseus, and pressing one of her own hands to her heart, which was all in a tremble. "You must follow that sound through the windings of the labyrinth, and, by and by, you will find him. Stay! take the end of this silken string; I will hold the other end; and then, if you win the victory, it will lead you again to this spot. Farewell, brave Theseus."

So the young man took the end of the silken string in his left hand, and his gold-hilted sword, ready drawn from its scabbard, in the other, and trod boldly into the inscrutable labyrinth. How this labyrinth was built is more than I can tell you, but so cunningly contrived a mizmaze was never seen in the world, before nor since. There can be nothing else so intricate, unless it were the brain of a man like Dædalus, who planned it, or the heart of any ordinary man; which last, to be sure, is ten times as great a mystery as the labyrinth of Crete. Theseus had not taken five steps before he lost sight of Ariadne; and in five more his head was growing dizzy. But still he went on, now creeping through a low arch, now ascending a flight of steps, now in one crooked passage, and now in another, with here a door opening before him, and there one banging behind, until it really seemed as if the walls spun round, and whirled him round along with them. And all the while, through

these hollow avenues, now nearer, now farther off again, resounded the cry of the Minotaur; and the sound was so fierce, so cruel, so ugly, so like a bull's roar, and withal so like a human voice, and yet like neither of them, that the brave heart of Theseus grew sterner and angrier at every step; for he felt it an insult to the moon and sky, and to our affectionate and simple Mother Earth, that such a monster should have the audacity to exist.

As he passed onward, the clouds gathered over the moon, and the labyrinth grew so dusky that Theseus could no longer discern the bewilderment through which he was passing. He would have felt quite lost, and utterly hopeless of ever again walking in a straight path, if, every little while, he had not been conscious of a gentle twitch at the silken cord. Then he knew that the tender-hearted Ariadne was still holding the other end, and that she was fearing for him, and hoping for him, and giving him just as much of her sympathy as if she were close by his side. Oh indeed, I can assure you, there was a vast deal of human sympathy running along that slender thread of silk. But still he followed the dreadful roar of the Minotaur, which now grew louder and louder, and finally so very loud that Theseus fully expected to come close upon him, at every new zigzag and wriggle of the path. And at last, in an open space, at the very centre of the labyrinth, he did discern the hideous creature.

Sure enough, what an ugly monster it was! Only his horned head belonged to a bull; and yet, somehow or other, he looked like a bull all over, preposterously waddling on his hind legs; or, if you happened to view him in another way, he seemed wholly a man, and all the more monstrous for being so. And there he was, the wretched thing, with no society, no companion, no kind of a mate, living only to do mischief, and incapable of knowing what affection means. Theseus hated him, and shuddered at him, and yet could not but be sensible of some sort of pity; and all the more, the uglier and more detestable the creature was. For he kept striding to and fro in a solitary frenzy of rage, continually emitting a hoarse roar, which was oddly mixed up with half-shaped words; and, after listening awhile, Theseus understood that the Minotaur was saying to himself how miserable he was, and how hungry, and how he hated everybody, and how he longed to eat up the human race alive.

Ah, the bull-headed villain! And oh, my good little people, you will perhaps see, one of these days, as I do now, that every human being who suffers anything evil to get into his nature, or to remain there, is a kind of Minotaur, an enemy of his fellow-creatures, and separated from all good companionship, as this poor monster was.

Was Theseus afraid? By no means, my dear auditors. What! a hero like Theseus afraid! Not had the Minotaur had twenty bull heads instead of one. Bold as he was, however, I rather fancy that it strengthened his valiant heart, just at this crisis, to feel a tremulous twitch at the silken cord, which he was still holding in his left hand. It was as if Ariadne were giving him all her might and courage; and, much as he already had, and little as she had to give, it made his own seem twice as much. And to confess the honest truth, he needed the whole; for now the Minotaur, turning suddenly about, caught sight of Theseus, and instantly lowered his horribly sharp horns, exactly as a mad bull does when he means to rush against an enemy. At the same time, he belched forth a tremendous roar, in which there was something like the words of human language, but all disjointed and shaken to pieces by passing through the gullet of a miserably enraged brute.

Theseus could only guess what the creature intended to say, and that rather by his gestures than his words; for the Minotaur's horns were sharper than his wits, and of a great deal more service to him than his tongue. But probably this was the sense of what he uttered:

"Ah, wretch of a human being! I'll stick my horns through you, and toss you fifty feet high, and eat you up the moment you come down!"

"Come on then, and try it!" was all that Theseus deigned to reply; for he was far too magnanimous to assault his enemy with insolent language.

Without more words on either side, there ensued the most awful fight between Theseus

and the Minotaur that ever happened beneath the sun or moon. I really know not how it might have turned out, if the monster, in his first headlong rush against Theseus, had not missed him, by a hair's-breadth, and broken one of his horns short off against the stone wall. On this mishap, he bellowed so intolerably that a part of the labyrinth tumbled down, and all the inhabitants of Crete mistook the noise for an uncommonly heavy thunder-storm. Smarting with the pain, he galloped around the open space in so ridiculous a way that Theseus laughed at it long afterwards, though not precisely at the moment. After this, the two antagonists stood valiantly up to one another, and fought sword to horn, for a long while. At last, the Minotaur made a run at Theseus, grazed his left side with his horn, and flung him down; and thinking that he had stabbed him to the heart, he cut a great caper in the air, opened his bull mouth from ear to ear, and prepared to snap his head off. But Theseus by this time had leaped up, and caught the monster off his guard. Fetching a sword stroke at him with all his force, he hit him fair upon the neck, and made his bull head skip six yards from his human body, which fell down flat upon the ground.

So now the battle was ended. Immediately the moon shone out as brightly as if all the troubles of the world, and all the wickedness and the ugliness that infest human life, were past and gone for ever. And Theseus, as he leaned on his sword, taking breath, felt another twitch of the silken cord; for all through the terrible encounter, he had held it fast in his left hand. Eager to let Ariadne know of his success, he followed the guidance of the thread, and soon found himself at the entrance of the labyrinth.

"Thou hast slain the monster," cried Ariadne, clasping her hands.

"Thanks to thee, dear Ariadne," answered Theseus, "I return victorious."

"Then," said Ariadne, "we must quickly summon thy friends, and get them and thyself on board the vessel before dawn. If morning finds thee here, my father will avenge the Minotaur."

To make my story short, the poor captives were awakened, and, hardly knowing whether it was not a joyful dream, were told of what Theseus had done, and that they must set sail for Athens before daybreak. Hastening down to the vessel, they all clambered on board, except Prince Theseus, who lingered behind them, on the strand, holding Ariadne's hand clasped in his own.

"Dear maiden," said he, "thou wilt surely go with us. Thou art too gentle and sweet a child for such an iron-hearted father as King Minos. He cares no more for thee than a granite rock cares for the little flower that grows in one of its crevices. But my father, King Ægeus, and my dear mother, Æthra, and all the fathers and mothers in Athens, and all the sons and daughters too, will love and honor thee as their benefactress. Come with us, then; for King Minos will be very angry when he knows what thou hast done."

Now, some low-minded people, who pretend to tell the story of Theseus and Ariadne, have the face to say that this royal and honorable maiden did really flee away, under cover of the night, with the young stranger whose life she had preserved. They say, too, that Prince Theseus (who would have died sooner than wrong the meanest creature in the world) ungratefully deserted Ariadne, on a solitary island, where the vessel touched on its voyage to Athens. But, had the noble Theseus heard these falsehoods, he would have served their slanderous authors as he served the Minotaur! Here is what Ariadne answered, when the brave Prince of Athens besought her to accompany him:

"No, Theseus," the maiden said, pressing his hand, and then drawing back a step or two, "I cannot go with you. My father is old, and has nobody but myself to love him. Hard as you think his heart is, it would break to lose me. At first, King Minos will be angry; but he will soon forgive his only child; and, by and by, he will rejoice, I know, that no more youths and maidens must come from Athens to be devoured by the Minotaur. I have saved you, Theseus, as much for my father's sake as for your own. Farewell! Heaven bless you!"

All this was so true, and so maiden-like, and was spoken with so sweet a dignity, that Theseus would have blushed to urge her any longer. Nothing remained for him, therefore,

but to bid Ariadne an affectionate farewell, and go on board the vessel, and set sail.

In a few moments the white foam was boiling up before their prow, as Prince Theseus and his companions sailed out of the harbor, with a whistling breeze behind them. Talus, the brazen giant, on his never-ceasing sentinel's march, happened to be approaching that part of the coast; and they saw him, by the glimmering of the moonbeams on his polished surface, while he was yet a great way off. As the figure moved like clockwork, however, and could neither hasten his enormous strides nor retard them, he arrived at the port when they were just beyond the reach of his club. Nevertheless, straddling from headland to headland, as his custom was, Talus attempted to strike a blow at the vessel, and, overreaching himself, tumbled at full length into the sea, which splashed high over his gigantic shape, as when an iceberg turns a somerset. There he lies yet; and whoever desires to enrich himself by means of brass had better go thither with a diving bell, and fish up Talus.

On the homeward voyage the fourteen youths and damsels were in excellent spirits, as you will easily suppose. They spent most of their time in dancing, unless when the sidelong breeze made the deck slope too much. In due season they came within sight of the coast of Attica, which was their native country. But here, I am grieved to tell you, happened a sad misfortune.

You will remember (what Theseus unfortunately forgot) that his father, King Ægeus, had enjoined it upon him to hoist sunshiny sails, instead of black ones, in case he should overcome the Minotaur, and return victorious. In the joy of their success, however, and amidst the sports, dancing, and other merriment, with which these young folks wore away the time, they never once thought whether their sails were black, white, or rainbow colored, and, indeed, left it entirely to the mariners whether they had any sails at all. Thus the vessel returned, like a raven, with the same sable wings that had wafted her away. But poor King Ægeus, day after day, infirm as he was, had clambered to the summit of a cliff that overhung the sea, and there sat watching for Prince Theseus, homeward bound; and no sooner did he behold the fatal blackness of the sails, than he concluded that his dear son, whom he loved so much, and felt so proud of, had been eaten by the Minotaur. He could not bear the thought of living any longer; so, first flinging his crown and sceptre into the sea (useless baubles that they were to him now!) King Ægeus merely stooped forward, and fell headlong over the cliff, and was drowned, poor soul, in the waves that foamed at its base!

This was melancholy news for Prince Theseus, who, when he stepped ashore, found himself king of all the country, whether he would or no; and such a turn of fortune was enough to make any young man feel very much out of spirits. However, he sent for his dear mother to Athens, and, by taking her advice in matters of state, became a very excellent monarch, and was greatly beloved by his people.

PERSEUS

[Perseus was a mythical Greek hero whose story has interested young and old for hundreds of years. The version of the story here given was taken from a book called *The Heroes*, by Charles Kingsley. Kingsley wrote other books which young folks are fond of reading — *The Water-Babies*, *Glaucus*, *Westward Ho*, and *Hereward the Wake*.]

Part I

HOW PERSEUS AND HIS MOTHER CAME TO SERIPHOS

ONCE upon a time there were two princes who were twins. Their names were Acrisius and Prœtus, and they lived in the pleasant vale of Argos, far away in Hellas. They had fruitful meadows and vineyards, sheep and oxen, great herds of horses feeding down in Lerna Fen, and all that men could need to make them blest: and yet they were wretched, because they were jealous of each other. From the moment they were born they began to

quarrel; and when they grew up each tried to take away the other's share of the kingdom, and keep all for himself. So first Acrisius drove out Prœtus; and he went across the seas, and brought home a foreign princess for his wife, and foreign warriors to help him, who were called Cyclopes; and drove out Acrisius in his turn; and then they fought a long while up and down the land, till the quarrel was settled, and Acrisius took Argos and one half the land, and Prœtus and his Cyclopes built around Tiryns great walls of unhewn stone, which are standing to this day.

But there came a prophet to that hard-hearted Acrisius and prophesied against him, and said, "Because you have risen up against your own blood, your own blood shall rise up against you; because you have sinned against your kindred, by your kindred you shall be punished. Your daughter Danae shall bear a son, and by that son's hands you shall die. So the Gods have ordained, and it will surely come to pass."

And at that Acrisius was very much afraid; but he did not mend his ways. He had been cruel to his own family, and, instead of repenting and being kind to them, he went on to be more cruel than ever: for he shut up his fair daughter Danae in a cavern underground, lined with brass, that no one might come near her. So he fancied himself more cunning than the Gods: but you will see presently whether he was able to escape them.

Now it came to pass that in time Danae bore a son; so beautiful a babe that any but King Acrisius would have had pity on it. But he had no pity; for he took Danae and her babe down to the sea-shore, and put them into a great chest and thrust them out to sea, for the winds and the waves to carry them whithersoever they would.

The north-west wind blew freshly out of the blue mountains, and down the pleasant vale of Argos, and away and out to sea. And away and out to sea before it floated the mother and her babe, while all who watched them wept, save that cruel father, King Acrisius.

So they floated on and on, and the chest danced up and down upon the billows, and the baby slept upon its mother's breast: but the poor mother could not sleep, but watched and wept, and she sang to her baby as they floated; and the song which she sang you shall learn yourselves some day.

And now they were past the last blue headland, and in the open sea; and there is nothing round them but the waves, and the sky, and the wind. But the waves are gentle, and the sky is clear, and the breeze is tender and low; for these are the days when Halcyone and Ceyx build their nests, and no storms ever ruffle the pleasant summer sea.

And who were Halcyone and Ceyx? You shall hear while the chest floats on. Halcyone was a fairy maiden, the daughter of the beach and of the wind. And she loved a sailor boy, and married him; and none on earth were so happy as they. But at last Ceyx was wrecked; and before he could swim to the shore the billows swallowed him up. And Halcyone saw him drowning, and leapt into the sea to him; but in vain.

Then the Immortals took pity on them both, and changed them into two fair sea-birds; and now they build a floating nest every year, and sail up and down happily for ever upon the pleasant seas of Greece.

So a night passed, and a day, and a long day it was for Danae; and another night and day beside, till Danae was faint with hunger and weeping, and yet no land appeared. And all the while the babe slept quietly; and at last poor Danae drooped her head and fell asleep likewise with her cheek against the babe's.

After a while she was awakened suddenly; for the chest was jarring and grinding, and the air was full of sound. She looked up, and over her head were mighty cliffs, all red in the setting sun, and around her rocks and breakers, and flying flakes of foam. She clasped her hands together, and shrieked aloud for help. And when she cried, help met her; for now there came over the rocks a tall and stately man, and looked down wondering upon poor Danae tossing about in the chest among the waves.

He wore a rough coat of frieze, and on his head a broad hat to shade his face; in his hand he carried a trident for spearing fish, and over his shoulder was a casting net; but Danae could see that he was no common man by his stature, and his walk, and his flowing golden hair and

beard; and by the two servants who came behind him, carrying baskets for his fish. But she had hardly time to look at him, before he had laid aside his trident and leapt down the rocks, and thrown his casting net so surely over Danae and the chest, that he drew it, and her, and the baby, safe upon a ledge of rock. Then the fisherman took Danae by the hand, and lifted her out of the chest, and said —

"O beautiful damsel, what strange chance has brought you to this island in so frail a ship? Who are you and whence? Surely you are some king's daughter; and this boy has somewhat more than mortal."

And as he spoke he pointed to the babe; for its face shone like the morning star.

But Danae only held down her head, and sobbed out —

"Tell me to what land I have come, unhappy that I am; and among what men I have fallen!"

And he said, "This isle is called Seriphos, and I am a Hellen, and dwell in it. I am the brother of Polydectes the king; and men call me Dictys the netter, because I catch the fish of the shore."

Then Danae fell down at his feet, and embraced his knees and cried —

"Oh, sir, have pity upon a stranger, whom a cruel doom has driven to your land; and let me live in your house as a servant; but treat me honorably, for I was once a king's daughter, and this my boy (as you have truly said) is of no common race. I will not be a charge to you, or eat the bread of idleness; for I am more skillful in weaving and embroidery than all the maidens of my land."

And she was going on; but Dictys stopped her, and raised her up, and said —

"My daughter, I am old, and my hairs are growing gray; while I have no children to make my home cheerful. Come with me, then, and you shall be a daughter to me and to my wife, and this babe shall be our grandchild. For I fear the Gods, and show hospitality to all strangers; knowing that good deeds, like evil ones, always return to those who do them."

So Danae was comforted, and went home with Dictys the good fisherman, and was a daughter to him and to his wife, till fifteen years were past.

Part II

HOW PERSEUS VOWED A RASH VOW

Fifteen years were past and gone, and the babe was now grown to be a tall lad and a sailor, and went many voyages after merchandise to the islands round. His mother called him Perseus; but all the people in Seriphos said that he was not the son of mortal man, and called him the son of Zeus, the king of the Immortals. For though he was but fifteen, he was taller by a head than any man in the island; and he was the most skillful of all in running and wrestling and boxing, and in throwing the quoit and the javelin, and in rowing with the oar, and in playing on the harp, and in all which befits a man. And he was brave and truthful, gentle and courteous, for good old Dictys had trained him well; and well it was for Perseus that he had done so. For now Danae and her son fell into great danger, and Perseus had need of all his wit to defend his mother and himself.

I said that Dictys' brother was Polydectes, king of the island. He was not a righteous man, like Dictys; but greedy, and cunning, and cruel. And when he saw fair Danae, he wanted to marry her. But she would not; for she did not love him, and cared for no one but her boy, and her boy's father, whom she never hoped to see again. At last Polydectes became furious, and while Perseus was away at sea he took poor Danae away from Dictys, saying, "If you will not be my wife, you shall be my slave." So Danae was made a slave, and had to fetch water from the well, and grind in the mill, and perhaps was beaten, and wore a heavy chain, because she would not marry that cruel king. But Perseus was far away, over the seas in the isle of Samos, little thinking how his mother was languishing in grief.

Now one day at Samos, while the ship was lading, Perseus wandered into a pleasant wood to get out of the sun, and sat down on the turf and fell asleep. And as he slept a strange dream came to him — the strangest dream which he had ever had in his life.

There came a lady to him through the wood, taller than he, or any mortal man; but beautiful exceedingly, with great gray eyes, clear and piercing, but strangely soft and mild. On her

head was a helmet, and in her hand a spear. And over her shoulder, above her long blue robes, hung a goatskin, which bore up a mighty shield of brass, polished like a mirror. She stood and looked at him with her clear gray eyes; and Perseus saw that her eyelids never moved, nor her eyeballs, but looked straight through and through him, and into his very heart, as if she

HE WRAPPED THE HEAD IN THE GOATSKIN, AND SPRANG INTO THE AIR (*See page 33*)

could see all the secrets of his soul, and knew all that he had ever thought or longed for since the day that he was born. And Perseus dropped his eyes, trembling and blushing, as the wonderful lady spoke.

"Perseus, you must do an errand for me."

"Who are you, lady? And how do you know my name?"

"I am Pallas Athené; and I know the thoughts of all men's hearts, and discern their manhood or their baseness. And from the souls of clay I turn away, and they are blest, but not by me. They fatten at ease, like sheep in the pasture, and eat what they did not sow, like oxen in the stall. They grow and spread, like the gourd along the ground; but, like the gourd, they give no shade to the traveller, and when they are ripe, death gathers them, and they go down unloved into hell, and their name vanishes out of the land.

"But to the souls of fire I give more fire, and to those who are manful I give a might more than man's. These are the heroes, the sons of the Immortals, who are blest, but not like the souls of clay. For I drive them forth by strange paths, Perseus, that they may fight the Titans and the monsters, the enemies of Gods and men. Through doubt and need, danger and battle, I drive them; and some of them are slain in the flower of youth, no man knows when or where; and some of them win noble names, and a fair and green old age; but what will be their latter end I know not, and none save Zeus, the father of Gods and men. Tell me now, Perseus, which of these two sorts of men seem to you more blest?"

Then Perseus answered boldly: "Better to die in the flower of youth, and the chance of winning a noble name, than to live at ease like the sheep and die unloved and unrenowned."

Then that strange lady laughed, and held up her brazen shield, and cried: "See here, Perseus, dare you face such a monster as this, and slay it, that I may place its head upon this shield?"

And in the mirror of the shield there appeared a face, and as Perseus looked on it his blood ran cold. It was the face of a beautiful woman; but her cheeks were pale as death, and her brows were knit with everlasting pain, and her lips were thin and bitter like a snake's; and instead of hair, vipers wreathed about her temples, and shot out their forked tongues; while round her head were folded wings like an eagle's, and upon her bosom claws of brass.

And Perseus looked awhile, and then said: "If there is anything so fierce and foul on earth, it were a noble deed to kill it. Where can I find the monster?"

Then the strange lady smiled again, and said: "Not yet; you are too young, and too

unskilled; for this is Medusa the Gorgon, the mother of a monstrous brood. Return to your home, and do the work which waits there for you. You must play the man in that before I can think you worthy to go in search of the Gorgon."

Then Perseus would have spoken, but the strange lady vanished, and he awoke; and behold, it was a dream. But day and night Perseus saw before him the face of that dreadful woman, with the vipers writhing round her head.

So he returned home; and when he came to Seriphos, the first thing which he heard was that his mother was a slave in the house of Polydectes.

Grinding his teeth with rage, he went out, and away to the king's palace, and through the men's rooms, and the women's rooms, and so through all the house (for no one dared stop him, so terrible and fair was he) till he found his mother sitting on the floor, turning the stone hand-mill, and weeping as she turned it. And he lifted her up, and kissed her, and bade her follow him forth. But before they could pass out of the room Polydectes came in, raging. And when Perseus saw him, he flew upon him as the mastiff flies on the boar. "Villain and tyrant!" he cried; "is this your respect for the Gods, and thy mercy to strangers and widows? You shall die!" And because he had no sword he caught up the stone hand-mill, and lifted it to dash out Polydectes' brains.

But his mother clung to him, shrieking, "Oh, my son, we are strangers and helpless in the land; and if you kill the king, all the people will fall on us, and we shall both die."

Good Dictys, too, who had come in, entreated him. "Remember that he is my brother. Remember how I have brought you up, and trained you as my own son, and spare him for my sake."

Then Perseus lowered his hand; and Polydectes, who had been trembling all this while like a coward, because he knew that he was in the wrong, let Perseus and his mother pass.

Perseus took his mother to the temple of Athené, and there the priestess made her one of the temple-sweepers; for there they knew she would be safe, and not even Polydectes would dare to drag her away from the altar.

And there Perseus, and the good Dictys, and his wife, came to visit her every day; while Polydectes, not being able to get what he wanted by force, cast about in his wicked heart how he might get it by cunning.

Now he was sure that he could never get back Danae as long as Perseus was in the island; so he made a plot to rid himself of him. And first he pretended to have forgiven Perseus, and to have forgotten Danae; so that for a while all went as smoothly as ever.

Next he proclaimed a great feast, and invited to it all the chiefs, and landowners, and the young men of the island, and among them Perseus, that they might all do him homage as their king, and eat of his banquet in his hall.

On the appointed day they all came; and as the custom was then, each guest brought his present with him to the king: one a horse, another a shawl, or a ring, or a sword; and those who had nothing better brought a basket of grapes, or game; but Perseus brought nothing, for he had nothing to bring, being but a poor sailor-lad.

He was ashamed, however, to go into the king's presence without his gift; and he was too proud to ask Dictys to lend him one. So he stood at the door sorrowfully, watching the rich men go in; and his face grew very red as they pointed at him, and smiled, and whispered, "What has that foundling to give?"

Now this was what Polydectes wanted; and as soon as he heard that Perseus stood without he bade them bring him in, and asked him scornfully before them all, "Am I not your king, Perseus, and have I not invited you to my feast? Where is your present, then?"

Perseus blushed and stammered, while all the proud men round laughed, and some of them began jeering him openly. "This fellow was thrown ashore here like a piece of weed or drift-wood, and yet he is too proud to bring a gift to the king."

"And though he does not know who his father is, he is vain enough to let the old women call him the son of Zeus."

And so forth, till poor Perseus grew mad with shame, and hardly knowing what he said, cried out — "A present! who are you who talk of presents? See if I do not bring a nobler one than all of yours together!"

So he said boasting; and yet he felt in his heart that he was braver than all those scoffers, and more able to do some glorious deed.

"Hear him! Hear the boaster! What is it to be?" cried they all, laughing louder than ever.

Then his dream at Samos came into his mind, and he cried aloud, "The head of the Gorgon."

He was half afraid after he had said the words; for all laughed louder than ever, and Polydectes loudest of all.

"You have promised to bring me the Gorgon's head? Then never appear again in this island without it. Go!"

Perseus ground his teeth with rage, for he saw that he had fallen into a trap; but his promise lay upon him, and he went out without a word.

Down to the cliffs he went, and looked across the broad blue sea; and he wondered if his dream were true, and prayed in the bitterness of his soul —

"Pallas Athené, was my dream true? and shall I slay the Gorgon? If thou didst really show me her face, let me not come to shame as a liar and boastful. Rashly and angrily I promised; but cunningly and patiently will I perform."

But there was no answer, nor sign; neither thunder nor any appearance; not even a cloud in the sky.

And three times Perseus called weeping, "Rashly and angrily I promised; but cunningly and patiently will I perform."

Then he saw afar off above the sea a small white cloud, as bright as silver. And it came on, nearer and nearer, till its brightness dazzled his eyes.

Perseus wondered at that strange cloud, for there was no other cloud all round the sky; and he trembled as it touched the cliff below. And as it touched, it broke, and parted, and within it appeared Pallas Athené, as he had seen her at Samos in his dream, and beside her a young man more light-limbed than the stag, whose eyes were like sparks of fire. By his side was a scimitar of diamond, all of one clear precious stone, and on his feet were golden sandals, from the heels of which grew living wings.

They looked upon Perseus keenly, and yet they never moved their eyes; and they came up the cliffs towards him more swiftly than the seagull, and yet they never moved their feet, nor did the breeze stir the robes about their limbs; only the wings of the youth's sandals quivered, like a hawk's when he hangs above the cliff. And Perseus fell down and worshipped, for he knew that they were more than man.

But Athené stood before him and spoke gently, and bid him have no fear. Then —

"Perseus," she said, "he who overcomes in one trial merits thereby a sharper trial still. You have braved Polydectes, and done manfully. Dare you brave Medusa the Gorgon?"

And Perseus said, "Try me; for since you spoke to me in Samos a new soul has come into my breast, and I should be ashamed not to dare anything which I can do. Show me, then, how I can do this!"

"Perseus," said Athené, "think well before you attempt; for this deed requires a seven years' journey, in which you cannot repent, nor turn back, nor escape; but if your heart fails you, you must die in the Unshapen Land, where no man will ever find your bones."

"Better so than live here, useless and despised," said Perseus. "Tell me, then, oh tell me, fair and wise Goddess, of your great kindness and condescension, how I can do but this one thing, and then, if need be, die!"

Then Athené smiled and said —

"Be patient, and listen; for if you forget my words, you will indeed die. You must go northward to the country of the Hyperboreans, who live beyond the pole, at the sources of the cold north wind, till you find the three Gray Sisters, who have but one eye and one tooth between them. You must ask them the way to the Nymphs, the daughters of the Evening Star, who dance about the golden tree in the Atlantic island of the west. They will tell you the way to the Gorgon, that you may slay her, my enemy, the mother of monstrous beasts. Once she was a maiden as beautiful as morn, till in her pride she sinned a sin at which the sun hid his face; and from that day her hair was turned to vipers, and her hands to eagle's claws; and her heart was filled with shame and rage, and her lips with bitter venom; and her eyes became so terrible

that whosoever looks on them is turned to stone; and her children are the winged horse and the giant of the golden sword; and her grandchildren are Echidna the witch-adder, and Geryon the three-headed tyrant, who feeds his herds beside the herds of hell. So she became the sister of the Gorgons, Stheino and Euryte the abhorred, the daughters of the Queen of the Sea. Touch them not, for they are immortal; but bring me only Medusa's head."

"And I will bring it!" said Perseus; "but how am I to escape her eyes? Will she not freeze me too into stone?"

"You shall take this polished shield," said Athené, "and when you come near her look not at her herself, but at her image in the brass; so you may strike her safely. And when you have struck off her head, wrap it, with your face turned away, in the folds of the goat skin on which the shield hangs, the hide of Amaltheié, the nurse of the Ægis-holder. So you will bring it safely back to me, and win to yourself renown and a place among the heroes who feast with the Immortals upon the peak where no winds blow."

Then Perseus said, "I will go, though I die in going. But how shall I cross the seas without a ship? And who will show me my way? And when I find her, how shall I slay her, if her scales be iron and brass?"

Then the young man spoke: "These sandals of mine will bear you across the seas, and over hill and dale like a bird, as they bear me all day long; for I am Hermes, the far-famed Argus-slayer, the messenger of the Immortals who dwell on Olympus."

Then Perseus fell down and worshipped, while the young man spoke again:

"The sandals themselves will guide you on the road, for they are divine and cannot stray; and this sword itself, the Argus-slayer, will kill her, for it is divine, and needs no second stroke. Arise, and gird them on, and go forth."

So Perseus arose, and girded on the sandals and the sword.

And Athené cried, "Now leap from the cliff and be gone."

But Perseus lingered.

"May I not bid farewell to my mother and to Dictys? And may I not offer burnt-offerings to you, and to Hermes the far-famed Argus-slayer, and to Father Zeus above?"

"You shall not bid farewell to your mother, lest your heart relent at her weeping. I will comfort her and Dictys until you return in peace. Nor shall you offer burnt-offerings to the Olympians; for your offering shall be Medusa's head. Leap, and trust in the armor of the Immortals."

Then Perseus looked down the cliff and shuddered; but he was ashamed to show his dread. Then he thought of Medusa and the renown before him, and he leapt into the empty air.

And behold, instead of falling he floated, and stood, and ran along the sky. He looked back, but Athené had vanished, and Hermes; and the sandals led him on ever northward, like a crane who follows the spring toward the Ister fens.

Part III

How Perseus Slew the Gorgon

So Perseus started on his journey, going dry-shod over land and sea; and his heart was high and joyful, for the winged sandals bore him each day a seven days' journey.

And he went by Cythnus, and by Ceos, and the pleasant Cyclades to Attica; and past Athens and Thebes, and the Copaic lake, and up the vale of Cephissus, and past the peaks of Œta and Pindus, and over the rich Thessalian plains, till the sunny hills of Greece were behind him, and before him were the wilds of the north. Then he passed the Thracian mountains, and many a barbarous tribe, Pœons and Dardans and Triballi, till he came to the Ister stream, and the dreary Scythian plains. And he walked across the Ister dry-shod, and away through the moors and fens, day and night toward the bleak north-west, turning neither to the right hand nor the left, till he came to the Unshapen Land, and the place which has no name.

And seven days he walked through it, on a path which few can tell; for those who have trodden it like least to speak of it, and those who go there again in dreams are glad enough when they awake; till he came to the edge of the everlasting night, where the air was full of

feathers, and the soil was hard with ice; and there at last he found the three Gray Sisters, by the shore of the freezing sea, nodding upon a white log of drift-wood, beneath the cold white winter moon; and they chanted a low song together, "Why the old times were better than the new."

There was no living thing around them, not a fly, not a moss upon the rocks. Neither seal nor seagull dare come near, lest the ice should clutch them in its claws. The surge broke up in foam, but it fell again in flakes of snow; and it frosted the hair of the three Gray Sisters,

"I HAVE YOUR EYE, AND I WILL THROW IT INTO THE SEA, UNLESS YOU TELL ME . . ."

and the bones in the ice-cliff above their heads. They passed the eye from one to the other, but for all that they could not see; and they passed the tooth from one to the other, but for all that they could not eat; and they sat in the full glare of the moon, but they were none the warmer for her beams. And Perseus pitied the three Gray Sisters; but they did not pity themselves.

So he said, "Oh, venerable mothers, wisdom is the daughter of old age. You therefore should know many things. Tell me, if you can, the path to the Gorgon."

Then one cried, "Who is this who reproaches us with old age?" And another, "This is the voice of one of the children of men."

And he said, "I do not reproach, but honor your old age, and I am one of the sons of men and of the heroes. The rulers of Olympus have sent me to you to ask the way to the Gorgon."

Then one, "There are new rulers in Olympus, and all new things are bad." And another, "We hate your rulers, and the heroes, and all the children of men. We are the kindred of the Titans, and the Giants, and the Gorgons, and the ancient monsters of the deep." And another, "Who is this rash and insolent man who pushes unbidden into our world?" And the first, "There never was such a world as ours, nor will be; if we let him see it, he will spoil it all."

Then one cried, "Give me the eye, that I may see him," and another, "Give me the tooth, that I may bite him." But Perseus, when he saw that they were foolish and proud, and did not love the children of men, left off pitying them, and said to himself, "Hungry men must needs be hasty; if I stay making many words here, I shall be starved." Then he stepped close to them, and watched till they passed the eye from hand to hand. And as they groped about between themselves, he held out his own hand gently, till one of them put the eye into it, fancying that it was the hand of her sister. Then he sprang back, and laughed, and cried —

"Cruel and proud old women, I have your eye; and I will throw it into the sea, unless you tell me the path to the Gorgon, and swear to me that you tell me right."

Then they wept, and chattered, and scolded; but in vain. They were forced to tell the truth, though when they told it, Perseus could hardly make out the road.

"You must go," they said, "foolish boy, to

This remarkable sculpture by Archelaos, "The Apotheosis," or deification of Homer, symbolizes his crowning by the arts and by religion.

the southward, into the ugly glare of the sun, till you come to Atlas the Giant, who holds the heavens and the earth apart. And you must ask his daughters, the Hesperides, who are young and foolish like yourself. And now give us back our eye, for we have forgotten all the rest."

So Perseus gave them back their eye; but instead of using it, they nodded and fell fast asleep, and were turned into blocks of ice, till the tide came up and washed them all away. And now they float up and down like icebergs for ever, weeping whenever they meet the sunshine, and the fruitful summer, and the warm south wind, which fill young hearts with joy.

But Perseus leapt away to the southward, leaving the snow and the ice behind: past the isle of the Hyperboreans, and the tin isles, and the long Iberian shore, while the sun rose higher day by day upon a bright blue summer sea. And the terns and the seagulls swept laughing round his head, and called to him to stop and play, and the dolphins gambolled up as he passed, and offered to carry him on their backs. And all night long the sea-nymphs sang sweetly, and the Tritons blew upon their conchs, as they played round Galatæa their queen, in her car of pearled shells. Day by day the sun rose higher, and leapt more swiftly into the sea at night, and more swiftly out of the sea at dawn; while Perseus skimmed over the billows like a seagull, and his feet were never wetted; and leapt on from wave to wave, and his limbs were never weary, till he saw far away a mighty mountain, all rose-red in the setting sun. Its feet were wrapped in forests, and its head in wreaths of cloud; and Perseus knew that it was Atlas, who holds the heavens and the earth apart.

He came to the mountain, and leapt on shore, and wandered upward, among pleasant valleys and waterfalls, and tall trees and strange ferns and flowers; but there was no smoke rising from any glen, nor house, nor sign of man.

At last he heard sweet voices singing; and he guessed that he was come to the garden of the Nymphs, the daughters of the Evening Star.

They sang like nightingales among the thickets, and Perseus stopped to hear their song; but the words which they spoke he could not understand; no, nor no man after him for many a hundred years. So he stepped forward and saw them dancing, hand in hand around the charmed tree, which bent under its golden fruit; and round the tree-foot was coiled the dragon, old Ladon the sleepless snake, who lies there for ever, listening to the song of the maidens, blinking and watching with dry bright eyes.

Then Perseus stopped, not because he feared the dragon, but because he was bashful before those fair maids; but when they saw him they too stopped, and called to him with trembling voices —

"Who are you? Are you Heracles the mighty, who will come to rob our garden, and carry off our golden fruit?" And he answered —

"I am not Heracles the mighty, and I want none of your golden fruit. Tell me, fair Nymphs, the way which leads to the Gorgon, that I may go on my way and slay her."

"Not yet, not yet, fair boy; come dance with us around the tree in the garden which knows no winter, the home of the south wind and the sun. Come hither and play with us awhile; we have danced along here for a thousand years, and our hearts are weary with longing for a playfellow. So come, come, come!"

"I cannot dance with you, fair maidens; for I must do the errand of the Immortals. So tell me the way to the Gorgon, lest I wander and perish in the waves."

Then they sighed and wept; and answered —

"The Gorgon! she will freeze you into stone."

"It is better to die like a hero than to live like an ox in a stall. The Immortals have lent me weapons, and they will give me wit to use them."

Then they sighed again and answered, "Fair boy, if you are bent on your own ruin, be it so. We know not the way to the Gorgon; but we will ask the giant Atlas, above upon the mountain peak, the brother of our father, the silver Evening Star. He sits aloft and sees across the ocean, and far away into the Unshapen Land."

So they went up the mountain to Atlas their uncle, and Perseus went up with them. And they found the giant kneeling, as he held the heavens and the earth apart.

They asked him, and he answered mildly, pointing to the sea-board with his mighty hand, "I can see the Gorgons lying on an island far away, but this youth can never come near them, unless he has the hat of darkness, which whosoever wears cannot be seen."

Then cried Perseus, "Where is that hat, that I may find it?"

But the giant smiled. "No living mortal can find that hat, for it lies in the depths of Hades, in the regions of the dead. But my nieces are immortal, and they shall fetch it for you, if you will promise me one thing and keep your faith."

Then Perseus promised; and the giant said, "When you come back with the head of Medusa you shall show me the beautiful horror, that I may lose my feeling and my breathing, and become a stone for ever; for it is weary labor for me to hold the heavens and the earth apart."

Then Perseus promised; and the eldest of the Nymphs went down, and into a dark cavern among the cliffs, out of which came smoke and thunder, for it was one of the mouths of Hell.

And Perseus and the Nymphs sat down seven days, and waited trembling, till the Nymph came up again; and her face was pale, and her eyes dazzled with the light, for she had been long in the dreary darkness; but in her hand was the magic hat.

Then all the Nymphs kissed Perseus, and wept over him a long while; but he was only impatient to be gone. And at last they put the hat upon his head, and he vanished out of their sight.

But Perseus went on boldly, past many an ugly sight, far away into the heart of the Unshapen Land, beyond the streams of Ocean, to the isles where no ship cruises, where is neither night nor day, where nothing is in its right place, and nothing has a name; till he heard the rustle of the Gorgons' wings and saw the glitter of their brazen talons; and then he knew that it was time to halt, lest Medusa should freeze him into stone.

He thought awhile with himself, and remembered Athené's words. He rose aloft into the air, and held the mirror of the shield above his head, and looked up into it that he might see all that was below him.

And he saw the three Gorgons sleeping, as huge as elephants. He knew that they could not see him, because the hat of darkness hid him; and yet he trembled as he sank down near them, so terrible were those brazen claws.

Two of the Gorgons were foul as swine, and lay sleeping heavily, as swine sleep, with their mighty wings outspread; but Medusa tossed to and fro restlessly, and as she tossed Perseus pitied her, she looked so fair and sad. Her plumage was like the rainbow, and her face was like the face of a nymph, only her eyebrows were knit, and her lips clenched, with everlasting care and pain; and her long neck gleamed so white in the mirror that Perseus had not the heart to strike, and said, "Ah, that it had been either of her sisters!"

But as he looked, from among her tresses the vipers' heads awoke, and peeped up with their bright dry eyes, and showed their fangs, and hissed; and Medusa, as she tossed, threw back her wings and showed her brazen claws; and Perseus saw that, for all her beauty, she was as foul and venomous as the rest.

Then he came down and stepped to her boldly, and looked steadfastly on his mirror and struck with Herpé stoutly once; and he did not need to strike again.

Then he wrapped the head in the goatskin, turning away his eyes, and sprang into the air aloft, faster than he ever sprang before.

For Medusa's wings and talons rattled as she sank dead upon the rocks; and her two foul sisters woke, and saw her lying dead.

Into the air they sprang yelling, and looked for him who had done the deed. Thrice they swung round and round, like hawks who beat for a partridge; and thrice they snuffed round and round, like hounds who draw upon a deer. At last they struck upon the scent of the blood, and they checked for a moment to make sure; and then on they rushed with a fearful howl, while the wind rattled hoarse in their wings.

On they rushed, sweeping and flapping, like eagles after a hare; and Perseus' blood ran cold, for all his courage, as he saw them come howling on his track; and he cried, "Bear me well now, brave sandals, for the hounds of Death are at my heels!"

And well the brave sandals bore him, aloft through cloud and sunshine, across the shoreless sea; and fast followed the hounds of

Death, as the roar of their wings came down the wind. But the roar came down fainter and fainter, and the howl of their voices died away; for the sandals were too swift, even for Gorgons, and by nightfall they were far behind, two black specks in the southern sky, till the sun sank and he saw them no more.

Then he came again to Atlas, and the garden of the Nymphs; and when the giant heard him coming he groaned, and said, "Fulfil thy promise to me." Then Perseus held up to him the Gorgon's head, and he had rest from all his toil; for he became a crag of stone, which sleeps for ever far above the clouds.

Then he thanked the Nymphs, and asked them, "By what road shall I go homeward again, for I wandered far round in coming hither?"

And they wept and cried, "Go home no more, but stay and play with us, the lonely maidens, who dwell for ever far away from Gods and men."

But he refused, and they told him his road, and said, "Take with you this magic fruit, which, if you eat once, you will not hunger for seven days. For you must go eastward and eastward ever, over the doleful Lybian shore, which Poseidon gave to Father Zeus, when he burst open the Bosphorus and the Hellespont, and drowned the fair Lectonian land. And Zeus took that land in exchange, a fair bargain, much bad ground for a little good, and to this day it lies waste and desert, with shingle and rock and sand."

Then they kissed Perseus, and wept over him, and he leapt down the mountain, and went on, lessening and lessening like a seagull, away and out to sea.

Part IV

How Perseus came to the Æthiops

So Perseus flitted onward to the northeast, over many a league of sea, till he came to the rolling sand-hills and the dreary Libyan shore.

And he flitted on across the desert: over rock-ledges, and banks of shingle, and level wastes of sand, and shell-drifts bleaching in the sunshine, and the skeletons of great sea-monsters, and dead bones of ancient giants, strewn up and down upon the old sea-floor. And as he went the blood-drops fell to the earth from the Gorgon's head, and became poisonous asps and adders, which breed in the desert to this day.

Over the sands he went — he never knew how far or how long — feeding on the fruit which the Nymphs had given him, till he saw the hills of the Psylli and the Dwarfs who fought with cranes. Their spears were of reeds and rushes, and their houses of the egg-shells of the cranes; and Perseus laughed, and went his way to the north-east, hoping all day long to see the blue Mediterranean sparkling, that he might fly across it to his home.

But now came down a mighty wind, and swept him back southward toward the desert. All day long he strove against it; but even the winged sandals could not prevail. So he was forced to float down the wind all night; and when the morning dawned there was nothing to be seen, save the same old hateful waste of sand.

And out of the north the sandstorms rushed upon him, blood-red pillars and wreaths, blotting out the noonday sun; and Perseus fled before them, lest he should be choked by the burning dust. At last the gale fell calm, and he tried to go northward again; but again came down the sandstorms, and swept him back into the waste, and then all was calm and cloudless as before. Seven days he strove against the storms, and seven days he was driven back, till he was spent with thirst and hunger, and his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. Here and there he fancied that he saw a fair lake, and the sunbeams shining on the water; but when he came to it it vanished at his feet, and there was naught but burning sand. And if he had not been of the race of the Immortals, he would have perished in the waste; but his life was strong within him, because it was more than man's.

Then he cried to Athené, and said —

"Oh, fair and pure, if thou hearest me, wilt thou leave me here to die of drought? I have brought thee the Gorgon's head at thy bidding, and hitherto thou hast prospered my journey; dost thou desert me at the last? Else why will not these immortal sandals prevail, even against the desert storms? Shall I never see my mother

more, and the blue ripple round Seriphos, and the sunny hills of Hellas?"

So he prayed; and after he had prayed there was a great silence.

The heaven was still above his head, and the sand was still beneath his feet; and Perseus looked up, but there was nothing but the blinding sun in the blinding blue; and round him there was nothing but the blinding sand.

And Perseus stood still awhile and waited, and said, "Surely, I am not here without the will of the Immortals, for Athené will not lie. Were not these sandals to lead me in the right road? Then the road in which I have tried to go must be a wrong road."

Then suddenly his ears were opened, and he heard the sound of running water.

And at that his heart was lifted up, though he scarcely dare believe his ears; and weary as he was, he hurried forward, though he could scarcely stand upright; and within a bowshot of him was a glen in the sand, and marble rocks, and date trees, and a lawn of gay green grass. And through the lawn a streamlet sparkled and wandered out beyond the trees, and vanished in the sand.

The water trickled among the rocks, and a pleasant breeze rustled in the dry date-branches; and Perseus laughed for joy, and leapt down the cliff, and drank of the cool water, and ate of the dates, and slept upon the turf, and leapt up and went forward again: but not toward the north this time; for he said, "Surely Athené hath sent me hither, and will not have me go homeward yet. What if there be another noble deed to be done, before I see the sunny hills of Hellas?"

So he went east, and east for ever, by fresh oases and fountains, date palms, and lawns of grass, till he saw before him a mighty mountain-wall, all rose-red in the setting sun.

Then he towered in the air like an eagle, for his limbs were strong again; and he flew all night across the mountain till the day began to dawn, and rosy-fingered Eos came blushing up the sky. And then, behold, beneath him were the long green garden of Egypt and the shining stream of Nile.

And he saw cities walled up to heaven, and temples and obelisks, and pyramids, and giant Gods of stone. And he came down amid fields of barley, and flax, and millet, and clambering gourds; and saw the people coming out of the gates of a great city, and setting to work, each in his place, among the watercourses, parting the streams among the plants cunningly with their feet, according to the wisdom of the Egyptians. But when they saw him they all stopped their work, and gathered round him, and cried —

"Who art thou, fair youth? and what bearest thou beneath thy goatskin there? Surely thou art one of the Immortals; for thy skin is white like ivory, and ours is red like clay. Thy hair is like threads of gold, and ours is black and curled. Surely thou art one of the Immortals"; and they would have worshipped him then and there; but Perseus said —

"I am not one of the Immortals; but I am a hero of the Hellens. And I have slain the Gorgon in the wilderness, and bear her head with me. Give me food, therefore, that I may go forward and finish my work."

Then they gave him food, and fruit, and wine; but they would not let him go. And when the news came into the city that the Gorgon was slain, the priests came out to meet him, and the maidens, with songs and dances and timbrels and harps; and they would have brought him to their temple and to their king; but Perseus put on the hat of darkness, and vanished away out of their sight.

Therefore the Egyptians looked long for his return, but in vain, and worshipped him as a hero, and made a statue of him in Chemmis, which stood for many a hundred years; and they said that he appeared to them at times, with sandals a cubit long; and that whenever he appeared the season was fruitful, and the Nile rose high that year.

Then Perseus went to the eastward, along the Red Sea shore; and then, because he was afraid to go into the Arabian deserts, he turned northward once more, and this time no storm hindered him.

He went past the Isthmus, and Mount Casius, and the vast Serbonian bog, and up the shore of Palestine, where the dark-faced Æthiops dwelt.

He flew on past pleasant hills and valleys, like Argos itself, or Lacedæmon, or the fair

Vale of Tempe. But the lowlands were all drowned by floods, and the highlands blasted by fire, and the hills heaved like a bubbling cauldron, before the wrath of King Poseidon, the shaker of the earth.

And Perseus feared to go inland, but flew along the shore above the sea; and he went on all the day, and the sky was black with smoke; and he went on all the night, and the sky was red with flame.

And at the dawn of day he looked toward the cliffs; and at the water's edge, under a black rock, he saw a white image stand.

"This," thought he, "must surely be the statue of some sea-God; I will go near and see what kind of Gods these barbarians worship."

So he came near; but when he came, it was no statue, but a maiden of flesh and blood; for he could see her tresses streaming in the breeze; and as he came closer still, he could see how she shrank and shivered when the waves sprinkled her with cold salt spray. Her arms were spread above her head, and fastened to the rock with chains of brass; and her head drooped on her bosom, either with sleep, or weariness, or grief. But now and then she looked up and wailed, and called her mother; yet she did not see Perseus, for the cap of darkness was on his head.

Full of pity and indignation, Perseus drew near and looked upon the maid. Her cheeks were darker than his were, and her hair was blue-black like a hyacinth; but Perseus thought, "I have never seen so beautiful a maiden; no, not in all our isles. Surely she is a king's daughter. Do barbarians treat their kings' daughters thus? She is too fair, at least, to have done any wrong. I will speak to her."

And, lifting the hat from his head, he flashed into her sight. She shrieked with terror, and tried to hide her face with her hair, for she could not with her hands; but Perseus cried —

"Do not fear me, fair one; I am a Hellen, and no barbarian. What cruel men have bound you? But first I will set you free."

And he tore at the fetters, but they were too strong for him; while the maiden cried —

"Touch me not; I am accursed, devoted as a victim to the sea-Gods. They will slay you, if you dare to set me free."

"Let them try," said Perseus; and drawing Herpé from his thigh, he cut through the brass as if it had been flax.

"Now," he said, "you belong to me, and not to these sea-Gods, whosoever they may be!" But she only called the more on her mother.

"Why call on your mother? She can be no mother to have left you here. If a bird is dropped out of the nest, it belongs to the man who picks it up. If a jewel is cast by the wayside, it is his who dare win it and wear it, as I will win you and will wear you. I know now why Pallas Athené sent me hither. She sent me to gain a prize worth all my toil and more."

And he clasped her in his arms, and cried, "Where are these sea-Gods, cruel and unjust, who doom fair maids to death? I carry the weapons of Immortals. Let them measure their strength against mine! But tell me, maiden, who you are, and what dark fate brought you here."

And she answered, weeping —

"I am the daughter of Cepheus, King of Iopa, and my mother is Cassiopœia of the beautiful tresses, and they called me Andromeda, as long as life was mine. And I stand bound here, hapless that I am, for the sea-monster's food, to atone for my mother's sin. For she boasted of me once that I was fairer than Atergatis, Queen of the Fishes; so she in her wrath sent the sea-floods, and her brother the Fire King sent the earthquakes, and wasted all the land, and after the floods a monster bred of the slime, who devours all living things. And now he must devour me, guiltless though I am — me who never harmed a living thing, nor saw a fish upon the shore but I gave it life, and threw it back into the sea; for in our land we eat no fish, for fear of Atergatis their queen. Yet the priests say that nothing but my blood can atone for a sin which I never committed."

But Perseus laughed, and said, "A sea-monster? I have fought with worse than him: I would have faced Immortals for your sake; how much more a beast of the sea?"

Then Andromeda looked up at him, and new hope was kindled in her breast, so proud and fair did he stand, with one hand round her, and in the other the glittering sword.

But she only sighed, and wept the more, and cried —

"Why will you die, young as you are? Is there not death and sorrow enough in the world already? It is noble for me to die, that I may save the lives of a whole people; but you, better than them all, why should I slay you too? Go your way; I must go mine."

But Perseus cried, "Not so; for the Lords of Olympus, whom I serve, are the friends of

WHO SO PROUD AS PERSEUS, AS HE LEAPT BACK TO THE ROCK

the heroes, and help them on to noble deeds. Led by them, I slew the Gorgon, the beautiful horror; and not without them do I come hither, to slay this monster with that same Gorgon's head. Yet hide your eyes when I leave you, lest the sight of it freeze you too to stone."

But the maiden answered nothing, for she could not believe his words. And then, suddenly looking up, she pointed to the sea, and shrieked —

"There he comes, with the sunrise, as they promised. I must die now. How shall I endure it? Oh, go! Is it not dreadful enough to be torn piecemeal, without having you to look on?" And she tried to thrust him away.

But he said, "I go; yet promise me one thing ere I go: that if I slay this beast you will be my wife, and come back with me to my kingdom in fruitful Argos, for I am a king's heir. Promise me, and seal it with a kiss."

Then she lifted up her face, and kissed him; and Perseus laughed for joy, and flew upward, while Andromeda crouched trembling on the rock, waiting for what might befall.

On came the great sea-monster, coasting along like a huge black galley, lazily breasting the ripple, and stopping at times by creek or headland to watch for the laughter of girls at their bleaching, or cattle pawing on the sand-hills, or boys bathing on the beach. His great sides were fringed with clustering shells and sea-weeds, and the water gurgled in and out of his wide jaws, as he rolled along, dripping and glistening in the beams of the morning sun.

At last he saw Andromeda, and shot forward to take his prey, while the waves foamed white behind him, and before him the fish fled leaping.

Then down from the height of the air fell Perseus like a shooting star; down to the crests of the waves, while Andromeda hid her face as he shouted; and then there was silence for a while.

At last she looked up trembling, and saw Perseus springing toward her; and instead of the monster a long black rock, with the sea rippling quietly round it.

Who then so proud as Perseus, as he leapt back to the rock, and lifted his fair Andromeda in his arms, and flew with her to the cliff-top, as a falcon carries a dove!

Who so proud as Perseus, and who so joyful as all the Æthiop people? For they had stood watching the monster from the cliffs, wailing for the maiden's fate. And already a messenger had gone to Cepheus and Cassiopœia, where they sat in sackcloth and ashes on the ground, in the innermost palace chambers, awaiting their daughter's end. And they came, and all

the city with them, to see the wonder, with songs and with dances, with cymbals and harps, and received their daughter back again, as one alive from the dead.

Then Cepheus said, "Hero of the Hellens, stay here with me and be my son-in-law, and I will give you the half of my kingdom."

"I will be your son-in-law," said Perseus, "but of your kingdom I will have none, for I long after the pleasant land of Greece, and my mother who waits for me at home."

Then Cepheus said, "You must not take my daughter away at once, for she is to us like one alive from the dead. Stay with us here a year, and after that you shall return with honor." And Perseus consented; but before he went to the palace he bade the people bring stones and wood, and built three altars, one to Athené, and one to Hermes, and one to Father Zeus, and offered bullocks and rams.

And some said, "This is a pious man"; yet the priests said, "The Sea Queen will be yet more fierce against us, because her monster is slain." But they were afraid to speak aloud, for they feared the Gorgon's head. So they went up to the palace; and when they came in, there stood in the hall Phineus, the brother of Cepheus, chafing like a bear robbed of her whelps, and with him his sons, and his servants, and many an armed man; and he cried to Cepheus —

"You shall not marry your daughter to this stranger, of whom no one knows even the name. Was not Andromeda betrothed to my son? And now she is safe again, has he not a right to claim her?"

But Perseus laughed and answered, "If your son is in want of a bride, let him save a maiden for himself. As yet he seems but a helpless bridegroom. He left this one to die, and dead she is to him. I saved her alive, and alive she is to me, but to no one else. Ungrateful man! have I not saved your land, and the lives of your sons and daughters, and will you requite me thus? Go, or it will be worse for you!" But all the men-at-arms drew their swords and rushed on him like wild beasts.

Then he unveiled the Gorgon's head, and said, "This has delivered my bride from one wild beast: it shall deliver her from many." And as he spoke Phineus and all his men-at-arms stopped short, and stiffened each man as he stood; and before Perseus had drawn the goatskin over the face again, they were all turned into stone.

Then Perseus bade the people bring levers and roll them out; and what was done with them after that I cannot tell.

So they made a great wedding-feast, which lasted seven whole days, and who so happy as Perseus and Andromeda?

But on the eighth night Perseus dreamed a dream; and he saw standing beside him Pallas Athené, as he had seen her in Seriphos, seven long years before; and she stood and called him by name, and said —

"Perseus, you have played the man, and see, you have your reward. Know now that the Gods are just, and help him who helps himself. Now give me here Herpé the sword, and the sandals, and the hat of darkness, that I may give them back to their owners; but the Gorgon's head you shall keep awhile, for you will need it in your land of Greece. Then you shall lay it up in my temple at Seriphos, that I may wear it on my shield for ever, a terror to the Titans and the monsters, and the foes of Gods and men. And as for this land, I have appeased the sea and the fire, and there shall be no more floods nor earthquakes. But let the people build altars to Father Zeus, and to me, and worship the Immortals, the Lords of heaven and earth."

And Perseus rose to give her the sword, and the cap and the sandals; but he woke, and his dream vanished away. And yet it was not altogether a dream; for the goatskin with the head was in its place; but the sword, and the cap, and the sandals were gone, and Perseus never saw them more.

Then a great awe fell on Perseus; and he went out in the morning to the people, and told his dream, and bade them build altars to Zeus, the Father of Gods and men, and to Athené, who gives wisdom to heroes; and fear no more the earthquakes and the floods, but sow and build in peace. And they did so for a while, and prospered; but after Perseus was gone they forgot Zeus and Athené, and worshipped again Atergatis the queen, and the undying fish of the sacred lake, where Deucalion's deluge was swallowed up, and they

burnt their children before the Fire King, till Zeus was angry with that foolish people, and brought a strange nation against them out of Egypt, who fought against them and wasted them utterly, and dwelt in their cities for many a hundred years.

Part V

HOW PERSEUS CAME HOME AGAIN

And when a year was ended Perseus hired Phœnicians from Tyre, and cut down cedars, and built himself a noble galley; and painted its cheeks with vermilion, and pitched its sides with pitch; and in it he put Andromeda, and all her dowry of jewels, and rich shawls, and spices from the East; and great was the weeping when they rowed away. But the remembrance of his brave deed was left behind; and Andromeda's rock was shown at Iopa in Palestine till more than a thousand years were past.

So Perseus and the Phœnicians rowed to the westward, across the sea of Crete, till they came to the blue Ægean and the pleasant Isles of Hellas, and Seriphos, his ancient home.

Then he left his galley on the beach, and went up as of old; and he embraced his mother, and Dictys his good foster-father, and they wept over each other a long while, for it was seven years and more since they had met.

Then Perseus went out, and up to the hall of Polydectes; and underneath the goatskin he bore the Gorgon's head.

And when he came into the hall, Polydectes sat at the table-head, and all his nobles and landowners on either side, each according to his rank, feasting on the fish and the goat's flesh, and drinking the blood-red wine. The harpers harped, and the revellers shouted, and the wine-cups rang merrily as they passed from hand to hand, and great was the noise in the hall of Polydectes.

Then Perseus stood upon the threshold, and called to the king by name. But none of the guests knew Perseus, for he was changed by his long journey. He had gone out a boy, and he was come home a hero; his eye shone like an eagle's, and his beard was like a lion's beard, and he stood up like a wild bull in his pride.

But Polydectes the wicked knew him, and hardened his heart still more; and scornfully he called —

"Ah, foundling! have you found it more easy to promise than to fulfil?"

"Those whom the Gods help fulfil their promises; and those who despise them, reap as they have sown. Behold the Gorgon's head!"

Then Perseus drew back the goatskin, and held aloft the Gorgon's head.

Pale grew Polydectes and his guests as they looked upon that dreadful face. They tried to rise up from their seats; but from their seats they never rose, but stiffened, each man where he sat, into a ring of cold gray stones.

Then Perseus turned and left them, and went down to his galley in the bay; and he gave the kingdom to good Dictys, and sailed away with his mother and his bride.

And Polydectes and his guests sat still, with the wine-cups before them on the board, till the rafters crumbled down above their heads, and the walls behind their backs, and the table crumbled down between them, and the grass sprang up about their feet; but Polydectes and his guests sit on the hillside, a ring of gray stones until this day.

But Perseus rowed westward toward Argos, and landed, and went up to the town. And when he came, he found that Acrisius his grandfather had fled. For Prœtus his wicked brother had made war against him afresh; and had come across the river from Tiryns, and conquered Argos, and Acrisius had fled to Larissa, in the country of the wild Pelasgi.

Then Perseus called the Argives together, and told them who he was, and all the noble deeds which he had done. And all the nobles and the yeomen made him king, for they saw that he had a royal heart; and they fought with him against Argos, and took it, and killed Prœtus, and made the Cyclopes serve them, and build them walls round Argos, like the walls which they had built at Tiryns; and there were great rejoicings in the vale of Argos, because they had got a king from Father Zeus.

But Perseus' heart yearned after his grandfather, and he said, "Surely he is my flesh and blood, and he will love me now that I am come home with honor: I will go and find him, and bring him home, and we will reign together in peace."

STORIES FROM GREEK TRAGEDY

Top: Iphigeneia, daughter of Agamemnon, was slain as a sacrifice at behest of Calchas, the priest of the Grecian host. Bottom: 1. The death of Hercules. Sophocles, in one of his tragedies, tells of the death of Hercules, who was poisoned by the robe of Nessus which his wife sent him. By his own order Hercules was burned on a great funeral pyre. Then the son of Zeus became an immortal spirit, and was driven away to the abode of the immortals. 2. Prometheus and the Eagle. Æschylus, in "Prometheus Bound," tells of the fate that befell the friend of man, who was torn by the tawny eagle of Zeus.

So Perseus sailed away with his Phœnicians, round Hydrea and Sunium, past Marathon and the Attic shore, and through Euripus, and up the long Eubœan sea, till he came to the town of Larissa, where the wild Pelasgi dwelt.

And when he came there, all the people were in the fields, and there was feasting, and all kinds of games; for Teutamenes their king wished to honor Acrisius, because he was the king of a mighty land.

So Perseus did not tell his name, but went up to the games unknown; for he said, "If I carry away the prize in the games, my grandfather's heart will be softened toward me."

So he threw off his helmet and his cuirass, and all his clothes, and stood among the youths of Larissa, while all wondered at him, and said, "Who is this young stranger, who stands like a wild bull in his pride? Surely he is one of the heroes, the sons of the Immortals, from Olympus."

And when the games began, they wondered yet more; for Perseus was the best man of all at running, and leaping, and wrestling, and throwing the javelin; and he won four crowns, and took them, and then he said to himself, "There is a fifth crown yet to be won: I will win that, and lay them all upon the knees of my grandfather."

And as he spoke, he saw where Acrisius sat, by the side of Teutamenes the king, with his white beard flowing down upon his knees, and his royal staff in his hand; and Perseus wept when he looked at him, for his heart yearned after his kin; and he said, "Surely he is a kingly old man, yet he need not be ashamed of his grandson."

Then he took the quoits, and hurled them, five fathoms beyond all the rest; and the people shouted, "Further yet, brave stranger! There has never been such a hurler in this land."

Then Perseus put out all his strength, and hurled. But a gust of wind came from the sea, and carried the quoit aside, and far beyond all the rest; and it fell on the foot of Acrisius, and he swooned away with the pain.

Perseus shrieked, and ran up to him; but when they lifted the old man up he was dead, for his life was slow and feeble.

Then Perseus rent his clothes, and cast dust upon his head, and wept a long time for his grandfather. At last he rose, and called to all the people aloud, and said —

"The Gods are true, and what they have ordained must be. I am Perseus, the grandson of this dead man, the far-famed slayer of the Gorgon."

Then he told them how the prophecy had declared that he should kill his grandfather, and all the story of his life.

So they made a great mourning for Acrisius, and burnt him on a right rich pile; and Perseus went to the temple, and was purified from the guilt of the death, because he had done it unknowingly.

Then he went home to Argos, and reigned there well with fair Andromeda; and they had four sons and three daughters, and died in a good old age.

And when they died, the ancients say, Athené took them up into the sky, with Cepheus and Cassiopœia. And there on starlight nights you may see them shining still; Cepheus with his kingly crown, and Cassiopœia in her ivory chair, plaiting her star-spangled tresses, and Perseus with the Gorgon's head, and fair Andromeda beside him, spreading her long white arms across the heaven, as she stood when chained to the stone for the monster. All night long they shine, for a beacon to wandering sailors; but all day they feast with the Gods, on the still blue peaks of Olympus.

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE

BY T. B. MACAULAY (1800–1859)
[From *The Lays of Ancient Rome.*]

LARS PORSENA of Clusium,
By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a trysting-day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

East and west and south and north
The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome!

The horsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in amain,
From many a stately market-place,
From many a fruitful plain;
From many a lonely hamlet,
Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine.

The harvests of Arretium,
This year, old men shall reap;
This year, young boys in Umbro
Shall plunge the struggling sheep;
And in the vats of Luna,
This year, the must shall foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls
Whose sires have marched to Rome.

There be thirty chosen prophets,
The wisest of the land,
Who alway by Lars Porsena
Both morn and evening stand:
Evening and morn the Thirty
Have turned the verses o'er,
Traced from the right on linen white
By mighty seers of yore.

And with one voice the Thirty
Have their glad answer given:
"Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena;
Go forth, beloved of Heaven;
Go, and return in glory
To Clusium's royal dome;
And hang round Nurscia's altars
The golden shields of Rome."

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men;
The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten.
Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array.

A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting-day.

For all the Etruscan armies
Were ranged beneath his eye,
And many a banished Roman,
And many a stout ally;
And with a mighty following
To join the muster came
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright:
From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city,
The throng stopped up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

To eastward and to westward
Have spread the Tuscan bands;
Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecot,
In Crustumerium stands.
Verbenna down to Ostia
Hath wasted all the plain;
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
And the stout guards are slain.

I wis, in all the Senate,
There was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the Consul,
Up rose the Fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
And hied them to the wall.

They held a council standing
Before the River Gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.

Out spoke the Consul roundly:
"The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Naught else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear:
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul;
Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer, fast, and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still, and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
The trampling and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

And plainly and more plainly,
Above the glimmering line,
Now might ye see the banners
Of twelve fair cities shine;
But the banner of proud Clusium
Was the highest of them all,
The terror of the Umbrian,
The terror of the Gaul.

Fast by the royal standard,
O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
Sat in his ivory car.
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name,
And by the left false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame.

But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose.
On the house-tops was no woman
But spat toward him and hissed,
No child but screamed out curses,
And shook its little fist.

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late;
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods,

"And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus
That wrought the deed of shame?

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon straight path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius —
A Ramnian proud was he —
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius —
Of Titian blood was he —
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou say'st, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.

For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an ax;
And Fathers mixed with Commons
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly toward the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose:
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way;

Aunus from green Tifernum,
Lord of the Hill of Vines;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
Sicken in Ilva's mines;
And Picus, long to Clusium
Vassal in peace and war,
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that gray crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers
O'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath;
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth;
At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust;
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.

Then Ocnus of Falerii
Rushed on the Roman Three;
And Lausulus of Urgo,
The rover of the sea;
And Aruns of Volsinium,
Who slew the great wild boar,
The great wild boar that had his den
Amid the reeds of Cosa's fen,
And wasted fields and slaughtered men
Along Albinia's shore.

Herminius smote down Aruns;
Lartius laid Ocnus low;
Right to the heart of Lausulus
Horatius sent a blow.
"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!
No more aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark.
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns when they spy
Thy thrice accursèd sail."

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes.
A wild and wrathful clamour
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' length from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

But hark! the cry is Astur:
And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans,
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.

Quoth he: "The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay;
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way?"

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh:
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing space;
Then, like a wildcat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a handbreadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at the deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?"

But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread,
Along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place.

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three:
And, from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amid bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack?
But those behind cried "Forward!"
And those before cried "Back!"
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel
To and fro the standards reel;
And the victorious trumpet peal
Dies fitfully away.

Yet one man for one moment
Strode out before the crowd;
Well known was he to all the Three,
And they gave him greeting loud:
"Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
Here lies the road to Rome."

Thrice looked he at the city;
Thrice looked he at the dead;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread:
And, white with fear and hatred,
Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile ax and lever
Have manfully been plied,
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! Back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back:

And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream;
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

And, like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane;
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free,
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome:

"O Tiber! Father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

And fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain;
And fast his blood was flowing,
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armour,
And spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing place;
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good Father Tiber
Bore bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena
"And bring him safe to shore:
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plow from morn till night:

And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

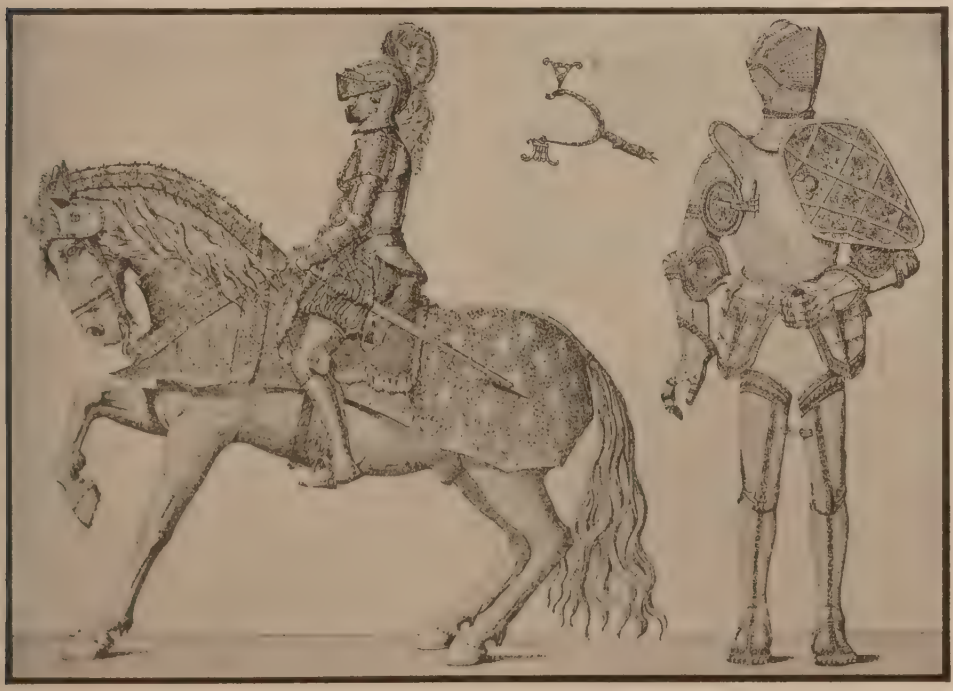
It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see, —
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee:
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amid the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within;

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows;

When the goodman mends his armour,
And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom, —
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.



SHAKESPEARE'S "THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR," AS ILLUSTRATED IN BLACK AND WHITE

DRAWINGS BY WALTER CRANE, WHOSE FALSTAFF IS ONE OF HIS MOST CHARACTERISTIC CREATIONS

THE STORY OF THE TEMPEST

[This is the story of Shakespeare's play, *The Tempest*, as it is told by Charles and Mary Lamb in their *Tales from Shakespeare*. They wrote this book to help young people in becoming acquainted with the work of the greatest of English poets and play-writers. It is one of the best books for children to read.]

THERE was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young, that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

They lived in a cave or cell, made out of a rock; it was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study; there he kept his books, which treated chiefly of magic, a study at that time much affected by all learned men: and the knowledge of this art he found very useful to him; for being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero, by virtue of his art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees, because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief.

The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban, for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of his old enemy Sycorax. This Caliban, Prospero found in the woods, a strange misshapen thing, far less human in form than an ape: he took him home to his cell, and taught him to speak; and Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother Sycorax, would not let him learn anything good or useful: therefore he was employed like a slave to fetch wood, and do the most laborious offices; and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel (who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's) would come slyly and pinch him, and sometimes tumble him down in the mire; and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog, he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of such-like vexatious tricks Ariel would often torment him, whenever Caliban neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds, and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea-waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like themselves. "O my dear father," said she, "if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity of their sad distress. See, the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with all the precious souls within her."

"Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero; "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it, that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you come from, and you know no more of me, but that I am your father, and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age."

"Certainly I can, sir," replied Miranda.

"By what?" asked Prospero; "by any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child."

Miranda said, "It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?"

Prospero answered, "You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?"

"No, sir," said Miranda, "I remember nothing more."

"Twelve years ago, Miranda," continued

Prospero, "I was duke of Milan, and you were a princess, and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything; and as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother (for so indeed he proved). I, neglecting all worldly ends, buried among my books, did dedicate my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom: this he soon effected with the aid of the king of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy."

"Wherefore," said Miranda, "did they not that hour destroy us?"

"My child," answered her father, "they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat, without either tackle, sail, or mast: there he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat, water, provisions, apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom."

"O my father," said Miranda, "what a trouble must I have been to you then!"

"No, my love," said Prospero, "you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since when my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions."

"Heaven thank you, my dear father," said Miranda. "Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea-storm?"

"Know then," said her father, "that by means of this storm, my enemies, the king of Naples, and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island."

Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master, to give an account of the tempest, and how he had disposed of the ship's company, and though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse (as would seem to her) with the empty air.

"Well, my brave spirit," said Prospero to Ariel, "how have you performed your task?"

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm, and of the terrors of the mariners; and how the king's son, Ferdinand, was the first who leaped into the sea; and his father thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost. "But he is safe," said Ariel, "in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded, sadly lamenting the loss of the king, his father, whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured, and his princely garments, though drenched in the sea-waves, look fresher than before."

"That's my delicate Ariel," said Prospero. "Bring him hither; my daughter must see this young prince. Where are the king and my brother?"

"I left them," answered Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew not one is missing; though each one thinks himself the only one saved: and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbor."

"Ariel," said Prospero, "thy charge is faithfully performed: but there is more work yet."

"Is there more work?" said Ariel. "Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, remember, I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling."

"How now!" said Prospero. "You do not recollect what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgot the wicked witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was almost bent double? Where was she born? Speak; tell me."

"Sir, in Algiers," said Ariel.

"O was she so?" said Prospero. "I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. This bad witch, Sycorax, for her witchcrafts, too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers, and here left by sailors; and because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from."

"Pardon 'me, dear master," said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful; "I will obey your commands."

"Do so," said Prospero, "and I will set you free." He then gave orders what further he would have him do; and away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture.

"O my young gentleman," said Ariel, when he saw him, "I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the Lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me." He then began singing:

"Full fathom five thy father lies:
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell."

This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel's voice, till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under the shade of a large tree. Now Miranda had never seen a man before, except her own father.

"Miranda," said Prospero, "tell me what you are looking at yonder."

"O father," said Miranda, in a strange surprise, "surely that is a spirit. Lord! how it looks about! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit?"

"No, girl," answered her father; "it eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions and is wandering about to find them."

Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and gray beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince; and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely lady in this desert place, and from the strange sounds he had heard expecting nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

She timidly answered, she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was going to give him an account of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had (as we say) fallen in love at first sight: but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way: therefore advancing forward, he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him, he came to the island as a spy, to take it from him who was the lord of it. "Follow me," said he, "I will tie you neck and feet together. You shall drink sea-water; shell-fish, withered roots, and husks of acorns shall be your food." "No," said Ferdinand, "I will resist such entertainment, till I see a more powerful enemy," and drew his sword; but Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

Miranda hung upon her father, saying, "Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir; I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one."

"Silence," said the father: "one word more will make me chide you, girl! What! an advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this, as he does Caliban." This he said to prove his daughter's constancy; and she replied, "My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a goodlier man."

"Come on, young man," said Prospero to the prince; "you have no power to disobey me."

"I have not indeed," answered Ferdinand; and not knowing that it was by magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find himself so strangely compelled to follow Prospero: looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, "My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream; but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid."

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell: he soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labor he had imposed on him, and then pre-

tending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. Kings' sons not being much used to laborious work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying with fatigue. "Alas!" said she, "do not work so hard; my father is at his studies, he is safe for these three hours; pray rest yourself."

"O my dear lady," said Ferdinand, "I dare not. I must finish my task before I take my rest."

"If you will sit down," said Miranda, "I will carry your logs the while." But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to. Instead of a help Miranda became a hindrance, for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log-carrying went on very slowly.

Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books, as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them invisible, to overhear what they said.

Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told, saying it was against her father's express command she did so.

Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his daughter's disobedience, for having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he was not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened well pleased to a long speech of Ferdinand's, in which he professed to love her above all the ladies he ever saw.

In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded all the women in the world, she replied, "I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How features are abroad, I know not; but believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget."

At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say, "This goes on exactly as I could wish; my girl will be queen of Naples."

And then Ferdinand, in another fine long speech (for young princes speak in courtly phrases), told the innocent Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

"Ah! sir," said she, "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife if you will marry me."

Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing visible before them.

"Fear nothing, my child," said he; "I have overheard, and approve of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends, by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test. Then as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise." He then, telling them that he had business which required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned; and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the king of Naples. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear, at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a voracious monster with wings, and the feast vanished away. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom, and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea; saying, that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

The king of Naples, and Antonio the false brother, repented the injustice they had done to Prospero; and Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

"Then bring them hither, Ariel," said Prospero: "if you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them? Bring them, quickly, my dainty Ariel."

Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio, and old Gonzalo in their train, who had followed him, wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master's presence. This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses, that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life; and then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio with tears, and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness, and the king expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother: and Prospero forgave them; and, upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the king of Naples, "I have a gift in store for you too"; and opening a door, showed him his son Ferdinand playing at chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for each thought the other drowned in the storm.

"O wonder!" said Miranda, "what noble creatures are these! It must surely be a brave world that has such creatures in it."

The king of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and excellent graces of the young Miranda, as his son had been. "Who is this maid?" said he; "she seems the goddess that has parted us, and brought us thus together." "No, sir," answered Ferdinand, smiling to find his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had done when he first saw Miranda, "she is a mortal, but by immortal Providence she is mine; I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter to this Prospero, who is the famous duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much, but never saw him till now: of him I have received a new life: he has made himself a second father, giving me this dear lady."

"Then I must be her father," said the king; "but oh! how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child forgiveness."

"No more of that," said Prospero: "let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended." And then Prospero embraced his brother, and again assured him of his forgiveness; and said that a wise overruling Providence had permitted that he should be driven from his poor dukedom of Milan, that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples, for that by their meeting in this desert island, it had happened that the king's son had loved Miranda.

These kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse, that he wept and was unable to speak; and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and prayed for blessings on the young couple.

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbor, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning. "In the meantime," says he, "partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords; and for your evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing in this desert island." He then called for Caliban to prepare some food, and set the cave in order; and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who (Prospero said) was the only attendant he had to wait upon him.

Before Prospero left the island, he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit; who, though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy his free liberty, to wander uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant fruits and sweet-smelling flowers. "My quaint Ariel," said Prospero to the little sprite when he made him free, "I shall miss you; yet you shall have your freedom." "Thank you, dear master," said Ariel; "but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales, before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful spirit; and then, master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live!" Here Ariel sang this pretty song:

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I crouch when owls do cry
On the bat's back I do fly

After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of the magic art. And having thus overcome his enemies, and being reconciled to his brother and the king of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his happiness, but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter and Prince Ferdinand, which the king said should be instantly celebrated with great splendor on their return to Naples. At which place, under the safe convoy of the spirit Ariel, they, after a pleasant voyage, soon arrived.

LOCHINVAR

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771–1832)

OH, young Lochinvar is come out of the west.
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best,
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Esk River where ford there was none;

KNIGHTS AND ARMOR OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

But ere he alighted at Netherby gate
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen and kinsmen and brothers and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied; —
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide —
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up;
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar, —
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
And the bridemaidens whispered, "'T were better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, brush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief — I'm ready;

It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady:

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armèd men.
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her, —
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they row'd amid the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover: —
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! — oh my daughter!"

'Twas vain; the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing;
The waters wild went o'er his child, —
And he was left lamenting.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

BY ALFRED TENNYSON (1809–92)

[This description of the charge of the British Light Brigade at Balaklava, in the Crimean War, October 25, 1854, is unsurpassed for vividness.]

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabers bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air
Sab'ring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the saber-stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered:
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them —
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade —
Noble six hundred!

HOW HEREWARD WON MARE SWALLOW

[This selection is from Charles Kingsley's *Hereward the Wake*, a story of England during the days of William the Conqueror. It tells how Hereward, on a wager, gets possession of a wonderful mare named Swallow.]

ON a bench at the door of his high-roofed wooden house sat Dirk Hammerhand, the richest man in Walcheren. From within the house sounded the pleasant noise of slave-women, grinding and chatting at the hand-quern; from without, the pleasant noise of geese and fowls without number. And as he sat and drank his ale, and watched the herd of horses in the fen, he thought himself a happy man, and thanked his Odin and Thor that, owing to his princely supplies of horses to Countess Gertrude, Robert the Frison and his Christian Franks had not yet harried him to the bare walls, as they would probably do ere all was over.

As he looked at the horses, some half mile off, he saw a strange stir among them. They began whinnying and pawing round a four-footed thing in the midst, which might be a badger, or a wolf — though both were very uncommon in that pleasant isle of Walcheren; but which plainly had no business there. Whereon he took up a mighty staff, and strode over the fen to see.

He found neither wolf nor badger: but to his exceeding surprise, a long lean man, clothed in ragged horseskins, whinnying and neighing exactly like a horse, and then stooping to eat grass like one. He advanced to do the first thing which came into his head, namely to break the man's back with his staff, and ask him afterwards who he might be. But ere he could strike, the man or horse kicked up with its hind legs in his face, and then springing on to the said hind legs ran away with extraordinary swiftness some fifty yards; after which it went down on all fours and began grazing again.

"Beest thou man or devil?" cried Dirk, somewhat frightened.

The thing looked up. The face at least was human.

"Art thou a Christian man?" asked it in bad Frisian, intermixed with snorts and neighs.

"What's that to thee?" growled Dirk; and began to wish a little that he was one, having heard that the sign of the cross was of great virtue in driving away fiends.

"Thou art not Christian. Thou believest in Thor and Odin? Then there is hope."

"Hope of what?" Dirk was growing more and more frightened.

"Of her, my sister! Ah, my sister, can it be that I shall find thee at last, after ten thousand miles, and seven years of woeful wandering?"

"I have no man's sister here. At least, my wife's brother was killed —"

"I speak not of a sister in woman's shape. Mine, alas! — oh woeful prince, oh more woeful princess — eats the herb of the field somewhere in the shape of a mare, as ugly as she was once beautiful, but swifter than the swallow on the wing."

"I've none such here," quoth Dirk, thoroughly frightened, and glancing uneasily at mare Swallow.

"You have not? Alas, wretched me! It was prophesied to me by the witch that I should find her in the field of one who worshipped the

old gods; for had she come across a holy priest, she had been a woman, long ago. Whither must I wander afresh!" And the thing began weeping bitterly, and then ate more grass.

"I — that is — thou poor miserable creature," said Dirk, half pitying, half wishing to turn the subject; "leave off making a beast of thyself awhile, and tell me who thou art."

"I have made no beast of myself, most noble earl of the Frisians, for so you doubtless are. I was made a beast of — a horse of, by an enchanter of a certain land, and my sister a mare."

"Thou dost not say so!" quoth Dirk, who considered such an event quite possible.

"I was a prince of the county of Albronia, which lies between Cathay and the Mountains of the Moon, as fair once as I am foul now, and only less fair than my lost sister; and by the enchantments of a cruel magician we became what we are."

"But thou art not a horse, at all events?"

"Am I not? Thou knowest, then, more of me than I do of myself," and it ate more grass. "But hear the rest of my story. My hapless sister was sold away with me to a merchant: but I, breaking loose from him, fled until I bathed in a magic fountain. At once I recovered my man's shape, and was rejoicing therein, when out of the fountain rose a fairy more beautiful than an elf, and smiled upon me with love.

"She asked me my story, and I told it. And when it was told — 'Wretch!' she cried, 'and coward, who hast deserted thy sister in her need. I would have loved thee, and made thee immortal as myself: but now thou shalt wander ugly and eating grass, clothed in the horsehide which has just dropped from thy limbs, till thou shalt find thy sister, and bring her to bathe, like thee, in this magic well.' "

"All good spirits help us! And you are really a prince?"

"As surely," cried the thing with a voice of sudden rapture, "as that mare is my sister"; and he rushed at mare Swallow. "I see, I see, my mother's eyes, my father's nose —"

"He must have been a chuckle-headed king that, then," grinned Dirk to himself. "The mare's nose is as big as a buck-basket. But how can she be a princess, man — prince, I mean? she has a foal running by her here."

"A foal?" said the thing solemnly. "Let me behold it. Alas, alas, my sister! Thy tyrant's threat has come true, that thou shouldst be his bride whether thou wouldst or not. I see, I see in the features of thy son his hated lineaments."

"Why, he must be as like a horse, then, as your father. But this will not do, Master Horse-man; I know that foal's pedigree better than I do my own."

"Man, man, simple though honest! — Hast thou never heard of the skill of the enchanters of the East? How they transform their victims at night back again into human shape, and by day into the shape of beasts again?"

"Yes — well — I know that —"

"And do you not see how you are deluded? Every night, doubt not, that mare and foal take their human shape again; and every night, perhaps, that foul enchanter visits in your fen, perhaps in your very stable, his wretched bride restored (alas, only for an hour!) into her human shape."

"An enchanter in my stable! That is an ugly guest. But no. I've been into the stables fifty times, to see if that mare was safe. Mare was mare, and colt was colt, Mr. Prince, if I have eyes to see."

"And what are eyes against enchantments? The moment you opened the door, the spell was cast over them again. You ought to thank your stars that no worse has happened yet; that the enchanter, in fleeing, has not wrung your neck as he went out, or cast a spell on you, which will fire your barns, lame your geese, give your fowls the pip, your horses the glanders, your cattle the murrain, your children St. Vitus' dance, your wife the creeping palsy, and yourself the chalf-stones in all your fingers."

"All Saints have mercy on me! If the half of this be true, I will turn Christian. I will send for a priest, and be baptized to-morrow!"

"Oh, my sister, my sister! Dost thou not know me? Dost thou answer my caresses with kicks? Or is thy heart, as well as thy body, so enchained by that cruel necromancer, that thou preferrest to be his, and scornest thine own salvation, leaving me to eat grass till I die?"

"I say, Prince — I say — What would you have a man to do? I bought the mare honestly,

and I have kept her well. She can't say aught against me on that score. And whether she be princess or not, I'm loth to part with her."

"Keep her then, and keep with her the curse of all the saints and angels. Look down, ye holy saints" (and the thing poured out a long string of saints' names), "and avenge this Catholic princess, kept in vile durance by an unbaptized heathen! May his —"

"Don't, don't!" roared Dirk. "And don't look at me like that" (for he feared the evil eye), "or I'll brain you with my staff!"

"Fool! If I have lost a horse's figure, I have not lost his swiftness. Ere thou couldst strike, I should have run a mile and back, to curse thee afresh." And the thing ran round him, and fell on all fours again, and ate grass.

"Mercy, mercy! And that is more than I ever asked yet of man. But it is hard," growled he, "that a man should lose his money, because a rogue sells him a princess in disguise."

"Then sell her again; sell her, as thou valuest thy life, to the first Christian man thou meetest. And yet no. What matters? Ere a month be over, the seven years' enchantment will have passed; and she will return to her own shape, with her son, and vanish from thy farm, leaving thee to vain repentance; whereby thou wilt both lose thy money, and get her curse. Farewell, and my malison abide with thee!"

And the thing, without another word, ran right away, neighing as it went, leaving Dirk in a state of abject terror.

He went home. He cursed the mare, he cursed the man who sold her, he cursed the day he saw her, he cursed the day he was born. He told his story with exaggerations and confusions in plenty to all in the house; and terror fell on them likewise. No one, that evening, dare go down on to the fen to drive the horses up; while Dirk got very drunk, went to bed, and trembled there all night (as did the rest of the household), expecting the enchanter to enter on a flaming fire-drake, at every howl of the wind.

The next morning, as Dirk was going about his business with a doleful face, casting stealthy glances at the fen, to see if the mysterious mare was still there, and a chance of his money still left, a man rode up to the door.

He was poorly clothed, with a long rusty sword by his side. A broad felt hat, long boots, and a haversack behind his saddle showed him to be a traveller, seemingly a horse dealer; for there followed him, tied head and tail, a brace of sorry nags.

"Heaven save all here," quoth he, making the sign of the cross. "Can any good Christian give me a drink of milk?"

"Ale, if thou wilt," said Dirk. "But what art thou, and whence?"

On any other day he would have tried to coax his guest into trying a buffet with him for his horse and clothes: but this morning his heart was heavy with the thought of the enchanted mare, and he welcomed the chance of selling her to the stranger.

"We are not very fond of strangers about here, since these Flemings have been harrying our borders. If thou art a spy, it will be worse for thee."

"I am neither spy nor Fleming: but a poor servant of the Lord Bishop of Utrecht's, buying a garron or two for his lordship's priests. As for these Flemings, may St. John Baptist save from them both me and you. Do you know of any man who has horses to sell hereabouts?"

"There are horses in the fen yonder," quoth Dirk, who knew that churchmen were likely to give a liberal price, and pay in good silver.

"I saw them as I rode up. And a fine lot they are: but of too good a stamp for my short purse, or for my holy master's riding — a fat priest likes a quiet nag, my master."

"Humph. Well, if quietness is what you need, there is a mare down there, that a child might ride with a thread of wool. But as for price — And she has a colt, too, running by her."

"Ah?" quoth the horseman. "Well, your Walcheren folk make good milk, that's certain. A colt by her? That's awkward. My lord does not like young horses; and it would be troublesome, too, to take the thing along with me."

The less anxious the dealer seemed to buy, the more anxious grew Dirk to sell; but he concealed his anxiety, and let the stranger turn away, thanking him for his drink.

"I say!" he called after him. "You might look at her, as you ride past the herd."

The stranger assented; and they went down into the fen, and looked over the precious mare,

whose feats were afterwards sung by many an English fire-side, or in the forest beneath the hollins green, by such as Robin Hood and his merry men. The ugliest, as well as the swiftest of mares, she was, say the old chroniclers; and it was not till the stranger had looked twice at her, that he forgot her great chuckle-head, greyhound-flanks, and drooping hind-quarters, and began to see the great length of those same quarters, the thighs let down into the hocks, the compact loin, the extraordinary girth through the saddle, the sloping shoulder, the long arms, the flat knees, the large well-set hoofs, and all the other points which showed her strength and speed, and justified her fame.

"She might carry a big man like you through the mud," said he carelessly; "but as for pace, one cannot expect that with such a chuckle-head. And if one rode her through a town, the boys would call after one, 'All head and no tail' — Why, I can't see her tail for her croup, it is so ill set on."

"Ill set on, or none," said Dirk, testily, "don't go to speak against her pace, till you have seen it. Here, lass!"

Dirk was in his heart rather afraid of the princess: but he was comforted when she came up to him like a dog.

"She's as sensible as a woman," said he; and then grumbled to himself, "Maybe she knows I mean to part with her."

"Lend me your saddle," said he to the stranger.

The stranger did so; and Dirk mounting galloped her in a ring. There was no doubt of her powers as soon as she began to move.

"I hope you won't remember this against me, madam," said Dirk, as soon as he got out of the stranger's hearing. "I can't do less than sell you to a Christian. And certainly I have been as good a master to you as if I'd known who you were; but if you wish to stay with me, you've only to kick me off, and say so: and I'm yours to command."

"Well, she can gallop a bit," said the stranger, as Dirk pulled her up and dismounted: "but an ugly brute she is, nevertheless, and such an one as I should not care to ride, for I am a gay man among the ladies. However, what is your price?"

Dirk named twice as much as he would have taken.

"Half that, you mean." And the usual haggle began.

"Tell thee what," said Dirk at last. "I am a man who has his fancies; and this shall be her price; half thy bid, and a box on the ear."

The demon of covetousness had entered Dirk's heart. What if he got the money; brained or at least disabled the stranger; and so had a chance of selling the mare a second time to some fresh comer?

"Thou art a strange fellow," quoth the horse-dealer. "But so be it."

Dirk chuckled. "He does not know," thought he, "that he has to do with Dirk Hammerhand," and he clenched his fist in anticipation of his rough joke.

"There," quoth the stranger, counting out the money carefully, "is thy coin. And there — is thy box on the ear."

And with a blow which rattled over the fen, he felled Dirk Hammerhand to the ground.

He lay senseless for a moment, and then looked wildly round.

"Villain!" groaned he. "It was I who was to give the buffet, not thou!"

"Art mad?" asked the stranger, as he coolly picked up the coins, which Dirk had scattered in his fall. "It is the seller's business to take, and the buyer's to give."

And while Dirk roared in vain for help, he leapt on Swallow, and rode off, shouting:

"Aha! Dirk Hammerhand! So you thought to knock a hole in my skull, as you have done to many a better man than yourself? He must be a luckier man than you, who catches The Wake asleep. I shall give your love to the Enchanted Prince, my faithful serving man, whom they call Martin Lightfoot."

Dirk cursed the day he was born. Instead of the mare and colt, he had got the two wretched garrons which the stranger had left, and a face which made him so tender of his own teeth, that he never again offered to try a buffet with a stranger.

"THE DOGS DID BARK, THE CHILDREN SCREAMED"

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE INTENDED AND CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN

BY WILLIAM COWPER (1731–1800)

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find,
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;

Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folks so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again.

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came downstairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he — "yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword,
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again,
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or naught;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he has slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin — who but he?
His fame soon spread around;
"He carries weight!" "He rides a race!"
"'T is for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near,
'T was wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now as he went, bowing down
His reeking head full low,

1. "TO-MORROW IS OUR WEDDING-DAY"
2. "ALL IN A CHAISE AND PAIR"
3. "STOP, STOP, JOHN GILPIN!" ALL DID CRY
4. "AWAY WENT GILPIN, AND AWAY"

The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,

Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;

For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the Wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony she spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! — Here's the house!"
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired";
Said Gilpin — "So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why? — his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly — which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend's the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

"What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall —
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

"I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig;
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit,
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine;
'T was for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig:
He lost them sooner than at first;
For why? — they were too big.

Now Mrs. Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down

Into the country far away,
She pulled out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth, she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry: —

"Stop thief! stop thief! a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men, thinking as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the king!
And Gilpin long live he;
And, when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD'S HORSES

[Dr. Primrose, the Vicar of Wakefield, had the misfortune to lose his fortune, and so at the time these incidents took place he and his family were living in the country in very modest style. His wife and daughters, however, had not lost all their pride and desire to make a good appearance before their neighbors. The book from which these incidents are taken is *The Vicar of Wakefield*, by Oliver Goldsmith (1728–1774). It is one of the pleasantest, sunniest books that ever was written — a book to read over and over until one knows it almost by heart. Goldsmith wrote a beautiful poem called *The Deserted Village*, a delightful comedy entitled *She Stoops to Conquer*, and many interesting essays.]

TOWARDS the end of the week we received a card from the town ladies, in which, with their compliments, they hoped to see all our family at church the Sunday following. All Saturday morning I could perceive, in consequence of this, my wife and daughters in close conference together, and now and then glancing at me with looks that betrayed a latent plot. To be sincere, I had strong suspicions that some absurd proposal was preparing for appearing with splendor the next day. In the evening they began their operations in a very regular manner, and my wife undertook to conduct the siege. After tea, when I seemed in spirits, she began thus: — "I fancy, Charles, my dear, we shall have a great deal of good company at our church to-morrow." — "Perhaps we shall, my dear," returned I, "though you need be under no uneasiness about that; you shall have a sermon whether there be or not." — "That is what I expect," returned she; "but I think, my dear, we ought to appear there as decently as possible, for who knows what may happen?" — "Your precautions," replied I, "are highly commendable. A decent behavior and appearance in church is what charms me. We should be devout and humble, cheerful and serene." — "Yes," cried she, "I know that; but I mean we should go there in as proper a manner as possible; not altogether like the scrubs about us." — "You are quite right, my dear," returned I, "and I was going to make

the very same proposal. The proper manner of going is to go there as early as possible, to have time for meditation before the service begins." — "Phoo, Charles," interrupted she, "all that is very true; but not what I would be at; I mean we should go there genteelly. You know the church is two miles off, and I protest I don't like to see my daughters trudging up to their pew all blowzed and red with walking, and looking for all the world as if they had been winners at a smock race. Now, my dear, my proposal is this: there are our two ploughhorses, the colt that has been in our family these nine years, and his companion Blackberry, that has scarce done an earthly thing for this month past. They are both grown fat and lazy. Why should not they do something as well as we? And let me tell you, when Moses has trimmed them a little, they will cut a very tolerable figure."

To this proposal I objected that walking would be twenty times more genteel than such a paltry conveyance, as Blackberry was wall-eyed, and the colt wanted a tail; that they had never been broke to the rein, but had a hundred vicious tricks; and that we had but one saddle and pillion in the whole house. All these objections, however, were overruled; so that I was obliged to comply. The next morning I perceived them not a little busy in collecting such materials as might be necessary for the expedition; but as I found it would be a business of time, I walked on to the church before, and they promised speedily to follow. I waited near an hour in the reading desk for their arrival; but not finding them come as expected, I was obliged to begin, and went through the service, not without some uneasiness at finding them absent. This was increased, when all was finished, and no appearance of the family. I therefore walked back by the horse-way, which was five miles round, though the footway was but two, and, but when got about half-way home, perceived the procession marching slowly forward towards the church: my son, my wife, and the two little ones exalted on one horse, and my two daughters upon the other. I demanded the cause of their delay; but I soon found by their looks they had met with a thousand misfortunes on the road. The horses had at first refused to move from the door, till Mr. Burchell was kind enough to beat them forward for about two hundred yards with his cudgel. Next, the straps of my wife's pillion broke down, and they were obliged to stop to repair them before they could proceed. After that, one of the horses took it into its head to stand still, and neither blows nor entreaties could prevail with him to proceed. It was just recovering from this dismal situation that I found them; but perceiving everything safe, I own their present mortification did not much displease me, as it would give me many opportunities of future triumph, and teach my daughters more humility.

All this was only preparatory to another scheme; and indeed I dreaded as much. This was nothing less than that, as we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighboring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry a single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church, or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly; but it was stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonist gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to a very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to entrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair: trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder-and-lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a

FROM "THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD"

Top: Selling the horse; Moses setting off for the fair. Bottom: The procession to church; selecting silks.

broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door bawling after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer. . . .

I changed the subject, by seeming to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost nightfall. "Never mind our son," cried my wife; "depend upon it he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen of a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing. — But, as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back."

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapt round his shoulders like a peddler. "Welcome, welcome, Moses! well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?" — "I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser. "Ay, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know; but where is the horse?" — "I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence." — "Well done, my good boy," returned she; "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it, then." — "I have brought back no money," cried Moses again. "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast: "here they are; a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases." — "A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!" — "Dear mother," cried the boy, "why don't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money." — "A fig for the silver rims," cried my wife, in a passion: "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce." — "You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence; for I perceive they are only copper varnished over." — "What!" cried my wife, "not silver! the rims not silver!" — "No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan." — "And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases? A murrain take such trumpery! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better." — "There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all." — "Marry, hang the idiot!" returned she, "to bring me such stuff: if I had them, I would throw them in the fire." — "There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had indeed been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under the pretence of having one to sell. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

The journey of my daughters to town was now resolved upon, Mr. Thornhill having kindly promised to inspect their conduct himself, and inform us by letter of their behavior. But it was thought indispensably necessary that their appearance should equal the greatness of their expectations, which could not be done without expense. We debated therefore in full council what were the easiest methods of raising money, or, more properly speaking, what we could most conveniently sell. The deliberation was soon finished: it was found that our remaining horse was utterly useless for the plough without his companion, and

equally unfit for the road, as wanting an eye; it was therefore determined that we should dispose of him, for the purposes above mentioned, at the neighboring fair; and to prevent imposition, that I should go with him myself. Though this was one of the first mercantile transactions of my life, yet I had no doubt about acquitting myself with reputation. The opinion a man forms of his own prudence is measured by that of the company he keeps: and as mine was most in the family way, I had conceived no unfavorable sentiments of my worldly wisdom. My wife, however, next morning, at parting, after I had got some paces from the door, called me back to advise me, in a whisper, to have all my eyes about me.

I had, in the usual forms, when I came to the fair, put my horse through all his paces, but for some time had no bidders. At last a chapman approached, and after he had for a good while examined the horse round, finding him blind of one eye, he would have nothing to say to him; a second came up, but observing that he had a spavin, declared he would not take him for the driving home; a third perceived he had a wind-gall, and would bid no money; a fourth knew by his eye that he had the botts; a fifth wondered what a plague I could do at the fair with a blind, spavined, galled hack, that was only fit to be cut up for a dog kennel. By this time, I began to have a most hearty contempt for the poor animal myself, and was almost ashamed at the approach of every customer; for though I did not entirely believe all the fellows told me, yet I reflected that the number of witnesses was a strong presumption they were right; and St. Gregory, upon Good Works, professes himself to be of the same opinion.

I was in this mortifying situation, when a brother clergyman, an old acquaintance, who had also business at the fair, came up, and, shaking me by the hand, proposed adjourning to a public-house, and taking a glass of whatever we could get. I readily closed with the offer, and entering an ale-house, we were shown into a little back room, where was only a venerable old man, who sat wholly intent over a large book, which he was reading. I never in my life saw a figure that prepossessed me more favorably. His locks of silver gray venerably shaded his temples, and his green old age seemed to be the result of health and benevolence. However, his presence did not interrupt our conversation: my friend and I discoursed on the various turns of fortune we had met; the Whistonian controversy, my last pamphlet, the archdeacon's reply, and the hard measure that was dealt me. But our attention was in a short time taken off, by the appearance of a youth, who, entering the room, respectfully said something softly to the old stranger. "Make no apologies, my child," said the old man; "to do good is a duty we owe to all our fellow-creatures. Take this, I wish it were more; but five pounds will relieve your distress, and you are welcome." The modest youth shed tears of gratitude, and yet his gratitude was scarce equal to mine. I could have hugged the good old man in my arms, his benevolence pleased me so. He continued to read, and we resumed our conversation, until my companion, after some time recollecting that he had business to transact in the fair, promised to be soon back; adding, that he always desired to have as much of Dr. Primrose's company as possible. The old gentleman, hearing my name mentioned, seemed to look at me with attention for some time; and when my friend was gone, most respectfully demanded if I was in any way related to the great Primrose, that courageous monogamist, who had been the bulwark of the Church. Never did my heart feel sincerer rapture than at that moment. "Sir," cried I, "the applause of so good a man as I am sure you are, adds to that happiness in my breast which your benevolence has already excited. You behold before you, sir, that Dr. Primrose, the monogamist, whom you have been pleased to call great. You here see that unfortunate divine, who has so long, and it would ill become me to say, successfully fought against the deuterogamy of the age." — "Sir," cried the stranger, struck with awe, "I fear I have been too familiar, but you'll forgive my curiosity, Sir: I beg pardon." — "Sir," cried I, grasping his hand, "you are so far from displeasing me by your familiarity, that I beg you'll accept my friendship, as you have already my esteem." — "Then with gratitude I accept the offer," cried he, squeezing me by the hand, "thou glorious pillar of unshaken orthodoxy! and do I behold" — I here interrupted what he was going to say; for

though, as an author, I could digest no small share of flattery, yet now my modesty would permit no more. However, no lovers in romance ever cemented a more instantaneous friendship. We talked upon several subjects: at first I thought he seemed rather devout than learned, and began to think he despised all human doctrines as dross. Yet this no way lessened him in my esteem, for I had for some time begun privately to harbor such an opinion myself. I therefore took occasion to observe, that the world in general began to be blamably indifferent as to doctrinal matters, and followed human speculations too much. "Ay, Sir," replied he, as if he had reserved all his learning to that moment. "Ay, Sir, the world is in its dotage; and yet the cosmogony, or creation of the world, has puzzled philosophers of all ages. What a medley of opinions have they not broached upon the creation of the world! Sanchoniathon, Manetho, Berosus, and Ocellus Lucanus, have all attempted it in vain. The latter has these words, *Anarchon ara kai ateluiaion to pan*, which imply that all things have neither beginning nor end. Manetho also, who lived about the time of Nebuchadon-Asser — Asser being a Syriac word, usually applied as a surname to the kings of that country, as Teglat Phael-Asser, Nabon-Asser — he, I say, formed a conjecture equally absurd; for as we usually say, *ek to biblion kubernetes*, which implies that books will never teach the world; so he attempted to investigate —— But, Sir, I ask pardon, I am straying from the question." — That he actually was; nor could I, for my life, see how the creation of the world had anything to do with the business I was talking of; but it was sufficient to show me that he was a man of letters, and I now reverenced him the more. I was resolved, therefore, to bring him to the touchstone; but he was too mild and too gentle to contend for victory. Whenever I made an observation that looked like a challenge to controversy, he would smile, shake his head, and say nothing; by which I understood he could say much, if he thought proper. The subject, therefore, insensibly changed from the business of antiquity, to that which had brought us both to the fair: mine, I told him, was to sell a horse, and very luckily, indeed, his was to buy one for one of his tenants. My horse was soon produced; and in fine, we struck a bargain. Nothing now remained but to pay me, and he accordingly pulled out a thirty-pound note, and bid me change it. Not being in a capacity of complying with this demand, he ordered his footman to be called up, who made his appearance in a very genteel livery. "Here, Abraham," cried he, "go and get gold for this; you'll do it at neighbor Jackson's or anywhere." While the fellow was gone, he entertained me with a pathetic harangue on the great scarcity of silver, which I undertook to improve, by deploring also the great scarcity of gold; so that, by the time Abraham returned, we had both agreed that money was never so hard to be come at as now. Abraham returned to inform us that he had been over the whole fair, and could not get change, though he had offered half-a-crown for doing it. This was a very great disappointment to us all; but the old gentleman, having paused a little, asked me if I knew one Solomon Flamborough in my part of the country. Upon replying that he was my next-door neighbor: "If that be the case, then," returned he, "I believe we shall deal. You shall have a draft upon him payable at sight; and, let me tell you, he is as warm a man as any within five miles round him. Honest Solomon and I have been acquainted for many years together. I remember I always beat him at three jumps; but he could hop on one leg further than I." A draft upon my neighbor was to me the same as money; for I was sufficiently convinced of his ability. The draft was signed and put into my hands, and Mr. Jenkinson, the old gentleman, his man Abraham, and my horse, old Blackberry, trotted off very well pleased with each other.

After a short interval, being left to reflection, I began to recollect that I had done wrong in taking a draft from a stranger, and so prudently resolved upon following the purchaser, and having back my horse. But this was now too late. I therefore made directly homewards, resolving to get the draft changed into money at my friend's as fast as possible. I found my honest neighbor smoking his pipe at his own door, and informing him that I had a small bill upon him, he read it twice over. "You can read the name, I suppose," cried I — "Ephraim Jenkinson." — "Yes," returned he, "the name is written

CAXTON'S WORKSHOP, WHERE THE FIRST ENGLISH BOOKS WERE MADE

plain enough, and I know the gentleman too — the greatest rascal under the canopy of heaven. This is the very same rogue who sold us the spectacles. Was he not a venerable-looking man, with gray hair, and no flaps to his pocket-holes? And did he not talk a long string of learning about Greek, and cosmogony, and the world?" To this I replied with a groan. "Ay," continued he, "he has but that one piece of learning in the world, and he always talks it away whenever he finds a scholar in company; but I know the rogue, and will catch him yet."

THE STORY OF "PARADISE LOST"

[*Paradise Lost*, which was published in 1667, is one of the great epic poems of the world, ranking with Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, Virgil's *Æneid*, and Dante's *Divine Comedy*. It was composed by John Milton (1608–1674), the stanch old Puritan poet, after he became blind. As he could not do the actual writing, of course, he would compose the lines in his mind and would then say them out loud to his daughters, who would write them down. The blind Milton had more knowledge and wisdom in his head than most people who can see with their two eyes. This selection tells briefly the story of *Paradise Lost*.]

FAR back in the dawn of time, before the earth or man was created, the angels of God wandered through the ways of heaven as pure as the light and happy in their utter ignorance of sin. For them the trees of Paradise bore golden fruits and the flowers shed perfume and the rivers wound in beauty through the green meadows, and in the midst of these blissful abodes the angels were ever joyous, for they knew not what change meant and any knowledge of pain had never been theirs.

But a change came, for one of the great angels, named Lucifer, because of his splendid beauty, took to his heart one day a thought that grew there like a poisonous weed and drove all happiness away from him, so that he shunned the company of his companions and the looks of his friend, the great archangel Michael, who kept the gates of heaven.

The thought grew stronger and stronger, until it was like a great shadow, barring out the light, so that heaven ceased to be beautiful; and it also stood like a drawn sword between the angel and his friend, and kept them apart, though the archangel Michael knew not the reason. This thought, which dimmed for Lucifer the brightness of heaven, and blighted the flowers, and made the fruit seem as ashes in his mouth, was the knowledge that throughout the length and breadth of heaven the angels gave homage and adoration to God alone, and that no one else could claim their worship.

Lucifer brooded long over this, and knowing his own strength and power, grew jealous of the greatness of God; and he formed at last a project so daring and awful that he dared not even think of it except when alone, and the knowledge of it brought even fear to him who had never known fear before. But by long familiarity the thought came to seem less fearful, and at last, very slowly, Lucifer let first one and then another see what was in his mind; and some shuddered and were afraid, and others admired and reverenced him the more, for he was one of the highest of the angels, and one whose friendship was deemed an honor by the lesser angels.

As the knowledge of this project spread among the angelic hosts, it turned the hearts of many away from their loyalty to God, until at last one-third of the angels had promised to aid and support Lucifer in his mighty undertaking; for he had determined to overthrow the power of God and either rule in heaven himself, or at least share the sovereignty; for he was weary of obedience and had stood so high in favor that he had come to think himself equal with the Creator.

Among the multitudes that promised him allegiance were many of those great angels whose beauty and wisdom were the glory of heaven, and as Lucifer numbered over his vast army he felt that victory must be his, and that he should be able to reward his faithful friends with power such as had never been theirs before.

But to the archangel Michael he breathed no

MILTON DICTATING "PARADISE LOST" TO HIS DAUGHTER

word of his design, knowing that angel to be as incorruptible as truth itself; only, as the time for his revolt came nearer, he went less and less into the presence of Michael, whose glance alone seemed to pierce the soul of Lucifer and make his fair hopes fade like blighted flowers.

So the time came, and one day the music of heaven was drowned by sounds never heard there before, for Lucifer, the shining one, had drawn his vast host into battle array, and their white wings and glistening shields lighted the wide space in which they stood till it seemed as if all the glory of paradise was gathered there. And, in response to this dread challenge, came Michael the archangel, leading the loyal legions of heaven, the numberless forces crowding close around him whose majesty was beyond the majesty of all other angels, and whose power was invincible, and the dreadful combat began.

But though the forces of Lucifer were of the angelic host, and he, himself, was one of the princes of heaven, they could not win the victory; for Michael fought with the sword of God and his followers were beyond the power of failure, having never known either fear or sin. Battle after battle was lost to Lucifer and he was at last conquered, and with his legions was cast down from the heights of heaven, and fell through deep spaces of darkness till he reached the shores of hell, which was thereafter to be his eternal abode, bearing with him, out of the conflict which was to have ended so gloriously, only bitter defeat and unending disgrace. And on those shores of darkness he and his armies lay for a long time stunned, unconscious even of defeat.

For nine days and nights they lay there, at the end of which time his power came again to the vanquished leader, who was to be known no longer as Lucifer, the shining one, but who was called thereafter Satan, the enemy of God. And he rose and summoned his legions back to consciousness, and called his great chieftains to a council to decide what next to do, for though vanquished he had not yet given up hope.

The fallen angels sprang readily to their master's bidding, for his old authority still held them under its spell, and from the dark store-

houses of hell they gathered gold and silver and precious stones, and built therewith a stately and beautiful palace from whose arched roof rows of starry lamps shed their light upon the throne, beneath which blazed countless jewels; and thither came Satan and his great ministers to deliberate what to do.

Some advised another battle, being unwilling to believe that their cause was forever lost, and some advised submission, feeling how vain it was to fight against heaven; and at last Satan himself proposed that they should accept their defeat, and instead of trying to conquer heaven, which could not be conquered, set about seeking some means of revenge; for though they never again could win back their lost glory, they could at least war continually with whatever God loved. Then Beelzebub, next to his master chief of the fallen princes, recalled to their minds the old tradition that had long existed in heaven, that God intended to create a new race of beings, equal to but different from the angels, and that for their use he was also to create a place called paradise, which should partake of the divine beauty of heaven and be a fitting home for the pure beings who were to dwell therein. And he urged them to win their revenge by tempting this race to rebellion against God even as they had rebelled, so that the work of God might be marred and the beings that he created in love become his enemies and haters.

This last suggestion was accepted by the powers of hell, for Satan did not doubt his ability to tempt the new race to rebellion against God, as he still possessed the majestic power and wisdom which had been his when he roamed through heaven, the peer of the archangels and the favored of God. But now the lost beauty of heaven appeared hateful to him and only that which was evil seemed desirable, for his soul had lost its angel nature, and its whiteness was marred with shadows as dark as those which lay over the borders of hell.

Then the council having come to an end, Satan started forth to see if he could find the new world and its dwellers, not knowing whether they had yet been created. He travelled through the wide spaces of darkness, borne on his mighty wings, and felt neither fear nor fatigue till he reached the boundaries of hell and came to its nine portals of brass and iron and rock, and heeded not the fire-encircled shapes which guarded them, and forced Death, its warder, to unbar the gates.

Traversing the outer regions, he saw at last a gleam of light, and drew nearer until he saw the walls of heaven gleaming down upon him, and, attached to it by golden chains, the shining sphere which held the new-created universe. Then he quickly winged his way through the region of the stars, and came at last to the sun in splendor above them all; then he alighted and saw standing near him an angel shape, whose hair was of the color of the sun, and upon whose brow blazed a crown of many precious stones, and whose wings hung motionless as if he waited some command. Although the face of the angel was turned away, Satan knew him to be Uriel, one of the seven great angels who stand nearest the throne of God, and are ever his chosen messengers. And because he knew that this holy angel would not hold converse with such as he, Satan changed himself speedily into another shape, and stood there with flowing curls crowned with gold, and with wings of myriad colored plumes, smiling in youthful grace, and begged the angel to tell him in which of the shining orbs beneath them dwelt the new race of man, or whether all those spheres were his homes at different times, for he would fain look upon this great work of God.

Uriel, who knew not deceit, nor could detect it in others, pointed out the earth shining far beneath, and told Satan that that was the home that God had made for man; and with this answer Satan took his leave, and sped through the starry spheres till he came to the new earth, and alighted there and took his way onward till he came to Eden, the beautiful garden wherein dwelt the new race. There he saw the trees hanging with blossom and fruit, and the herbs with their perfumed buds, and the many colored flowers, and clear streams and shady walks, and in the midst the tree of life, taller than any other tree, and bearing rich stores of golden fruit; and next to it the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, whose fruit no one might touch. And this view so enchanted Satan that he knew beyond doubt that man must also be found in that garden, and he spread his wings and passed the

walls and took his flight to the tree of life, and sheltered himself in its spreading branches so that none might see him.

Then looking down, he saw the new creatures that God had made, and found that they were as fair as the angels themselves, while around them played other living creatures which had been created for their use, and which joined in their play and shared their food; for there was no such thing known as fear or hatred.

As Satan looked down and saw Adam and Eve walking through this fair garden, where grew every kind of delicious food, and where the lion played with the lamb and the tiger sported with the fawn, he was filled with hatred of the goodness of God, and he resolved to change this abode of peace into one of ruin and despair, if he could. Then he quickly came down from his high place, and changing his form constantly into the shapes of the different beasts who played around them, he came at last to the noble pair, and heard them praise the beauty of the garden and their happy lot therein, and heard also that of all the delights of the garden, one alone was denied them, and that was the fruit of the tree of knowledge, which had been forbidden them by God.

And hearing this, Satan resolved to make this command the means of their ruin, and to excite in them such a wish for this fruit that they would eat it at all hazards. And having determined thus, he left them for the time.

Now, the great angel Uriel had watched Satan as he winged his way earthward, and seeing that he cast looks full of evil around him as he entered paradise, Uriel feared that he meant harm to the dwellers therein. So he hastened to the archangel Gabriel, who kept guard at the gates, and bade him search the garden for the intruder; and Gabriel sent the two angels Ithuriel and Zephon to search the garden and find any stranger who might be therein. And Ithuriel found Satan where he was hidden and touched him with his shining spear, and bade him arise and follow him, not knowing who he was, for his form was marred and his beauty was dimmed, and the glory of angelhood vanished from him; and Ithuriel was filled with wonder when Satan made himself known, so greatly had he changed.

Then he was brought into the presence of Gabriel, yet feared him not till Gabriel threatened him with chains and torture if he went not away; and so Satan returned to hell for the time, though he held his purpose still firm in his mind. And in the morning God sent the great angel Raphael down from heaven to warn Adam that an enemy would try and make him break his faith, and to warn him to be steadfast. And Raphael, with his six wings of rainbow hue that shed perfume as he went, sped through the ways of heaven, whose hosts all bowed in reverence as he passed, and came to paradise and warned Adam of his peril, praying him above all things to touch not the tree of knowledge. Then Raphael related to him the strange story of the war in heaven, and how Satan and his legions had been cast out forever more, and God had created a new race to fill their place in his love. And after relating these marvels, and warning them again to keep their faith, Raphael spread his wings and soared heavenward and was lost to their view.

So Adam and Eve dwelt in security in the garden, and the tree of knowledge hung its golden fruits above their heads and they looked upon it with no wish to eat thereof, it being their chief joy to obey the commands of God. And for seven days and nights Satan hovered near the earth but dared not enter paradise, because of the presence of the angelic guardians and the eyes of Uriel, whose glances saw all things.

But on the eighth night he returned at midnight, and hovering near the garden, wondered if he might enter in safety, for the darkness hid him and he knew that daylight would soon reveal his presence if he tarried longer. Then fearing to pass the boundaries in a shape that could be seen, for he knew not what hosts of angels kept the ward, he plunged into the river which flowed just outside of paradise and part of whose waters, coursing underground, rose again in a fountain near the tree of life. And from this fountain Satan rose in the form of a mist, and viewing all the different beasts which were sleeping around him, he entered at last the body of a sleeping serpent, knowing that in this disguise his presence would not be suspected.

During the hours of the next morning, as Eve was walking amid the roses of the garden, she saw a serpent of wondrous beauty approaching, not crawling on the ground in the manner

of other serpents, but walking erect. And her wonder at this soon changed to greater wonder still, for as the serpent drew near he began to speak, and the tones of his voice were sweet and pleasing, and his speech was such as that used by Adam and Eve themselves.

But the serpent pretended not to see her wonder and began talking to her of her beauty, and when she asked him from whence he had obtained his gift of speech, he answered that he too had been created, like the other serpents and beasts of the field, to be the slaves of Adam and Eve, and that at first, like his fellows, he had been content to grovel on the ground. But, he said, coming one day to a certain tree, he was seized with a desire to eat of the red and golden fruit that hung there; so he wound himself up the trunk till he reached the high branches on which the fruit hung so temptingly, and gathering a goodly store he ate greedily, much envied by the other beasts who stood watching him below. And from that hour the gift of speech had been his and knowledge of all things, so that he was equal to the angels in wisdom and knew many of the secrets of the Creator.

Then Eve was desirous to see this wonderful tree and begged the serpent to lead her to it, but when they came near it she saw that it was the tree of knowledge, and she confessed that she dared not eat of its fruit, for God had commanded them neither to eat nor touch it, saying that if they disobeyed him death would follow. But the serpent answered her with such cunning words that she could find no reply to them, telling her that this command she had received had been given to the beasts also, but that he had eaten of this tree, and instead of hurt he had received knowledge and the power of speech, and that death even could not harm him. And at last, after much persuasion, Eve came to believe that God had forbidden them the fruit of this tree because he feared that they should come to wisdom like his own; then she ceased to fear death, seeing that the serpent had only grown in beauty and power since he had eaten of the tree; so she plucked the golden fruit and ate it greedily, and seeing this the serpent slunk back into the thicket, for his work was accomplished.

But to Eve there came not the happiness she had expected, for although the taste of the fruit pleased her she could not utterly believe the words of the serpent, and she began to fear that death might after all come to her. And then she decided to tempt Adam too to eat the fruit, so that if she were to die he might also die, for she dreaded the thought of bearing her punishment alone. So she bore the fruit to Adam and confessed that she had eaten of it, and Adam was lost in sorrow and amazement, but yet, at her persuasion, he ate also, choosing death with her, if death should come, because of his great love for her.

But instead of happiness and joy, their disobedience brought to Adam and Eve something that they had never known before, and that was fear, which came and dwelt in their hearts as it had dwelt in the hearts of the angels who rebelled against God. Then the beauty of Eden was dimmed for them, and they wandered through its bowers with shrinking souls, fearing constantly lest some evil thing might happen.

And all the angel hosts which had guarded the gates of paradise flew back to heaven, for their misson was over since Satan had entered the place and tempted man to his ruin; so that there was left in paradise no creature of heavenly birth. And in the twilight Adam and Eve heard the voice of God calling to them, and they hid themselves in the dusk of the trees, for they were seized with bitter fear. But they could not free themselves from the presence of the Creator, and to him at last they confessed their sin, knowing that he knew it and that all disguise would be vain. Then they learned that instead of blessing, the fruit had brought woe and eternal sorrow, for even as they had disobeyed, so now they must suffer the consequences; for God said that from that day all the heavenly influences which made the earth so beautiful should be destroyed, since man himself had snapped the golden cord which bound him to heaven, and had chosen rather to obey the voice of Satan, the enemy of God. And thereafter the earth should yield fruits to man only in return for toil and care, and the beasts that had been created for his service should become his enemies, filled with the hatred of all mankind because their master had chosen evil rather than good; for the influence of Satan in paradise had been like a blighting breath which crept into all created things, and imbued them with its own power for evil, which was

TOP: SPENSER READING "THE FAERIE QUEENE" TO SIR WALTER RALEIGH; MILTON IN HIS GARDEN, DICTATING TO HIS DAUGHTER. BOTTOM: MASTER SHAKESPEARE AND THE LITTLE MAID AT STRATFORD; JOHN BUNYAN IN PRISON WRITING "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS"

doubly potent because Adam and Eve had been warned against it and yet had sinned.

This was the sentence which God pronounced as he talked with them in the twilight; and its weight pressed all the more heavily because they knew that they had had the choice of better things, but choosing evil, had shut themselves out from the heavenly beauty and had brought, not only to themselves alone but to all the earth, the blight and shadow of evil.

Then God sent the great angel Michael to drive Adam and Eve forth from paradise, so that they might seek a home elsewhere, and Michael, attended by the chief archangels, came down to earth and bade the two transgressors prepare to leave the beautiful garden which had been their home. But, in pity for their grief, he first showed Adam a vision of future ages in which the race of man, purified by sorrow and through the mission of Christ, the divine Son, should regain those blissful abodes and find the lost paradise of their first parents freed from trace of evil, and beautiful as in its first beauty, and that they should dwell therein peacefully, with all power of sin destroyed.

And with this hope in their hearts Adam and Eve went forth from Eden, and the archangel closed the shining gates behind them, and set on either side of the gates the awful four-faced cherubim, whose eyes looked toward the four corners of the earth, and whose wings were many-hued and shadowed them like a rainbow; and over the gates he placed a fiery sword whose flames shot out on every side. And having thus finished his work, he sped heavenward and entered the presence of God, while Adam and Eve still wandered homeless, looking for an abiding place, and the cherubim kept watch over the barred gates.

Paradise Lost was published in 1667, when Milton was fifty-nine years old, although it had been finished for two years. Before its publication he had written a second part, called *Paradise Regained* — which connected the story of Eden with the story of the temptation of Christ by Satan, as related in the New Testament. This poem, which is much shorter than *Paradise Lost*, showed Satan still warring with goodness, because goodness was loved of God, and in it we see the figure of Satan shorn of its beauty and majesty, which it has lost in its long conflict against God, and are shown the fallen angel with his strength gone, and only cunning and malice left to him as weapons. Against these the soul of Christ stands firm, and with this last lost battle Satan acknowledges his own defeat, the bitterest grief that he has felt since the day that he had been driven from heaven.

LADY CLARE

BY ALFRED TENNYSON

IT was the time when lilies blow
And clouds are highest up in air;
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn:
Lovers long betroth'd were they:
They too will wed the morrow morn:
God's blessing on the day!

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said: "Who was this that went from thee?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare;
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"O God be thank'd!" said Alice the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair:
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse,"
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"
"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
"I speak the truth: you are my child.

"The old Earl's daughter died at my breast;
I speak the truth as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, "if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret for your life,
And all that you have will be Lord Ronald's
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret all ye can."
She said: "Not so: but I will know
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse;
"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,
"Tho' I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
Alas! my child, I sinn'd for thee."
"O mother, mother, mother," she said,
"So strange it seems to me.

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so,
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare:
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And follow'd her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower:
"O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
Why come you drest like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth?"

"If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are:
I am a beggar born," she said,
"And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"For I am yours in word and in deed.
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"Your riddle is hard to read."

O and proudly stood she up!
Her heart within her did not fail:
She look'd into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laugh'd a laugh of merry scorn:
He turn'd and kiss'd her where she stood.
"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the next in blood —

"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

THE STORY OF "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS"

[*Pilgrim's Progress* is one of the greatest books of the world, and is read by old and young. It was written by John Bunyan (1628–1688), a Puritan preacher, while he was in Bedford jail being punished because he would not stop preaching from the Bible as he understood it. All this was away back in the seventeenth century. We should be glad that men and women are now more free to do and say the things that they think are right than they were then. This selection tells the story of that wonderful book.]

BUNYAN says that as he walked through the wilderness of the world he came to a den where he laid himself down to sleep, and as he slept he dreamed a dream. The den was the prison at Bedford in which he was confined,

and the dream was the vision of *Pilgrim's Progress*, in which he saw the hero Christian standing before him clothed in rags, and bearing upon his back a heavy burden. And in his hand there was an open book which he read continually, weeping all the while, for from this book he learned that the city in which he dwelt, and which had always seemed to him a fair and beautiful place, was doomed to be destroyed soon with fire, and that all the inhabitants who remained there would be burned in the flames.

But while Christian thus wept, not knowing whither to go to escape this fate, there came a stranger to him and asked him why he wept. And when Christian told him, the stranger comforted him by telling him of a beautiful city which had been built as a refuge for all those who wished to leave the doomed city of destruction. Then he showed him a bright light shining across the wide plain, and told Christian that close beside the light stood a wicket gate, and the gate-keeper would tell him the way to the beautiful country if he wished to go. He also gave him a parchment roll containing many directions about the way. And at this Christian was greatly comforted, and started immediately toward the wicket gate, nor would he go back, though his friends and neighbors tried hard to persuade him. Then one of his friends joined him across the plain and said that he too would leave the City of Destruction. But as they were thus walking together, they fell all at once into a miry slough called the Slough of Despond, because many who fell therein became discouraged and would not go any further. And in this place Christian's companion left him, and the Pilgrim went on his way alone, struggling hard to cross the miry ground, and weighed down by the burden on his back. And he became almost discouraged himself, and might have turned back also had not one named Help come to his assistance and shown him the way out of the slough. And then Christian perceived a curious thing, and one that comforted him greatly, which was that the King of the Celestial City, knowing how hard was the way thither, and how full of difficulties and dangers, had set certain of his servants in different places in the road to guard and help the poor pilgrims travelling along it. Help was one of these, and it was well for Christian that he came at the right moment to help him out of his trouble, for he was unused to travel, and the City of Destruction was a place where one thought of pleasure only, and where lessons of endurance and fortitude were seldom learned. Then Christian went on his way and came at last to the wicket gate, over which was written, *Knock and it shall be opened unto you.* He knocked cheerily, and presently the porter came and opened the gate, and on hearing Christian's story showed him a narrow path leading straight from the gate and told him that that was the road to the Celestial City, and that by keeping to it he would be in no danger of losing his way. For this road, he said, was distinguished from all others by being straight and narrow, never turning either to the right or the left, or joining itself to any other road. The porter also told Christian that a little distance beyond stood the House of the Interpreter, built by the King of the Celestial City, where he could learn many things useful for his journey. So Christian left him and went on his way, following the little narrow path, though he could go but slowly, owing to the burden upon his back, till he came to the house of which the porter had spoken. And when someone came to open the door in answer to his knocking, Christian perceived that this was the most wonderful house he had ever seen; for it was full of pictures of pilgrims on their way to the Celestial City. Some pictures showed them happy and prosperous, and others showed them discouraged and fearful, and from these pictures he gained many a hint for his own journey. The Interpreter also showed him other strange things. In one room he saw two children sitting, one weeping and full of anger, and the other silent and full of peace; and the name of the one was Passion, and the name of the other Patience; and the Interpreter said that Passion wept because he could not have all the pleasures of life brought to him at once, and Patience was calm because he was willing to wait, knowing that whatever he was worthy of would come to him at last. Christian saw that from this he was to learn a lesson of patience, because when all the treasures which Passion desired were brought to him, he squandered them at once

THE STORY OF "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" IN PICTURES (I)

1. Portrait of John Bunyan. 2. Three shining ones saluted him. 3. "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord." 4. Apollyon spread forth his dragon's wings and sped away. 5. They made their escape with speed. 6. On the other side they saw two shining men again.

and presently had nothing left but rags, nor could hope for anything more, while Patience still could look forward to a reward that would be his when he had at last earned it faithfully.

And many other things the Interpreter showed him, among them being a stately palace, upon the roof of which walked many people dressed in garments of gold. Before the palace doors stood many persons desirous of getting in, but fearing the men in armor who kept guard. So no one tried to pass the men till one man came, braver than the others, who rushed upon the armed men and, after a fierce fight, entered the palace victoriously, and was welcomed by those who walked upon the housetop, and was given a garment of gold. And this Christian saw was a picture of the opposition which a pilgrim must meet on his way to the Celestial City, and that if he would win his way he must boldly attack all enemies, and know neither fear nor faint-heartedness.

With such thoughts in his mind Christian left the House of the Interpreter and went on his way. As he went slowly along stooping under his heavy burden, he came to a place where the path made a little ascent, and looking to the higher ground above him he saw a cross standing; and as he came up to the cross his burden suddenly loosed itself from his back and rolled away from him, and tumbled at last into a pit beneath the cross. And at this Christian was much rejoiced, though it did not seem strange to him, for the cross was the symbol of the king of that country whither he was going, and by its means many were able to overcome difficulties that might otherwise have overwhelmed them.

As he stood looking at the cross, there came to him three shining ones who said *Peace be to thee*, for they were also the servants of the king; and with this they stripped him of his rags and clothed him in fair garments, and gave him a roll of parchment sealed with the king's seal, telling him to keep this safely, for no one would be admitted to the Celestial City who possessed not one of these rolls. Then they left him, and Christian went on with a light heart and a light foot, for his burden lay behind him in the pit, and the shining ones had given him words of good cheer and blessed hope.

As he went he saw other persons also travelling in the same direction, and some were asleep by the wayside and were bound with fetters, and some were travelling outside the narrow path, and told Christian that they had not even entered by means of the wicket gate; and when he tried to free them of their fetters, or persuade them to journey to the Celestial City by the way the king had directed, they only laughed at him, so he had his trouble for nothing. But some of them still journeyed near him until they came to a great hill called the Hill of Difficulty, up which the narrow path led directly to the steepest part. And here Christian lost his companions, for they would have none of the narrow path, but took another road which led around the side of the hill, and Christian found he must go on his way alone. But this did not trouble him, as ever since the burden had dropped off his back he had felt brave-hearted and fresh; and so after taking a refreshing drink from the little spring which welled up at the foot of the hill, he took his way up the steep slopes, singing as he went, though the way was rough with stones, and there was not even a shrub or tree by which he might help himself along the way; for he knew that however difficult at first, the little path would lead him at last to the beautiful country on which his heart was fixed. When he had gone half-way up the hill, he saw something that encouraged him greatly; right before him stood a little arbor, green with running vines, and pleasant with flowers and songs of birds; and here Christian was glad to rest, as the arbor had been built by the king of the Celestial City for the rest and comfort of weary pilgrims. But as Christian sat there thinking over the events of his journey, and gathering strength for the remainder of the hill, the quiet and beauty of the place lulled him to sleep, and he slept many hours, while the day sped on till the sun began sinking in the west; then a warning voice sounded in his ears, and he woke from his slumbers with a start, and went on his way without thought of further rest, till he came to the top of the hill. And he was glad at this, for he dreaded the perils of the night in such a lonely place. But as he went along he saw two men running toward him with faces full of fear; and when they came up to him they told

him that a little way beyond stood two lions in the path, whose roaring had frightened them back, though, like him, they were pilgrims on their way to the Celestial City. Then as Christian could not persuade them to turn back, he had to go on his way alone. Being much troubled by thought of the lions, he put his hand in his bosom to take out the parchment roll which the shining ones had told him to read when he felt downcast or fearful, but found to his distress, that the roll was gone, for he had lost it while he slept. As he could not enter the Celestial City without the roll, there was nothing for him to do but turn back; so Christian retreated his way step by step, searching everywhere eagerly; but he saw nothing of the roll, and came back at last to the green arbor where he had slept, and there he sat down and wept, for his heart was heavy with fear and sorrow. But as he sat there weeping, he chanced to look down under the seat, and there he saw his precious roll lying unharmed, and with great joy he snatched it up and put it safe in his bosom, and began his second journey up the hill, being now more fearful than ever of the strange way; for before he had arrived at the top the sun went down, and the twilight settled over the land; and the twilight gave place to the night, and Christian found himself alone upon the hill with darkness around him, and his heart filled with fearful thoughts of the lions in the pathway beyond.

Still he went on as bravely as he might, and reached the top at last, and followed the narrow path till he saw before him a stately dwelling, which stood by the highway side, called the Palace Beautiful. Christian pressed on, hoping to find shelter there for the night; but as he came nearer, he saw the way guarded by the two fierce lions, whose roars were frightful to hear. And at this sight Christian stood still, for his heart failed him utterly. But as he stood there, the porter called to him from the lodge to come on, as the lions were chained; and at this Christian took heart and went on, though he had to pass right between the lions, which gnashed their teeth at him and tried in vain to reach him; and then he was admitted to the Palace Beautiful, for this also belonged to the king, and was for the use of all pilgrims.

After Christian had told the inmates of the palace something of his journey, and had been refreshed with food and wine, he was taken to a chamber called Peace, where he lay down and slept till the day broke.

Here Christian stayed two days and was shown all the wonders of the house; and of these there were many, as it contained mementoes of all the great pilgrims who had passed that way to the Celestial City since the beginning of the world. They showed him also from the housetops a view of a mountainous land far away in the south, and which was beautiful with woods, vineyards, flowers, fruits, springs, and fountains, and told him that that was Immanuel's land, through which he would pass on his way, and that the mountains were called the Delectable Mountains, from whose summit could be seen even the gates of the Celestial City.

Then they took him to the armory and dressed him in complete armor, and gave him weapons to defend himself from the enemies he might meet; and so, with many words of comfort and counsel, they let him go.

It was well for Christian that he had this rest and comfort, for just beyond he came to the Valley of Humiliation, wherein dwelt the foul fiend Apollyon, who passed his life in warring against all pilgrims. And when Christian saw this monster, who was clad in scales and had wings like a dragon, and from whose mouth came forth smoke and fire, he was right glad that he had on his staunch breast-plate and heavy helmet; for he saw that unless he turned back, he must fight his way through. At first Apollyon tried to persuade Christian to leave his pilgrimage and serve him, and promised him great rewards if he would do so. But when he found that Christian would not listen to these offers, his rage knew no bounds, and he challenged him to deadly combat, feeling sure that the pilgrim would be easily vanquished. So Christian stood still and awaited the attack, knowing now that he must fight his way through the Valley or turn back. First Apollyon threw one of his fiery darts at him, but Christian quickly raised his shield, so that the dart glanced off; then Christian drew his sword and advanced toward Apollyon, who threw one dart after another, till the pilgrim was

wounded in his head, and hands, and feet, and grew faint with the loss of blood before he had given Apollyon one blow. Then though his heart was still brave, he had to fall back a little, and Apollyon, seeing this, closed in upon him and gave him such a blow that Christian fell to the ground, and his sword flew from out his hand, and he gave himself up to death, feeling that his hour had come; for Apollyon followed one blow with another, all the while uttering such hideous yells and shrieks, that the valley echoed with them from end to end. But just as Christian had given up all hope, he reached out his hand suddenly and touched his good sword again, and gathering together all his strength, he struck Apollyon one last blow. This thrust came upon Apollyon so unexpectedly that he had no time to defend himself, while the sword bit so fiercely, that he had to shrink back in spite of himself; and with this Christian gathered up hope and prepared for another blow. But Apollyon had received a deadly wound, and such faintness spread through all his body that he could do nothing but spread his great wings and soar out of reach, and the victory was with Christian.

As he lay there weak and helpless, he saw a hand above his head holding some leaves from the tree of life, which heals all manner of hurts, and these leaves Christian took and applied to his wounds and was healed immediately, so that he went on his journey.

But this dread valley only led to another called the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and which also abounded in dangers of every kind, though there was no Apollyon to bar the way. This valley was as dark as night, and in it were deserts and pits and bogs and ditches, and therein dwelt hobgoblins and satyrs and dragons; but the narrow path, on one side of which was a deep ditch and on the other a bottomless bog, led directly through the valley, and through these dangers Christian must pass if he would reach the Celestial City.

So he called courage to his heart and began the perilous journey, though because of the darkness and the pitfalls, he could go but slowly, and knew not at what moment he might step aside or fall into one of the traps and snares which the dwellers of the valley had set for all travellers. But at last he passed safely through, though the cries and shrieks of the dragons sounded so dismally in his ears, that he thought he should die from very fright; and when the end of the valley was reached he saw the day breaking, and looking back, was glad that he had made the passage in the night, when most of the hideous sights were hidden from him; for the daylight showed him things so terrible that he felt sure his heart would have failed him, had he tried to pass them. So he left the valley, at the end of which had dwelt two giants in olden times, and where yet lay the bones and ashes of the pilgrims they had put to death, and came out once more into sunlight and safety.

And now something happened which brought him great happiness and cheer, for just before him he saw another pilgrim walking in the narrow path, and when he came up to him he found it was one of his own neighbors, who had also left the City of Destruction through fear of the fate that was to come upon it, and who was now on his way to the Celestial City. Christian saw that he would now have a companion for his journey, and his heart grew light indeed, and he and Faithful went on very happily together. And as they presently entered a vast wilderness, they found much comfort in passing the time by telling each other their various adventures since they had left home.

Beyond the wilderness lay the town of Vanity, where there was a great fair held throughout the year, and as the narrow path led directly through this fair, Christian and Faithful could not help seeing the merchandise exhibited and the crowds which came there daily to buy. Now, the governors of this fair, one of whom was Apollyon himself, were bitter enemies of the king of the Celestial City, and they had set up the fair in the narrow path, so that all pilgrims would have to pass through its streets, hoping thus to entice them to linger in the town and buy the wares of Vanity Fair, and thus bring their pilgrimage to an end. Many a pilgrim had fallen a victim to the designs of the governors, for in this fair were displayed silver and gold and precious stones, and all manner of things to be desired, all offered at such a price that even the poorest could buy; and by tempting pilgrims with these wares Apollyon gained

THE STORY OF "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" IN PICTURES (II)

7. So they went on together, and Mercy began to weep. 8. He saluted her with "Peace on this house!" 9. Mr. Greatheart drew his sword. 10. "Take these, my daughters, and conduct them to the House Beautiful." 11. Mercy, looking behind, saw something almost like a lion. 12. So she came forth and entered the river, with a beckon of farewell to those that followed.

many subjects, and thus exulted over the king of the Celestial City, whom he hated.

Now, as Christian and Faithful entered the fair all the people stopped buying and looked at them, for it was seen at once that they were strangers in the town, being dressed in such garments as were never worn in Vanity Fair. And those who were near by pressed nearer, and those who were farther away came closer, and there was so much commotion and excitement that soon everyone knew that something unusual had happened. Christian and Faithful paid no attention to this hubbub and tried to go on their way quietly; but at this the crowd grew more excited than ever, and the merchants offered their wares, and the lookers-on pressed around the more eagerly to see what the strangers would buy; and when it was found that the pilgrims would neither buy nor linger at the booths, all the people of the fair took it as an insult to themselves, and they raised such cries of disdain and anger that the lord of the fair sent in haste to see what was the matter.

Then they told him that two unknown men had entered the fair dressed in strange garments, and speaking a language hardly to be understood, and that they had created a disturbance by their disorderly conduct. And at this the lord of the fair ordered Christian and Faithful to be put in a large iron cage as a punishment for disturbing the peace, and before they could defend themselves the pilgrims were seized and put in the cage, where they were left many days, while all the inhabitants of the town crowded around them daily and reviled them, and treated them as if they had been wild beasts.

But Christian and Faithful answered nothing back, and were so quiet and patient under all their misfortune, that some of the people of the fair began to wonder if the pilgrims were really such bad men as they had been represented to be; and so gradually there gathered around the cage a few who sympathized with the prisoners, and who would have been glad to set them free. This so offended the chief men of the fair that they hated Christian and Faithful more than ever, and accused them of enticing others to their own evil ways; and so the pilgrims were taken out of the cage and beaten and put in irons, and were led in chains up and down the fair so that everyone might look upon them, while the governors threatened a like fate to all who sympathized with them.

But this only won the pilgrims still more friends, for many now perceived that the strangers were unjustly treated; and at last the lord of the fair ordered the pilgrims to be brought to trial for disturbing the peace of the town and deluding the people of the fair; for Christian and Faithful had talked continually since their imprisonment of the joys of the Celestial City, and many had expressed a desire to go thither. So the trial was called and the pilgrims were questioned by the judges, who tried in vain to frighten them into submission, and at last Faithful was judged guilty of death, though some mercy was shown to Christian, who was sent back to jail for a time.

Then Faithful was brought out for punishment, and was beaten and stoned and cut with knives, and then burned. But by the help of one of the townspeople, Christian was able to elude his keepers and escape out of the town in the darkness. And with him went also Hopeful, who had helped him escape, and the people of Vanity Fair never saw either of them again. At first they could go but slowly, for Christian was worn with his imprisonment; but after a few days they came to a beautiful river which flowed close by the side of the narrow path, and on the banks of the river grew many trees whose leaves could heal all kinds of sickness, and whose fruits were both delicious and strengthening; and thus Christian found remedies for his wounds, and refreshment for his spirits, for the water of the river soothed all who drank of it.

There were also pleasant meadows on either side of the river, green all the year round and beautified with lilies, and in these meadows the pilgrims slept many nights, till Christian was cured of his wounds and had recovered his strength.

And as they went on their way they were glad to find that the river still followed the narrow path, and so for a while the journeying was most pleasant. But they came to a place at last where the path turned aside from the river and led over stony places, and at this Christian was much discouraged, for his feet were yet tender and the stones hurt him cruelly. But they

dared not leave the narrow path, though the ground became rougher and rougher, so that Christian groaned continually with pain.

A little way beyond the path took its way by the side of another meadow which seemed to them as fresh and beautiful as the first, and on the other side of the fence a little path led right beside their own, and in the fence was set a stile so that whoever wished might enter the meadow at his will. And Christian, seeing that the soft grass would make easy walking for his feet, persuaded Hopeful to leave the narrow path and walk in the meadow for a while.

As they passed over the stile they saw just before them a man walking in the same path, and when they called to him to know who he was he told them he was a pilgrim on his way to the Celestial City; and then Christian and Hopeful felt sure that they had not done wrong in leaving the narrow path. So they went on pleasantly enough till the night came, when the darkness grew so thick that the man who went before lost his way and fell into a deep pit, and Christian and Hopeful heard him groan in great agony. But when they called to him they received no answer, excepting cries of pain, and then they stood still in fear, not knowing what was before them. And while they waited it began to lighten and thunder and rain, and the rain fell in such torrents that the whole meadow seemed suddenly like a river. Then they feared to stand still and thought it best to try and get back to the stile, but this they could not accomplish, for they lost their way continually, and were forced at last to take shelter under some bushes; and being very weary, they fell asleep.

Now, this meadow was owned by a grim giant, whose name was Despair, and who lived in a gloomy castle near by. At daybreak, as this giant came walking through the meadow, he espied Christian and Hopeful fast asleep, and awoke them, and told them they were his prisoners, because he had caught them trespassing on his grounds. Then he led them away to Doubting Castle, and confined them in a dungeon far underneath the ground; and here they lay for three days and nights without anything to eat, and in utter darkness, expecting every moment that Giant Despair would enter and make away with them. And so bitter was their despair that they gave up all hope of reaching the Celestial City.

But about midnight of the third night, Christian suddenly gave a great start and sprang to his feet with joy, for he remembered that he had a key in his bosom called Promise, which would unlock the doors of Doubting Castle and let them out. Then he and Hopeful set to work carefully and quietly to unlock the door of their cell, and found to their great joy that the key fitted the lock perfectly. Then they stole cautiously into the corridor and unlocked one door after another, until at last they reached the outer door; and here their hearts gave way, for the key would not turn in the lock. But after much trial and pushing this lock too finally yielded, and the door swung open; but the hinges were so rusty from disuse, and the door was so heavy, that the noise of the opening awoke Giant Despair, and suspecting that the pilgrims had escaped, he rushed in great haste after them. They were fortunate enough, however, to elude him, and got out into the air and safe across the meadow and over the stile into the narrow path. And then, seeing how much danger the meadow path held for pilgrims, they set up a stone before the stile and wrote on it an inscription, warning all pilgrims that the way across that meadow led to the castle of Giant Despair; and by this means they saved the lives of many who came after them.

Glad enough were they then to keep to the narrow path, for the stones were better than the walls of Doubting Castle, and the grim voice of Giant Despair. And after a while the path grew less stony, and entered a pleasant countryside, where they had a view of fair distant mountains, and as they drew nearer they found that these were the Delectable Mountains, about which Christian had been told at the Palace Beautiful; and at this they were greatly rejoiced, for they were sure of a warm welcome.

These mountains, which lay always in the sunshine, abounded in pleasant things: there were orchards, and vineyards, and gardens, and fountains, and beautiful rivers; and the shepherds who lived there were servants of the king of the Celestial City, and found their chief pleasure in showing kindness to the pilgrims

who were continually passing through their country. Here Christian and Hopeful remained for a day or two, and the shepherds showed them wonderful things from the top of the mountains. Among other sights they saw afar off in the valley a place of tombs, where blind men were walking up and down; and the shepherds said that these men were prisoners of Giant Despair, whom he had captured as he had captured Christian and Hopeful, and that it was his custom, after keeping his captives in the dungeon for a while, to put out their eyes and set them among the tombs to wander up and down till they died.

They saw also many dangerous places that lay before them on their journey, and the shepherds showed them how to avoid these dangers, and gave them a note of the way so they might pass them by unharmed. And, last of all, the pilgrims had a view of the gates of the Celestial City, which shone dimly through the distance, and with this they were forced to say farewell to the shepherds and go on their way. So they passed down the mountain side into the king's highway again, and as they went on they saw other men in the guise of pilgrims walking in the narrow path, with whom they talked about their journey. Some of these travellers Christian and Hopeful saw were honest pilgrims like themselves, and others were only going that way because of some selfish end they had in view; and presently these latter came to a place where their pilgrim robes fell off, and they were forced to leave the narrow path, and were cast out of the company of all good men. And amid such experiences Christian and his companion passed over a large part of their way; and came at last to a certain country which seemed to them a beautiful and restful place; for the air had in it a quality which was so soothing that it made one feel that sleep was the best thing in the world. Then Hopeful, being very weary, proposed that they should lie down there and sleep awhile; and Christian would have consented, had he not suddenly remembered that this country was one of the sights he had seen from the Delectable Mountains, and that the shepherds had warned them that it was enchanted ground, and whoever slept there would never wake again. And when he heard this Hopeful started to his feet wide awake, and he and Christian hurried over the enchanted ground as fast as they could, telling each other stories of the Celestial City and talking of many things to keep from falling asleep; so they came safely at last to the end of the ground where even the flowers seemed to sleep, and the trees all nodded drowsily.

Just beyond the enchanted ground they entered the Land of Beulah, where the sun shone ever as it did on the Delectable Mountains. Here the air was sweet and pleasant, and flowers grew everywhere, and the birds sang continually. And everywhere the pilgrims met people clothed in shining garments, walking up and down, and talking about the beauty of the heavenly country; for the Land of Beulah lay close beside the Celestial City, and Christian and Hopeful could even see the city plainly, for it was built of gold and shone like the sun. In this land were orchards, and vineyards, and gardens kept by the king's gardener, and beautiful arbors, where weary pilgrims might refresh themselves with sleep; and journeying through this beautiful country they came at last in sight of the gates of the city, and knew that their long pilgrimage was nearly at an end.

But between the Land of Beulah and the Celestial City flowed a deep river across which there was no bridge, and when they saw this river Christian and Hopeful stood still in fear, not knowing what to do. While they stood thus, there came to them two shining ones whose raiment shone like gold, and whose faces were illumined with the light of the city, and they told the pilgrims that unless the river was passed over, the gates could not be reached, as there was no other way thither.

And at this Christian and Hopeful were filled with dismay, and stood for a time unable to speak. But at last they gathered up courage, and knowing that other pilgrims had made the passage of the river, they entered the water; the cold waves came up close to their heads and the rough billows dashed them hither and thither, and Christian began to lose courage from the fright, and he would have sunk beneath the waters, had not Hopeful kept his head above the waves and comforted him with cheering words. Christian also saw vi-

sions of hobgoblins and evil spirits, and heard dreadful noises such as he had heard in his fight with Apollyon. But by Hopeful's aid the dreadful passage was at last made and they came to the other side, where stood the two shining ones ready to receive them. The shining ones led them up to the gates, telling them all the while of the great joys that awaited them; and as they came to the gates they were met by a great host of the dwellers of the heavenly city who came out to meet them, singing songs of welcome. Then Christian and Hopeful gave their rolls to the warder of the gates, who sent them to the king, and when he had read them the king commanded the gates to be opened. Then Christian and Hopeful entered the gates, and were immediately clothed in shining raiment and were crowned with crowns of gold, and had golden harps given them so that they might join in the hymns of thanksgiving. And then all the bells of the city rang for joy as they were led into the presence of the king. And so their long journey came to an end, and they found the Celestial City at last fair as they had hoped, and received their reward for all the troubles and dangers of the way.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

BY JOHN RUSKIN (1819–1900)

I. — HOW THE AGRICULTURAL SYSTEM OF THE BLACK BROTHERS WAS INTERFERED WITH BY SOUTHWEST WIND, ESQUIRE

IN a secluded and mountainous part of Stiria there was, in old time, a valley of the most surprising and luxurious fertility. It was surrounded on all sides by steep and rocky mountains, rising into peaks, which were always covered with snow, and from which a number of torrents descended in constant cataracts. One of these fell westward, over the face of a crag so high that, when the sun had set to everything else, and all below was darkness, his beams still shone full upon this waterfall, so that it looked like a shower of gold. It was therefore called by the people of the neighborhood, the Golden River. It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountains, and wound away through broad plains and by populous cities. But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills, and rested so softly in the circular hollow, that in time of drought and heat, when all the country round was burnt up, there was still rain in the little valley; and its crops were so heavy, and its hay so high, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to everyone who beheld it, and was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers called Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men, with overhanging eyebrows and small, dull eyes, which were always half shut, so that you could n't see into *them*, and always fancied they saw very far into *you*. They lived by farming the Treasure Valley, and very good farmers they were. They killed everything that did not pay for its eating. They shot the blackbirds, because they pecked the fruit; and killed the hedgehogs, lest they should suck the cows; they poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen; and smothered the cicadas, which used to sing all summer in the lime trees. They worked their servants without any wages, till they would not work any more, and then quarrelled with them, and turned them out of doors without paying them. It would have been very odd, if with such a farm, and such a system of farming, they had n't got very rich; and very rich they *did* get. They generally contrived to keep their corn by them till it was very dear, and then sell it for twice its value; they had heaps of gold lying about on their floors, yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny or a crust in charity; they never went to mass; grumbled perpetually at paying tithes; and were, in a word, of so cruel and grinding a temper, as to receive from all those with whom they had any dealings the nickname of the "Black Brothers."

The youngest brother, Gluck, was as completely opposed, in both appearance and character, to his seniors as could possibly be imagined or desired. He was not above twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind in temper to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree particularly well with his brothers, or, rather, they did not agree with *him*. He was usually appointed to the honorable office of turnspit when there was anything to roast, which was not often; for, to do the brothers justice, they were hardly less sparing upon themselves than upon other people. At other times he used to clean the shoes, floors, and sometimes the plates, occasionally getting what was left on them, by way of encouragement, and a wholesome quantity of dry blows, by way of education.

Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last came a very wet summer, and everything went wrong in the country around. The hay had hardly been got in, when the haystacks were floated bodily down to the sea by an inundation; the vines were cut to pieces with the hail; the corn was all killed by a black blight; only in the Treasure Valley, as usual, all was safe. As it had rain when there was rain nowhere else, so it had sun when there was sun nowhere else. Everybody came to buy corn at the farm, and went away pouring maledictions on the Black Brothers. They asked what they liked, and got it, except from the poor, who could only beg, and several of whom were starved at their very door, without the slightest regard or notice.

It was drawing towards winter, and very cold weather, when one day the two elder brothers had gone out, with their usual warning to little Gluck, who was left to mind the roast, that he was to let nobody in, and give nothing out. Gluck sat down quite close to the fire, for it was raining very hard, and the kitchen walls were by no means dry or comfortable-looking. He turned and turned, and the roast got nice and brown. "What a pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never ask anybody to dinner. I'm sure, when they've got such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has got so much as a piece of dry bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them."

Just as he spoke there came a double knock at the house door, yet heavy and dull, as though the knocker had been tied up — more like a puff than a knock.

"It must be the wind," said Gluck; "nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door."

No; it was n't the wind: there it came again very hard, and what was particularly astounding, the knocker seemed to be in a hurry, and not to be in the least afraid of the consequences. Gluck went to the window, opened it, and put his head out to see who it was.

It was the most extraordinary looking little gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very large nose, slightly brass-colored; his cheeks were very round, and very red, and might have warranted a supposition that he had been blowing a refractory fire for the last eight and forty hours; his eyes twinkled merrily through long silky eyelashes, his mustaches curled twice round like a corkscrew on each side of his mouth, and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt color, descended far over his shoulders. He was about four-feet-six in height, and wore a conical pointed cap of nearly the same altitude, decorated with a black feather some three feet long. His doublet was prolonged behind into something resembling a violent exaggeration of what is now termed a "swallow-tail," but was much obscured by the swelling folds of an enormous black, glossy-looking cloak, which must have been very much too long in calm weather, as the wind, whistling round the old house, carried it clear out from the wearer's shoulders to about four times his own length.

Gluck was so perfectly paralyzed by the singular appearance of his visitor that he remained fixed without uttering a word, until the old gentleman, having performed another and a more energetic concerto on the knocker, turned round to look after his fly-away cloak. In so doing he caught sight of Gluck's little yellow head jammed in the window, with its mouth and eyes very wide open indeed.

"Hello!" said the little gentleman, "that's not the way to answer the door. I'm wet, let me in."

To do the little gentleman justice, he *was* wet. His feather hung down between his legs like a beaten puppy's tail, dripping like an

umbrella; and from the ends of his mustaches the water was running into his waistcoat pockets, and out again like a mill stream.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck, "I'm very sorry, but I really can't."

"Can't what?" said the old gentleman.

"I can't let you in, sir — I can't indeed; my brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir?"

"Want?" said the old gentleman petulantly. "I want fire, and shelter; and there's your great fire there blazing, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say; I only want to warm myself."

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

Gluck had had his head, by this time, so long out of the window that he began to feel it was really unpleasantly cold, and when he turned, and saw the beautiful fire rustling and roaring, and throwing long bright tongues up the chimney, as if it were licking its chops at the savory smell of the leg of mutton, his heart melted within him that it should be burning away for nothing. "He does look *very* wet," said little Gluck; "I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour." Round he went to the door, and opened it; and as the little gentleman walked in, there came a gust of wind through the house, that made the old chimneys totter.

"That's a good boy," said the little gentleman. "Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them."

"Pray, sir, don't do any such thing," said Gluck. "I can't let you stay till they come; they'd be the death of me."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "I'm very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?"

"Only till the mutton's done, sir," replied Gluck, "and it's very brown."

Then the old gentleman walked into the kitchen and sat himself down on the hob, with the top of his cap accommodated up the chimney, for it was a great deal too high for the roof.

"You'll soon dry there, sir," said Gluck, and sat down again to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did *not* dry there, but went on drip, drip, dripping among the cinders, and the fire fizzed, and sputtered, and began to look very black, and uncomfortable: never was such a cloak; every fold in it ran like a gutter.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck at length, after watching the water spreading in long, quicksilver-like streams over the floor for a quarter of an hour; "may n't I take your cloak?"

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman.

"Your cap, sir?"

"I am all right, thank you," said the old gentleman rather gruffly.

"But — sir — I'm very sorry," said Gluck, hesitatingly; "but really, sir, you're putting the fire out."

"It'll take longer to do the mutton, then," replied his visitor dryly.

Gluck was very much puzzled by the behavior of his guest, it was such a strange mixture of coolness and humility. He turned away at the string meditatively for another five minutes.

"That mutton looks very nice," said the old gentleman at length. "Can't you give me a little bit?"

"Impossible, sir," said Gluck.

"I'm very hungry," continued the old gentle-

man. "I've had nothing to eat yesterday, nor to-day. They surely could n't miss a bit from the knuckle."

He spoke in so very melancholy a tone, that it quite melted Gluck's heart. "They promised me one slice to-day, sir," said he; "I can give you that, but not a bit more."

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman again.

Then Gluck warmed a plate and sharpened a knife. "I don't care if I do get beaten for it," thought he. Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton there came a tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped off the hob, as if it had suddenly become inconveniently warm. Gluck fitted the slice into the mutton again, with desperate efforts at exactitude, and ran to open the door.

"What did you keep us waiting in the rain for?" said Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing his umbrella in Gluck's face. "Ay! what for, indeed, you little vagabond?" said Hans, administering an educational box on the ear, as he followed his brother into the kitchen.

"Bless my soul!" said Schwartz when he opened the door.

"Amen," said the little gentleman, who had taken his cap off, and was standing in the middle of the kitchen, bowing with the utmost possible velocity.

"Who's that?" said Schwartz, catching up a rolling-pin, and turning to Gluck with a fierce frown.

"I don't know, indeed, brother," said Gluck in great terror.

"How did he get in?" roared Schwartz.

"My dear brother," said Gluck, deprecatingly, "he was so *very* wet!"

The rolling-pin was descending on Gluck's head; but, at the instant, the old gentleman interposed his conical cap, on which it crashed with a shock that shook the water out of it all over the room. What was very odd, the rolling-pin no sooner touched the cap than it flew out of Schwartz's hand, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell into the corner at the further end of the room.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Schwartz, turning upon him.

"What's your business?" snarled Hans.

"I'm a poor old man, sir," the little gentleman began very modestly, "and I saw your fire through the window, and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour."

"Have the goodness to walk out again, then," said Schwartz. "We've quite enough water in our kitchen, without making it a drying-house."

"It is a cold day to turn an old man out in, sir; look at my gray hairs." They hung down to his shoulders, as I told you before.

"Ay!" said Hans, "there are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!"

"I'm very, very hungry, sir; could n't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?"

"Bread indeed!" said Schwartz; "do you suppose we've nothing to do with our bread but to give it to such red-nosed fellows as you?"

"Why don't you sell your feather?" said Hans, sneeringly. "Out with you!"

"A little bit," said the old gentleman.

"Be off!" said Schwartz.

"Pray, gentlemen —"

"Off, and be hanged!" cried Hans, seizing him by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman's collar, than away he went after the rolling-pin, spinning round and round, till he fell into the corner on the top of it. Then Schwartz was very angry, and ran at the old gentleman to turn him out; but he also had hardly touched him, when away he went after Hans and the rolling-pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay, all three.

Then the old gentleman spun himself round with velocity in the opposite direction; continued to spin until his long cloak was all wound neatly about him; clapped his cap on his head, very much on one side (for it could not stand upright without going through the ceiling), gave an additional twist to his corkscrew mustaches, and replied with perfect coolness: "Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning. At twelve o'clock to-night I'll call again; after such a refusal of hospitality as I have just experienced, you will not be surprised if that visit is the last I ever pay you."

"If ever I catch you here again," muttered Schwartz, coming half frightened out of his corner — but, before he could finish his sentence, the old gentleman had shut the house door behind him with a great bang: and there drove past the window, at the same instant, a wreath of

ragged cloud, that whirled and rolled away down the valley in all manner of shapes; turning over and over in the air, and melting away at last in a gush of rain.

"A very pretty business, indeed, Mr. Gluck!" said Schwartz. "Dish the mutton, sir. If ever I catch you at such a trick again — bless me, why, the mutton's been cut!"

"You promised me one slice, brother, you know," said Gluck.

"Oh! and you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and going to catch all the gravy. It 'll be long before I promise you such a thing again. Leave the room, sir; and have the kindness to wait in the coal cellar till I call you."

Gluck left the room melancholy enough. The brothers ate as much mutton as they could, locked the rest in the cupboard and proceeded to get very drunk after dinner.

Such a night as it was! Howling wind, and rushing rain, without intermission. The brothers had just enough sense left to put up all the shutters and double bar the door, before they went to bed. They usually slept in the same room. As the clock struck twelve, they were both awakened by a tremendous crash. Their door burst open with a violence that shook the house from top to bottom.

"What's that?" cried Schwartz, starting up in his bed.

"Only I," said the little gentleman.

The two brothers sat up on their bolster, and stared into the darkness. The room was full of water, and by a misty moonbeam, which found its way through a hole in the shutter, they could see in the midst of it an enormous foam globe, spinning round, and bobbing up and down like a cork, on which, as on a most luxurious cushion, reclined the little old gentleman, cap and all. There was plenty of room for it now, for the roof was off.

"Sorry to incommode you," said their visitor, ironically. "I'm afraid your beds are dampish; perhaps you had better go to your brother's room: I've left the ceiling on, there."

They required no second admonition, but rushed into Gluck's room, wet through, and in an agony of terror.

"You'll find my card on the kitchen table," the old gentleman called after them. "Remember, the *last* visit."

"Pray Heaven it may!" said Schwartz, shuddering. And the foam globe disappeared.

Dawn came at last and the two brothers looked out of Gluck's little window in the morning. The Treasure Valley was one mass of ruin and desolation. The inundation had swept away trees, crops, and cattle, and left in their stead a waste of red sand and gray mud. The two brothers crept shivering and horror-struck into the kitchen. The water had gutted the whole first floor; corn, money, almost every movable thing, had been swept away and there was left only a small white card on the kitchen table. On it, in large, breezy, long-legged letters, were engraved the words: *Southwest Wind, Esquire.*

II. — OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE THREE BROTHERS AFTER THE VISIT OF SOUTHWEST WIND, ESQUIRE; AND HOW LITTLE GLUCK HAD AN INTERVIEW WITH THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

Southwest Wind, Esquire, was as good as his word. After the momentous visit above related, he entered the Treasure Valley no more; and, what was worse, he had so much influence with his relations, the West Winds in general, and used it so effectually, that they all adopted a similar line of conduct. So no rain fell in the valley from one year's end to another. Though everything remained green and flourishing in the plains below, the inheritance of the Three Brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom, became a shifting heap of red sand; and the brothers, unable longer to contend with the adverse skies, abandoned their valueless patrimony in despair, to seek some means of gaining a livelihood among the cities and people of the plains. All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but some curious, old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, the last remnants of their ill-gotten wealth.

"Suppose we turn goldsmiths?" said Schwartz to Hans, as they entered the large city. "It is a good knave's trade; we can put a great deal of copper into the gold, without any one's finding it out."

The thought was agreed to be a very good one; they hired a furnace, and turned goldsmiths. But two slight circumstances affected

their trade: the first, that people did not approve of the coppered gold; the second, that the two elder brothers, whenever they had sold anything, used to leave little Gluck to mind the furnace, and go and drink out the money in the ale-house next door. So they melted all their gold, without making money enough to buy more, and were at last reduced to one large drinking-mug, which an uncle of his had given to little Gluck, and which he was very fond of, and would not have parted with for the world; though he never drank anything out of it but milk and water. The mug was a very odd mug to look at. The handle was formed of two wreaths of golden hair, so finely spun that it looked more like silk than metal, and these wreaths descended into, and mixed with, a beard and whiskers of the same exquisite workmanship, which surrounded and decorated a very fierce little face, of the reddest gold imaginable, right in the front of the mug, with a pair of eyes in it which seemed to command its whole circumference. It was impossible to drink out of the mug without being subjected to an intense gaze out of the side of these eyes; and Schwartz positively averred that once, after emptying it, full of Rhenish, seventeen times, he had seen them wink! When it came to the mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke poor little Gluck's heart: but the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting-pot, and staggered out to the ale-house: leaving him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars, when it was all ready.

When they were gone, Gluck took a farewell look at his old friend in the melting-pot. The flowing hair was all gone; nothing remained but the red nose, and the sparkling eyes, which looked more malicious than ever. "And no wonder," thought Gluck, "after being treated in that way." He sauntered disconsolately to the window, and sat himself down to catch the fresh evening air, and escape the hot breath of the furnace. Now this window commanded a direct view of the range of mountains which, as I told before, overhung the Treasure Valley, and more especially of the peak from which fell the Golden River. It was just at the close of the day, and when Gluck sat down at the window he saw the rocks of the mountain tops, all crimson and purple with the sunset; and there were bright tongues of fiery cloud burning and quivering about them; and the river, brighter than all, fell, in a waving column of pure gold, from precipice to precipice, with the double arch of a broad purple rainbow stretched across it, flushing and fading alternately in the wreaths of spray.

"Ah!" said Gluck aloud, after he had looked at it for a while, "if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be."

"No, it would n't, Gluck," said a clear, metallic voice close at his ear.

"Bless me! what's that?" exclaimed Gluck, jumping up. There was nobody there. He looked round the room, and under the table, and a great many times behind him, but there was certainly nobody there, and he sat down again at the window. This time he did n't speak, but he could n't help thinking again that it would be very convenient if the river were really all gold.

"Not at all, my boy," said the same voice, louder than before.

"Bless me!" said Gluck again; "what *is* that?" He looked again into all the corners and cupboards, and then began turning round, and round, as fast as he could in the middle of the room, thinking there was somebody behind him, when the same voice struck again on his ear. It was singing now very merrily, "Lala-lira-la"; no words, only a soft running effervescent melody, something like that of a kettle on the boil. Gluck looked out of the window. No, it was certainly in the house. Upstairs and downstairs. No, it was certainly in that very room, coming in quicker time, and clearer notes, every moment, "Lala-lira-la." All at once it struck Gluck that it sounded louder near the furnace. He ran to the opening, and looked in: yes, he saw right; it seemed to be coming, not only out of the furnace, but out of the pot. He uncovered it, and ran back in a great fright, for the pot was certainly singing! He stood in the farthest corner of the room, with his hands up, and his mouth open, for a minute or two, when the singing stopped, and the voice became clear and pronunciative.

"Hullo!" said the voice.

Gluck made no answer.

"Hullo! Gluck, my boy," said the pot again.

Gluck summoned all his energies, walked

straight up to the crucible, drew it out of the furnace, and looked in. The gold was all melted, and its surface as smooth and polished as a river; but instead of reflecting little Gluck's head, as he looked in, he saw meeting his glance from beneath the gold the red nose and sharp eyes of his old friend the mug, a thousand times redder and sharper than ever he had seen them in his life.

"Come, Gluck, my boy," said the voice out of the pot again, "I'm all right, pour me out."

But Gluck was too much astonished to do anything of the kind.

"Pour me out, I say," said the voice rather gruffly.

Still Gluck could n't move.

"*Will* you pour me out?" said the voice passionately. "I'm too hot."

By a violent effort Gluck recovered the use of his limbs, took hold of the crucible, and sloped it so as to pour out the gold. But instead of a liquid stream, there came out, first, a pair of pretty little yellow legs, then some coat tails, then a pair of arms stuck akimbo, and, finally, the well-known head of his friend the mug: all which articles, uniting as they rolled out, stood up energetically on the floor, in the shape of a little golden dwarf, about a foot and a half high.

"That's right!" said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs, and then his arms, and then shaking his head up and down, and as far round as it would go, for five minutes without stopping; apparently with the view of ascertaining if he were quite correctly put together, while Gluck stood contemplating him in speechless amazement. He was dressed in a slashed doublet of spun gold, so fine in its texture, that the prismatic colors gleamed over it, as if on a surface of mother-of-pearl; and, over this brilliant doublet, his hair and beard fell full halfway to the ground, in waving curls, so exquisitely delicate that Gluck could hardly tell where they ended; they seemed to melt into air. The features of the face, however, were by no means finished with the same delicacy; they were rather coarse, slightly inclining to coppery in complexion, and indicative, in expression, of a very pertinacious and intractable disposition in their small proprietor. When the dwarf had finished his self-examination, he turned his small eyes full on Gluck, and stared at him deliberately for a minute or two. "No, it would n't, Gluck, my boy," said the little man.

This was certainly rather an abrupt and unconnected mode of commencing conversation. It might indeed be supposed to refer to the course of Gluck's thoughts, which had first produced the dwarf's observations out of the pot; but whatever it referred to, Gluck had no inclination to dispute the dictum.

"Would n't it, sir?" said Gluck, very mildly and submissively indeed.

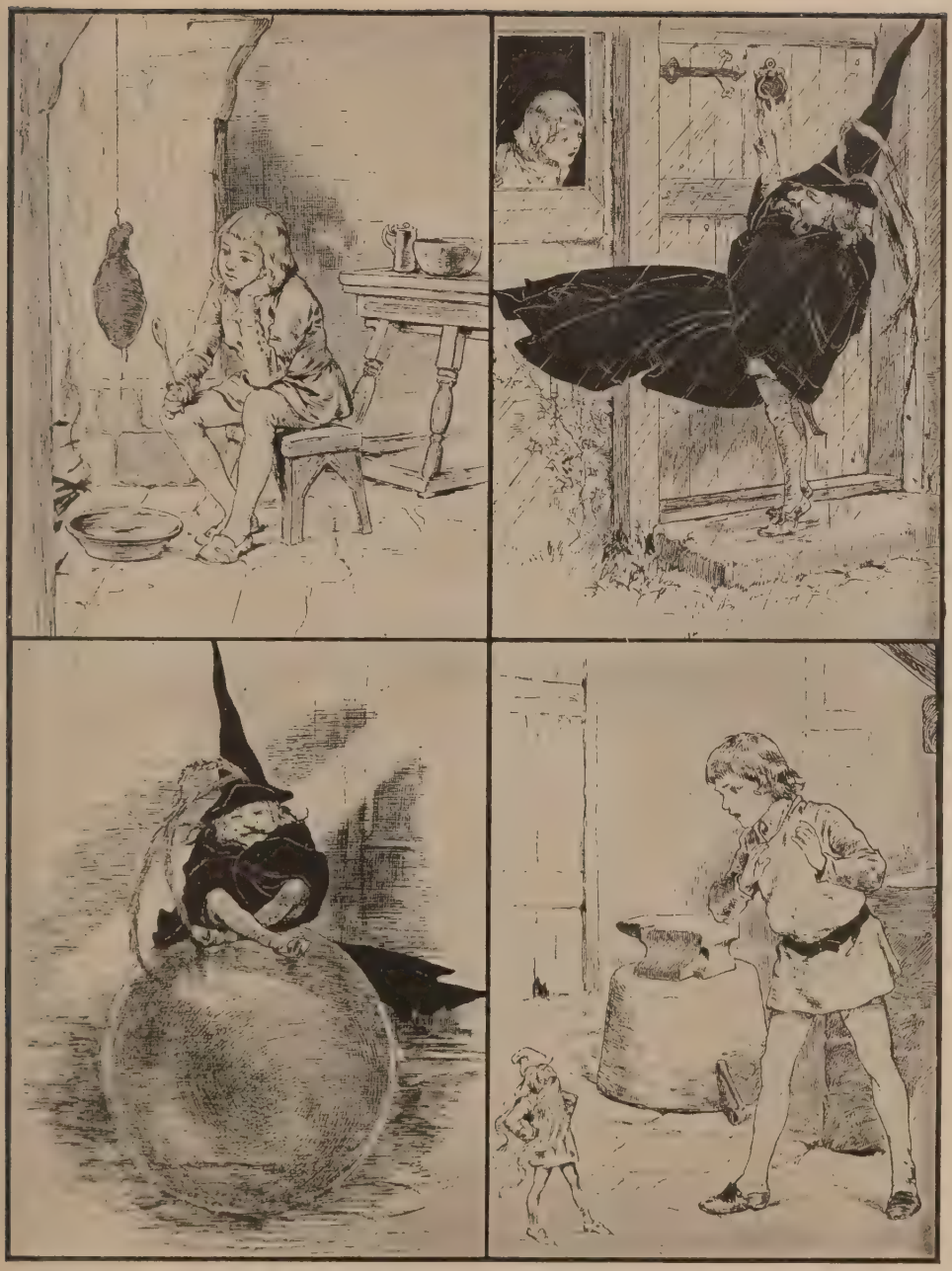
"No," said the dwarf, conclusively. "No, it would n't." And with that, the dwarf pulled his cap hard over his brows, and took two turns of three feet long, up and down the room, lifting his legs up very high, and setting them down very hard. This pause gave time for Gluck to collect his thoughts a little, and, seeing no great reason to view his diminutive visitor with dread, and feeling his curiosity overcome his amazement, he ventured on a question of peculiar delicacy.

"Pray, sir," said Gluck, rather hesitatingly, "were you my mug?"

On which the little man turned sharp round, walked straight up to Gluck, and drew himself up to his full height. "I," said the little man, "am the King of the Golden River." Whereupon he turned about again, and took two more turns, some six feet long, in order to allow time for the consternation which this announcement produced in his auditor to evaporate. After which, he again walked up to Gluck and stood still, as if expecting some comment on his communication.

Gluck determined to say something at all events. "I hope your Majesty is very well," said Gluck.

"Listen!" said the little man, deigning no reply to this polite inquiry. "I am the King of what you mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in was owing to the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantments you have this instant freed me. What I have seen of you, and your conduct to your wicked brothers, renders me willing to serve you; therefore, attend to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain from which you see the Golden River issue, and shall cast into the stream at its source three drops of



1. Gluck sat down quite close to the fire. 2. "Hello!" said the little gentleman, "that 's not the way to answer the door: I 'm wet, let me in." 3. An enormous foam globe, on which, as on a most luxurious cushion, reclined the little old gentleman. 4. "I," said the little man, "am the King of the Golden River."

holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one failing in his first, can succeed in a second attempt; and if anyone shall cast unholy water into the river, it will overwhelm him, and he will become a black stone." So saying, the King of the Golden River turned away and deliberately walked into the centre of the hottest flame of the furnace. His figure became red, white, transparent, dazzling — a blaze of intense light — rose, trembled, and disappeared. The King of the Golden River had evaporated.

"Oh!" cried poor Gluck, running to look up the chimney after him; "oh dear, dear, dear me! My mug! my mug! my mug!"

III. — HOW MR. HANS SET OFF ON AN EXPEDITION TO THE GOLDEN RIVER, AND HOW HE PROSPERED THEREIN

The King of the Golden River had hardly made the extraordinary exit related in the last chapter, before Hans and Schwartz came roaring into the house, very savagely drunk. The discovery of the total loss of their last piece of plate had the effect of sobering them just enough to enable them to stand over Gluck, beating him very steadily for a quarter of an hour; at the expiration of which period they dropped into a couple of chairs, and requested to know what he had to say for himself. Gluck told them his story, of which, of course, they did not believe a word. They beat him again, till their arms were tired, and staggered to bed. In the morning, however, the steadiness with which he adhered to his story obtained him some degree of credence; the immediate consequence of which was, that the two brothers, after wrangling a long time on the knotty question, which of them should try his fortune first, drew their swords and began fighting. The noise of the fray alarmed the neighbors who, finding they could not pacify the combatants, sent for the constable.

Hans, on hearing this, contrived to escape, and hid himself; but Schwartz was taken before the magistrate, fined for breaking the peace, and, having drunk out his last penny the evening before, was thrown into prison till he should pay.

When Hans heard this, he was much delighted, and determined to set out immediately for the Golden River. How to get the holy water was the question. He went to the priest, but the priest could not give any holy water to so abandoned a character. So Hans went to vespers in the evening for the first time in his life, and, under pretence of crossing himself, stole a cupful and returned home in triumph.

Next morning he got up before the sun rose, put the holy water into a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some meat in a basket, slung them over his back, took his alpine staff in his hand, and set off for the mountains.

On his way out of the town he had to pass the prison, and as he looked in at the windows, whom should he see but Schwartz himself peeping out of the bars, and looking very disconsolate.

"Good morning, brother," said Hans; "have you any message for the King of the Golden River?"

Schwartz gnashed his teeth with rage, and shook the bars with all his strength; but Hans only laughed at him, and advised him to make himself comfortable till he came back again, shouldered his basket, shook the bottle of holy water in Schwartz's face till it frothed again, and marched off in the highest spirits in the world.

It was, indeed, a morning that might have made anyone happy, even with no Golden River to seek for. Level lines of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley, out of which rose the massy mountains — their lower cliffs in pale gray shadow, hardly distinguishable from the floating vapor, but gradually ascending till they caught the sunlight, which ran in sharp touches of ruddy color along the angular crags, and pierced, in long level rays, through their fringes of spear-like pine. Far above, shot up red splintered masses of castellated rock, jagged and shivered into myriads of fantastic forms, with here and there a streak of sunlit snow, traced down their chasms like a line of forked lightning; and, far beyond, and far above all these, fainter than the morning cloud, but purer and changeless, slept, in the blue sky, the utmost peaks of the eternal snow.

The Golden River, which sprang from one of the lower and snowless elevations, was now nearly in shadow; all but the uppermost jets

of spray, which rose like slow smoke above the undulating line of the cataract, and floated away in feeble wreaths upon the morning wind.

On this object, and on this alone, Hans's eyes and thoughts were fixed; forgetting the distance he had to traverse, he set off at an imprudent rate of walking, which greatly exhausted him before he had scaled the first range of the green and low hills. He was, moreover, surprised, on surmounting them, to find that a large glacier, of whose existence, notwithstanding his previous knowledge of the mountains, he had been absolutely ignorant, lay between him and the source of the Golden River. He entered on it with the boldness of a practised mountaineer; yet he thought he had never traversed so strange or so dangerous a glacier in his life. The ice was excessively slippery, and out of all its chasms came wild sounds of gushing water; not monotonous or low, but changeful and loud, rising occasionally into drifting passages of wild melody, then breaking off into short melancholy tones, or sudden shrieks, resembling those of human voices in distress or pain. The ice was broken into thousands of confused shapes, but none, Hans thought, like the ordinary forms of splintered ice. There seemed a curious *expression* about all their outlines — a perpetual resemblance to living features, distorted and scornful. Myriads of deceitful shadows, and lurid lights, played and floated about and through the pale-blue pinnacles, dazzling and confusing the sight of the traveller; while his ears grew dull and his head giddy with the constant gush and roar of the concealed waters. These painful circumstances increased upon him as he advanced; the ice crashed and yawned into fresh chasms at his feet, tottering spires nodded around him, and fell thundering across his path; and, though he had repeatedly faced these dangers on the most terrific glaciers, and in the wildest weather, it was with a new and oppressive feeling of panic and terror that he leaped the last chasm, and flung himself exhausted and shuddering on the firm turf of the mountain.

He had been compelled to abandon his basket of food which became a perilous incumbrance on the glacier, and had now no means of refreshing himself but by breaking off and eating some of the pieces of ice. This, however, relieved his thirst; an hour's repose recruited his hardy frame, and, with the indomitable spirit of avarice, he resumed his laborious journey.

His way now lay straight up a ridge of bare red rocks, without a blade of grass to ease the foot, or a projecting angle to afford an inch of shade from the south sun. It was past noon, and the rays beat intensely upon the steep path, while the whole atmosphere was motionless, and penetrated with heat. Intense thirst was soon added to the bodily fatigue with which Hans was now afflicted; glance after glance he cast on the flask of water which hung at his belt. "Three drops are enough," at last thought he; "I may, at least, cool my lips with it."

He opened the flask, and was raising it to his lips, when his eyes fell on an object lying on the rock beside him; he thought it moved. It was a small dog, apparently in the last agony of death from thirst. Its tongue was out, its jaws dry, its limbs extended lifelessly, and a swarm of black ants were crawling about its lips and throat. Its eye moved to the bottle which Hans held in his hand. He raised it, drank, spurned the animal with his foot, and passed on. And he did not know how it was, but he thought that a strange shadow had suddenly come across the blue sky.

The path became steeper and more rugged every moment; and the high hill air, instead of refreshing him, seemed to throw his blood into a fever. The noise of the hill cataracts sounded like mockery in his ears; they were all distant, and his thirst increased every moment. Another hour passed, and he again looked down to the flask at his side; it was half empty; but there was much more than three drops in it. He stopped to open it, and again, as he did so, something moved in the path above him. It was a fair child, stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its breast heaving with thirst, its eyes closed, and its lips parched and burning. Hans eyed it deliberately, drank, and passed on. And a dark-gray cloud came over the sun, and long, snake-like shadows crept up along the mountain sides. Hans struggled on. The sun was sinking, but its descent seemed to bring no coolness; the leaden weight of the dead air pressed upon his brow and heart, but the goal was near. He saw the cataract of the Golden River springing from the hillside

scarcely five hundred feet above him. He paused for a moment to breathe, and sprang on to complete his task.

At this instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned, and saw a gray-haired old man extended on the rocks. His eyes were sunk, his features deadly pale and gathered into an expression of despair. "Water!" he stretched his arms to Hans, and cried feebly, "Water! I am dying!"

"I have none," replied Hans; "thou hast had thy share of life." He strode over the prostrate body, and darted on. And a flash of blue lightning rose out of the east, shaped like a sword; it shook thrice over the whole heaven, and left it dark with one heavy, impenetrable shade. The sun was setting; it plunged toward the horizon like a red-hot ball.

The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans's ear. He stood at the brink of the chasm through which it ran. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset: they shook their crests like tongues of fire, and flashes of bloody light gleamed along their foam. Their sound came mightier and mightier on his senses; his brain grew giddy with the prolonged thunder. Shuddering, he drew the flask from his girdle and hurled it into the centre of the torrent. As he did so, an icy chill shot through his limbs: he staggered, shrieked, and fell. The waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over *The Black Stone.*

IV. — HOW MR. SCHWARTZ SET OFF ON AN EXPEDITION TO THE GOLDEN RIVER, AND HOW HE PROSPERED THEREIN

Poor little Gluck waited very anxiously alone in the house for Hans's return. Finding he did not come back, he was terribly frightened, and went and told Schwartz in the prison all that had happened. Then Schwartz was very much pleased, and said that Hans must certainly have been turned into a black stone, and he should have all the gold to himself. But Gluck was very sorry, and cried all night. When he got up in the morning there was no bread in the house, nor any money; so Gluck went and hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard, and so neatly, and so long every day that he soon got money enough together to pay his brother's fine, and he went and gave it all to Schwartz, and Schwartz got out of prison. Then Schwartz was quite pleased, and said he should have some of the gold of the river. But Gluck only begged he would go and see what had become of Hans.

Now when Schwartz had heard that Hans had stolen the holy water, he thought to himself that such a proceeding might not be considered altogether correct by the King of the Golden River, and determined to manage matters better. So he took some more of Gluck's money, and went to a bad priest who gave him some holy water very readily for it. Then Schwartz was sure it was all quite right. So Schwartz got up early in the morning before the sun rose, and took some bread and wine in a basket, and put his holy water in a flask, and set off for the mountains. Like his brother, he was much surprised at the sight of the glacier, and had great difficulty in crossing it, even after leaving his basket behind him. The day was cloudless, but not bright: there was a heavy purple haze hanging over the sky, and the hills looked lowering and gloomy. And as Schwartz climbed the steep rock path, the thirst came upon him, as it had upon his brother, until he lifted his flask to his lips to drink. Then he saw the fair child lying near him on the rocks, and it cried to him, and moaned for water.

"Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I have n't half enough for myself," and passed on. And as he went he thought the sunbeams grew more dim, and he saw a low bank of black cloud rising out of the west; and, when he had climbed for another hour, the thirst overcame him again, and he would have drunk. Then he saw the old man lying before him on the path, and heard him cry out for water. "Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I have n't half enough for myself," and on he went.

Then again the light seemed to fade from before his eyes, and he looked up, and, behold, a mist, of the color of blood, had come over the sun; and the bank of black cloud had risen very high, and its edges were tossing and tumbling like the waves of an angry sea. And they cast long shadows, which flickered over Schwartz's path.

Then Schwartz climbed for another hour, and again his thirst returned; and as he lifted his

flask to his lips, he thought he saw his brother Hans lying exhausted on the path before him; and, as he gazed, the figure stretched its arms to him, and cried for water. "Ha, ha," laughed Schwartz, "are you there? Remember the prison bars, my boy. Water, indeed! Do you suppose I carried it all the way up here for *you?*" And he strode over the figure; yet, as he passed, he thought he saw a strange expression of mockery about its lips. And, when he had gone a few yards farther, he looked back; but the figure was not there.

And a sudden horror came over Schwartz, he knew not why; but the thirst for gold prevailed over his fear, and he rushed on. And the bank of black cloud rose to the zenith, and out of it came bursts of spiry lightning, and waves of darkness seemed to heave and float between their flashes over the whole heavens. And the sky where the sun was setting was all level, and like a lake of blood; and a strong wind came out of that sky, tearing its crimson clouds into fragments, and scattering them far into the darkness. And when Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River, its waves were black, like thunder clouds, but their foam was like fire; and the roar of the waters below, and the thunder above, met, as he cast the flask into the stream. And, as he did so, the lightning glared into his eyes, and the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over the *Two Black Stones.*

V. — HOW LITTLE GLUCK SET OFF ON AN EXPEDITION TO THE GOLDEN RIVER, AND HOW HE PROSPERED THEREIN; WITH OTHER MATTERS OF INTEREST

When Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back, he was very sorry, and did not know what to do. He had no money, and was obliged to go and hire himself again to the goldsmith, who worked him very hard, and gave him very little money. So, after a month or two, Gluck grew tired, and made up his mind to go and try his fortune with the Golden River. "The little king looked very kind," thought he, "I don't think he will turn me into a black stone." So he went to the priest, and the priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it. Then Gluck took some bread in his basket, and the bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountains.

If the glacier had occasioned a great deal of fatigue to his brothers, it was twenty times worse for him, who was neither so strong nor so practised on the mountains. He had several very bad falls, lost his basket and bread, and was very much frightened at the strange noises under the ice. He lay a long time to rest on the grass, after he had got over, and began to climb the hill in just the hottest part of the day. When he had climbed for an hour, he got dreadfully thirsty, and was going to drink like his brothers, when he saw an old man coming down the path above him, looking very feeble, and leaning on a staff. "My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst, give me some of that water." Then Gluck looked at him, and, when he saw that he was pale and weary, he gave him the water. "Only pray don't drink it all," said Gluck. But the old man drank a great deal, and gave him back the bottle two-thirds empty. Then he bade him good speed, and Gluck went on again merrily. And the path became easier to his feet, and two or three blades of grass appeared upon it, and some grasshoppers began singing on the bank beside it; and Gluck thought he had never heard such merry singing.

Then he went on for another hour, and the thirst increased on him so that he thought he should be forced to drink. But, as he raised the flask, he saw a little child lying panting by the roadside, and it cried out piteously for water. Then Gluck struggled with himself, and determined to bear the thirst a little longer; and he put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank it all but a few drops. Then it smiled on him, and got up, and ran down the hill; and Gluck looked after it till it became as small as a little star, and then turned and began climbing again. And then there were all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks, bright green moss, with pale pink starry flowers, and soft belled gentians, more blue than the sky at its deepest, and pure white transparent lilies. And crimson and purple butterflies darted hither and thither, and the sky sent down such pure light, that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

Yet, when he had climbed for another hour, his thirst became intolerable again; and, when

he looked at his bottle, he saw that there were only five or six drops left in it, and he could not venture to drink. And, as he was hanging the flask to his belt again, he saw a little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath — just as Hans had seen it on the day of his ascent. And Gluck stopped and looked at it and then at the Golden River, not five hundred yards above him; and he thought of the dwarf's words, "that no one could succeed, except in his first attempt"; and he tried to pass the dog, but it whined piteously, and Gluck stopped again. "Poor beastie!" said Gluck: "it 'll be dead when I come down again, if I don't help it." Then he looked closer and closer at it, and its eye turned on him so mournfully that he could not stand it. "Confound the King and his gold too," said Gluck; and he opened the flask, and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

The dog sprang up and stood on its hind legs. Its tail disappeared, its ears became longer, silky, golden; its nose became very red, its eyes became very twinkling; in three seconds the dog was gone, and before Gluck stood his old acquaintance, the King of the Golden River.

"Thank you," said the monarch; "but don't be frightened, it's all right"; for Gluck showed manifest symptoms of consternation at this unlooked-for reply to his last observation. "Why did n't you come before," continued the dwarf, "instead of sending me those rascally brothers of yours, for me to have the trouble of turning into stones? Very hard stones they make too."

"Oh, dear me!" said Gluck; "have you really been so cruel?"

"Cruel!" said the dwarf, "they poured unholy water into my stream; do you suppose I'm going to allow that?"

"Why," said Gluck, "I am sure, sir — your Majesty, I mean — they got the water out of the church font."

"Very probably," replied the dwarf; "but," and his countenance grew stern as he spoke, "the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in heaven; and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled with corpses."

So saying, the dwarf stooped and plucked a lily that grew at his feet. On its white leaves there hung three drops of clear dew. And the dwarf shook them into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. "Cast these into the river," he said, "and descend on the other side of the mountains into the Treasure Valley. And so good speed."

As he spoke, the figure of the dwarf became indistinct. The playing colors of his robe formed themselves into a prismatic mist of dewy light; he stood for an instant veiled with them as with the belt of a broad rainbow. The colors grew faint, the mist rose into the air; the monarch had evaporated.

And Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River, and its waves were as clear as crystal, and as brilliant as the sun. And, when he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened where they fell a small circular whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical noise.

Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed, because not only the river was not turned into gold, but its waters seemed much diminished in quantity. Yet he obeyed his friend the dwarf, and descended the other side of the mountains toward the Treasure Valley; and, as he went, he thought he heard the noise of water working its way under the ground. And, when he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold, a river, like the Golden River, was springing from a new cleft of the rocks above it, and was flowing in innumerable streams among the dry heaps of red sand.

And as Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew, and climbed among the moistening soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the river sides, as stars leap out when twilight is deepening, and thickets of myrtle, and tendrils of vine, cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. And thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance which had been lost by cruelty was regained by love.

And Gluck went, and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door: so that his barns became full of corn, and his house of treasure. And, for him, the river had, according to the dwarf's promise, become a River of Gold.

And, to this day, the inhabitants of the valley

point out the place where the three drops of holy dew were cast into the stream, and trace the course of the Golden River under the ground, until it emerges in the Treasure Valley. And at the top of the cataract of the Golden River are still to be seen two *black stones*, round which the waters howl mournfully every day at sunset, and these stones are still called by the people of the valley *The Black Brothers*.

LITTLE BILLEE

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY
(1811–1863)

THERE were three sailors of Bristol city
Who took a boat and went to sea.
But first with beef and captain's biscuits
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee.
Now when they had got as far as the Equator
They'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"I am extremely hungaree."
To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,
"We've nothing left, us must eat we."

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"With one another, we should n't agree!
There's little Bill, he's young and tender,
We're old and tough, so let's eat he."

"Oh! Billy, we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the button of your chemie."
When Bill received this information,
He used his pocket handkerchee.

"First let me say my catechism,
Which my poor mammy taught to me."
"Make haste, make haste," says guzzling Jimmy,
While Jack pulled out his snickersnee.

So Billy went up to the main-topgallant mast,
And down he fell on his bended knee.
He scarce had come to the Twelfth Commandment
When up he jumps, "There's land I see.

"Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee:
There's the British flag a-riding at anchor,
With Admiral Napier, K. C. B."

So when they got aboard of the Admiral's
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee;
But as for little Bill, he made him
The Captain of a Seventy-three.

THE CAPTURE OF THE "HISPANIOLA"

[This is the story of how Jim Hawkins, cabin boy on the schooner *Hispaniola*, recaptured her single-handed from the pirates who had mutinied against her captain and her owner. The captain and a few faithful members of the crew had escaped from the pirates, and were besieged in a stockade which they found on shore. The pirates were encamped on shore, too, between the stockade and the schooner. Jim Hawkins slipped out of the stockade one night, found a small boat, and then had the adventure which follows.

The selection is taken from *Treasure Island*, by Robert Louis Stevenson, one of the most delightful romance writers of the nineteenth century. Other books of his that are very interesting to boys and girls are *Kidnapped*, *The Black Arrow*, *The Master of Ballantrae*, *The Ebb-Tide*, and a volume of essays entitled *Virginibus Puerisque*.]

THE coracle — as I had ample reason to know before I was done with her — was a very safe boat for a person of my height and weight, both buoyant and clever in a seaway; but she was the most cross-grained, lop-sided craft to manage. Do as you please, she always made more leeway than anything else, and

turning round and round was the manœuvre she was best at. Even Ben Gunn himself has admitted that she was "queer to handle till you knew her way."

Certainly I did not know her way. She turned in every direction but the one I was bound to go; the most part of the time we were broadside on, and I am very sure I never should have made the ship at all but for the tide. By good fortune, paddle as I pleased, the tide was still sweeping me down; and there lay the *Hispaniola* right in the fairway, hardly to be missed.

First she loomed before me like a blot of something yet blacker than darkness, then her spars and hull began to take shape, and the next moment, as it seemed (for the further I went, the brisker grew the current of the ebb), I was alongside of her hawser, and had laid hold.

The hawser was as taut as a bowstring — so strong she pulled upon her anchor. All round the hull, in the blackness, the rippling current bubbled and chattered like a little mountain stream. One cut with my sea-gully, and the *Hispaniola* would go humming down the tide.

So far so good; but it next occurred to my recollection that a taut hawser, suddenly cut, is a thing as dangerous as a kicking horse. Ten to one, if I were so foolhardy as to cut the *Hispaniola* from her anchor, I and the coracle would be knocked clean out of the water.

This brought me to a full stop, and if fortune had not again particularly favored me, I should have had to abandon my design. But the light airs which had begun blowing from the south-east and south had hauled round after night-fall into the south-west. Just while I was meditating, a puff came, caught the *Hispaniola*, and forced her up into the current; and to my great joy, I felt the hawser slacken in my grasp, and the hand by which I held it dip for a second under water.

With that I made my mind up, took out my gully, opened it with my teeth, and cut one strand after another, till the vessel only swung by two. Then I lay quiet, waiting to sever these last when the strain should be once more lightened by a breath of wind.

All this time I had heard the sound of loud voices from the cabin; but, to say truth, my mind had been so entirely taken up with other thoughts that I had scarcely given ear. Now, however, when I had nothing else to do, I began to pay more heed.

One I recognized for the coxswain's, Israel Hands. The other was, of course, my friend of the red night-cap. Both men were plainly the worse of drink, and they were still drinking; for, even while I was listening, one of them, with a drunken cry, opened the stern window and threw out something, which I divined to be an empty bottle. But they were not only tipsy; it was plain that they were furiously angry. Oaths flew like hailstones, and every now and then there came forth such an explosion as I thought was sure to end in blows. But each time the quarrel passed off, and the voices grumbled lower for a while, until the next crisis came, and, in its turn, passed away without result.

On shore, I could see the glow of the great camp fire burning warmly through the shore-side trees. Some one was singing, a dull, old, droning sailor's song, with a droop and a quaver at the end of every verse, and seemingly no end to it at all but the patience of the singer. I had heard it on the voyage more than once, and remembered these words:

> "But one man of her crew alive,
> What put to sea with seventy-five."

And I thought it was a ditty rather too dolefully appropriate for a company that had met such cruel losses in the morning. But, indeed, from what I saw, all these buccaneers were as callous as the sea they sailed on.

At last the breeze came; the schooner sidled and drew nearer in the dark; I felt the hawser slacken once more, and with a good, tough effort cut the last fibres through.

The breeze had but little action on the coracle, and I was almost instantly swept against the bows of the *Hispaniola*. At the same time the schooner began to turn upon her heel, spinning slowly, end for end, across the current.

I wrought like a fiend, for I expected every moment to be swamped; and since I found I could not push the coracle directly off, I now shoved straight astern. At length I was clear of my dangerous neighbor; and just as I gave the last impulsion, my hands came across a light cord that was trailing overboard across the stern bulwarks. Instantly I grasped it.

Why I should have done so I can hardly say. It was at first mere instinct; but once I had it in my hands, and found it fast, curiosity began to get the upper hand, and I determined I should have one look through the cabin window.

I pulled in hand over hand on the cord, and, when I judged myself near enough, rose at infinite risk to about half my height, and thus commanded the roof and a slice of the interior of the cabin.

By this time the schooner and her little consort were gliding pretty swiftly through the water; indeed, we had fetched up level with the camp fire. The ship was talking, as sailors say, loudly, treading the innumerable ripples with an incessant weltering splash; and until I got my eye above the window-sill I could not comprehend why the watchmen had taken no alarm. One glance, however, was sufficient; and it was only one glance that I durst take from that unsteady skiff. It showed me Hands and his companion locked together in deadly wrestle, each with a hand upon the other's throat.

I dropped upon the thwart again, none too soon, for I was near overboard. I could see nothing for the moment but those two furious, encrimsoned faces, swaying together under the smoky lamp; and I shut my eyes to let them grow once more familiar with the darkness.

The endless ballad had come to an end at last, and the whole diminished company about the camp fire had broken into the chorus I had heard so often:

"Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest —
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest —
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum."

I was just thinking how busy drink and the devil were at that very moment in the cabin of the *Hispaniola*, when I was surprised by a sudden lurch of the coracle. At the same moment she yawed sharply and seemed to change her course. The speed in the meantime had strangely increased.

I opened my eyes at once. All round me were little ripples, combing over with a sharp, bristling sound and slightly phosphorescent. The *Hispaniola* herself, a few yards in whose wake I was still being whirled along, seemed to stagger in her course, and I saw her spars toss a little against the blackness of the night; nay, as I looked longer, I made sure she also was wheeling to the southward.

I glanced over my shoulder, and my heart jumped against my ribs. There, right behind me, was the glow of the camp fire. The current had turned at right angles, sweeping round along with it the tall schooner and the little dancing coracle; ever quickening, ever bubbling higher, ever muttering louder, it went spinning through the narrows for the open sea.

Suddenly the schooner in front of me gave a violent yaw, turning, perhaps, through twenty degrees; and almost at the same moment one shout followed another from on board; I could hear feet pounding on the companion ladder; and I knew that the two drunkards had at last been interrupted in their quarrel and awakened to a sense of their disaster.

I lay down flat in the bottom of that wretched skiff, and devoutly recommended my spirit to its Maker. At the end of the straits, I made sure we must fall into some bar of raging breakers, where all my troubles would be ended speedily; and though I could, perhaps, bear to die, I could not bear to look upon my fate as it approached.

So I must have lain for hours, continually beaten to and fro upon the billows, now and again wetted with flying sprays, and never ceasing to expect death at the next plunge. Gradually weariness grew upon me; a numbness, an occasional stupor, fell upon my mind even in the midst of my terrors; until sleep at last supervened, and in my sea-tossed coracle I lay and dreamed of home and the old "Admiral Benbow."

It was broad day when I awoke, and found myself tossing at the south-west end of Treasure Island. The sun was up, but was still hid from me behind the great bulk of the Spy-glass, which on this side descended almost to the sea in formidable cliffs.

Haulbowline Head and Mizzenmast Hill were at my elbow; the hill bare and dark, the head bound with cliffs forty or fifty feet high, and fringed with great masses of fallen rock. I was scarce a quarter of a mile to seaward, and it was my first thought to paddle in and land.

That notion was soon given over. Among the fallen rocks the breakers spouted and bel-

lowed; loud reverberations, heavy sprays flying and falling, succeeded one another from second to second; and I saw myself, if I ventured nearer, dashed to death upon the rough shore or spending my strength in vain to scale the beetling crags.

Nor was that all; for crawling together on flat tables of rock, or letting themselves drop into the sea with loud reports, I beheld huge slimy monsters — soft snails, as it were, of incredible bigness — two or three score of them together, making the rocks to echo with their barkings.

Had it been otherwise, I must long ago have perished; but as it was, it is surprising how easily and securely my little and light boat could ride. Often, as I still lay at the bottom, and kept no more than an eye above the gunwale, I would see a big blue summit heaving close above me; yet the coracle would but bounce a little, dance as if on springs, and subside on the other side into the trough as lightly as a bird.

I began after a little to grow very bold, and sat up to try my skill at paddling. But even a small change in the disposition of the weight

CORACLE MEN CARRYING THEIR BOATS

CORACLE MEN IN WALES SNARING SALMON

In the meantime I had a better chance, as I supposed, before me. North of Haulbowline Head, the land runs in a long way, leaving, at low tide, a long stretch of yellow sand. To the north of that, again, there comes another cape — Cape of the Woods, as it was marked upon the chart — buried in tall green pines, which descended to the margin of the sea.

I remembered what Silver had said about the current that sets northward along the whole west coast of Treasure Island; and seeing from my position that I was already under its influence, I preferred to leave Haulbowline Head behind me, and reserve my strength for an attempt to land upon the kindlier-looking Cape of the Woods.

There was a great, smooth swell upon the sea. The wind blowing steady and gentle from the south, there was no contrariety between that and the current, and the billows rose and fell unbroken.

will produce violent changes in the behavior of a coracle. And I had hardly moved before the boat, giving up at once her gentle dancing movement, ran straight down a slope of water so steep that it made me giddy, and struck her nose, with a spout of spray, deep into the side of the next wave.

I was drenched and terrified, and fell instantly back into my old position, whereupon the coracle seemed to find her head again, and led me as softly as before among the billows. It was plain she was not to be interfered with, and at that rate, since I could in no way influence her course, what hope had I left of reaching land?

I began to be horribly frightened, but I kept my head, for all that. First, moving with all care, I gradually baled out the coracle with my sea-cap; then getting my eye once more above the gunwale, I set myself to study how it was she managed to slip so quietly through the rollers.

I found each wave, instead of the big, smooth, glossy mountain it looks from shore, or from a vessel's deck, was for all the world like any range of hills on the dry land, full of peaks and smooth places and valleys. The coracle, left to herself, turning from side to side, threaded, so to speak, her way through these lower parts, and avoided the steep slopes and higher, toppling summits of the wave.

"Well now," thought I to myself, "it is plain I must lie where I am, and not disturb the balance; but it is plain also, that I can put the paddle over the side, and from time to time, in smooth places, give her a shove or two towards land." No sooner thought upon than done. There I lay upon my elbows, in the most trying attitude, and every now and again gave a weak stroke or two to turn her head to shore.

It was very tiring and slow work, yet I did visibly gain ground; and, as we drew near the Cape of the Woods, though I saw I must infallibly miss that point, I had still made some hundred yards of easting. I was, indeed, close in. I could see the cool, green tree-tops swaying together in the breeze, and I felt sure I should make the next promontory without fail.

It was high time, for now I began to be tortured with thirst. The glow of the sun from above, its thousandfold reflection from the waves, the sea-water that fell and dried upon me, caking my very lips with salt, combined to make my throat burn and my brain ache. The sight of the trees so near at hand had almost made me sick with longing; but the current had soon carried me past the point; and, as the next reach of sea opened out, I beheld a sight that changed the nature of my thoughts.

Right in front of me, not half a mile away, I beheld the *Hispaniola* under sail. I made sure, of course, that I should be taken; but I was so distressed for want of water that I scarce knew whether to be glad or sorry at the thought; and, long before I had come to a conclusion, surprise had taken entire possession of my mind, and I could do nothing but stare and wonder.

The *Hispaniola* was under her main-sail and two jibs, and the beautiful white canvas shone in the sun like snow or silver. When I first sighted her, all her sails were drawing; she was laying a course about north-west; and I presumed the men on board were going round the island on their way back to the anchorage. Presently she began to fetch more and more to the westward, so that I thought they had sighted me and were going about in chase. At last, however, she fell right into the wind's eye, was taken dead aback, and stood there awhile helpless, with her sails shivering.

"Clumsy fellows," said I; "they must still be drunk as owls." And I thought how Captain Smollett would have set them skipping.

Meanwhile, the schooner gradually fell off, and filled again upon another tack, sailed swiftly for a minute or so, and brought up once more dead in the wind's eye. Again and again was this repeated. To and fro, up and down, north, south, east, and west, the *Hispaniola* sailed by swoops and dashes, and at each repetition ended as she had begun, with idly flapping canvas. It became plain to me that nobody was steering. And, if so, where were the men? Either they were dead drunk, or had deserted her, I thought, and perhaps if I could get on board, I might return the vessel to her captain.

The current was bearing coracle and schooner southward at an equal rate. As for the latter's sailing, it was so wild and intermittent, and she hung each time so long in irons, that she certainly gained nothing, if she did not even lose. If only I dared to sit up and paddle, I made sure that I could overhaul her. The scheme had an air of adventure that inspired me, and the thought of the water breaker beside the forecompanion doubled my growing courage.

Up I got, was welcomed almost instantly by another cloud of spray, but this time stuck to my purpose; and set myself, with all my strength and caution, to paddle after the unsteered *Hispaniola*. Once I shipped a sea so heavy that I had to stop and bale, with my heart fluttering like a bird; but gradually I got into the way of the thing, and guided my coracle among the waves, with only now and then a blow upon her bows and a dash of foam in my face.

I was now gaining rapidly on the schooner; I could see the brass glisten on the tiller as it banged about; and still no soul appeared upon her decks. I could not choose but suppose she was deserted. If not, the men were lying drunk below, where I might batten them down, perhaps, and do what I chose with the ship.

For some time she had been doing the worst thing possible for me — standing still. She headed nearly due south, yawing, of course, all the time. Each time she fell off her sails partly filled, and these brought her, in a moment, right to the wind again. I have said this was the worst thing possible for me; for helpless as she looked in this situation, with the canvas cracking like cannon, and the blocks trundling and banging on the deck, she still continued to run away from me, not only with the speed of the current, but by the whole amount of her leeway, which was naturally great.

But now, at last, I had my chance. The breeze fell, for some seconds, very low, and the current gradually turning her, the *Hispaniola* revolved slowly round her centre, and at last presented me her stern, with the cabin window still gaping open, and the lamp over the table still burning on into day. The main-sail hung drooped like a banner. She was stock-still, but for the current.

For the last little while I had even lost; but now redoubling my efforts, I began once more to overhaul the chase.

I was not a hundred yards from her when the wind came again in a clap; she filled on the port tack, and was off again, stooping and skimming like a swallow.

My first impulse was one of despair, but my second was towards joy. Round she came, till she was broadside on to me — round still till she had covered a half, and then two-thirds, and then three-quarters of the distance that separated us. I could see the waves boiling white under her forefoot. Immensely tall she looked to me from my low station in the coracle.

And then, of a sudden, I began to comprehend. I had scarce time to think — scarce time to act and save myself. I was on the summit of one swell when the schooner came swooping over the next. The bowsprit was over my head. I sprang to my feet, and leaped, stamping the coracle under water. With one hand I caught the jib-boom, while my foot was lodged between the stay and the brace; and as I still clung there panting, a dull blow told me that the schooner had charged down upon and struck the coracle, and that I was left without retreat on the *Hispaniola*.

I had scarce gained a position on the bowsprit, when the flying jib flapped and filled upon the other tack, with a report like a gun. The schooner trembled to her keel under the reverse; but next moment, the other sails still drawing, the jib flapped back again, and hung idle.

This had nearly tossed me off into the sea; and now I lost no time, crawled back along the bowsprit, and tumbled head foremost on the deck.

I was on the leeside of the forecastle, and the main-sail, which was still drawing, concealed from me a certain portion of the after-deck. Not a soul was to be seen. The planks, which had not been swabbed since the mutiny, bore the print of many feet; and an empty bottle, broken by the neck, tumbled to and fro like a live thing in the scuppers.

Suddenly the *Hispaniola* came right into the wind. The jibs behind me cracked aloud; the rudder slammed to; the whole ship gave a sickening heave and shudder, and at the same moment the main-boom swung inboard, the sheet groaning in the blocks, and showed me the lee after-deck.

There were the two watchmen, sure enough; red-cap on his back, as stiff as a handspike, with his arms stretched out like those of a crucifix, and his teeth showing through his open lips; Israel Hands propped against the bulwarks, his chin on his chest, his hands lying open before him on the deck, his face as white, under its tan, as a tallow candle.

For a while the ship kept bucking and sidling like a vicious horse, the sails filling, now on one tack, now on another, and the boom swinging to and fro till the mast groaned aloud under the strain. Now and again, too, there would come a cloud of light sprays over the bulwark, and a heavy blow of the ship's bows against the swell; so much heavier weather was made of it by this great rigged ship than by my home-made, lop-sided coracle, now gone to the bottom of the sea.

At every jump of the schooner, red-cap slipped to and fro; but — what was ghastly to behold — neither his attitude nor his fixed teeth-disclosing grin was anyway disturbed by this rough usage. At every jump, too, Hands appeared still more to sink into himself and settle down upon the deck, his feet sliding ever the farther out, and the whole body canting towards the stern, so that

his face became, little by little, hid from me; and at last I could see nothing beyond his ear and the frayed ringlet of one whisker.

And at the same time, I observed around both of them, splashes of dark blood upon the planks, and began to feel sure that they had killed each other in their drunken wrath.

While I was thus looking and wondering, in a calm moment, when the ship was still, Israel Hands turned partly round, and, with a low moan, writhed himself back to the position in which I had seen him first. The moan, which told of pain and deadly weakness, and the way in which his jaw hung open, went right to my heart. But when I remembered the talk I had overheard from the apple barrel, all pity left me.

I walked aft until I reached the main-mast.

"Come aboard, Mr. Hands," I said ironically.

He rolled his eyes round heavily; but he was too far gone to express surprise. All he could do was to utter one word, "brandy."

It occurred to me there was no time to lose; and, dodging the boom as it once more lurched across the deck, I slipped aft, and down the companion-stairs into the cabin.

It was such a scene of confusion as you can hardly fancy. All the lock-fast places had been broken open in quest of the chart. The floor was thick with mud, where ruffians had sat down to drink or consult after wading in the marches round their camp. The bulkheads, all painted in clear white, and beaded round with gilt, bore a pattern of dirty hands. Dozens of empty bottles clinked together in corners to the rolling of the ship. One of the doctor's medical books lay open on the table, half of the leaves gutted out, I suppose, for pipelights. In the midst of all this the lamp still cast a smoky glow, obscure and brown as umber.

I went into the cellar; all the barrels were gone, and of the bottles a most surprising number had been drunk out and thrown away. Certainly, since the mutiny began, not a man of them could ever have been sober.

Foraging about, I found a bottle with some brandy left, for Hands; and for myself I routed out some biscuit, some pickled fruits, a great bunch of raisins, and a piece of cheese. With these I came on deck, put down my own stock behind the rudder-head, and well out of the coxswain's reach, went forward to the water breaker, and had a good deep drink of water, and then, and not till then, gave Hands the brandy.

He must have drunk a gill before he took the bottle from his mouth.

"Aye," said he, "by thunder, but I wanted some o' that!"

I had sat down already in my own corner and begun to eat.

"Much hurt?" I asked him.

He grunted, or rather I might say, he barked.

"If that doctor was aboard," he said, "I 'd be right enough in a couple of turns; but I don't have no manner of luck, you see, and that's what's the matter with me. As for that swab, he's as good as dead, he is," he added, indicating the man with the red cap. "He warn't no seaman, anyhow. And where mought you have come from?"

"Well," said I, "I've come aboard to take possession of this ship, Mr. Hands; and you'll please regard me as your captain until further notice."

He looked at me sourly enough, but said nothing. Some of the color had come back into his cheeks, though he still looked very sick, and still continued to slip out and settle down as the ship banged about.

"By-the-bye," I continued, "I can't have these colors, Mr. Hands; and, by your leave, I'll strike 'em. Better none than these."

And, again dodging the boom, I ran to the color lines, handed down their cursed black flag, and chucked it overboard.

"God save the king!" said I, waving my cap; "and there 's an end to Captain Silver!"

He watched me keenly and slyly, his chin all the while on his breast.

"I reckon," he said at last — "I reckon, Cap'n Hawkins, you'll kind of want to get ashore, now. S'pose we talks."

"Why, yes," says I, "with all my heart, Mr. Hands. Say on." And I went back to my meal with a good appetite.

"This man," he began, nodding feebly at the corpse — "O'Brien were his name — a rank Irelander — this man and me got the canvas on her, meaning for to sail her back. Well, *he's* dead now, he is — as dead as bilge; and who's to sail this ship, I don't see. Without I gives

you a hint, you ain't that man, as far's I can tell. Now, look here, you gives me food and drink, and a old scarf or ankecher to tie my wound up, you do; and I'll tell you how to sail her; and that's about square all around, I take it."

"I'll tell you one thing," says I: "I'm not going back to Captain Kidd's anchorage. I mean to get into North Inlet, and beach her quietly there."

"To be sure you did," he cried. "Why, I ain't sich an infernal lubber, after all. I can see, can't I? I've tried my fling, I have, and I've lost, and it's you has the wind of me. North Inlet? Why, I have n't no ch'ice, not I! I'd help you sail her up to Execution Dock, by thunder! so I would."

Well, as it seemed to me, there was some sense in this. We struck our bargain on the spot. In three minutes I had the *Hispaniola* sailing easily before the wind along the coast of Treasure Island, with good hopes of turning the northern point ere noon, and beating down again as far as North Inlet before high water, when we might beach her safely, and wait till the subsiding tide permitted us to land.

Then I lashed the tiller and went below to my own chest, where I got a soft silk handkerchief of my mother's. With this, and with my aid, Hands bound up the great bleeding stab he had received in the thigh, and after he had eaten a little and had a swallow or two more of the brandy, he began to pick up visibly, sat straighter up, spoke louder and clearer, and looked in every way another man.

The breeze served us admirably. We skimmed before it like a bird, the coast of the island flashing by, and the view changing every minute. Soon we were past the high lands and bowling beside low, sandy country, sparsely dotted with dwarf pines, and soon we were beyond that again, and had turned the corner of the rocky hill that ends the island on the north.

I was greatly elated with my new command, and pleased with the bright, sunshiny weather and these different prospects of the coast. I had now plenty of water and good things to eat, and my conscience, which had smitten me hard for my desertion, was quieted by the great conquest I had made. I should, I think, have had nothing left me to desire but for the eyes of the coxswain as they followed me derisively about the deck, and the odd smile that appeared continually on his face. It was a smile that had in it something both of pain and weakness — a haggard, old man's smile; but there was, besides that, a grain of derision, a shadow of treachery, in his expression as he craftily watched, and watched, and watched me at my work.

The wind, serving us to a desire, now hauled into the west. We could run so much the easier from the north-east corner of the island to the mouth of the North Inlet. Only, as we had no power to anchor, and dared not beach her till the tide had flowed a good deal farther, time hung on our hands. The coxswain told me how to lay the ship to; after a good many trials I succeeded, and we both sat in silence, over another meal.

"Cap'n," said he, at length, with that same uncomfortable smile, "here 's my old shipmate, O'Brien; s'pose you was to heave him overboard. I ain't partic'lar as a rule, and I don't take no blame for settling his hash; but I don't reckon him ornamental, now, do you?"

"I'm not strong enough, and I don't like the job; and there he lies, for me," said I.

"This here's an unlucky ship — this *Hispaniola*, Jim," he went on, blinking. "There's a power of men been killed in this *Hispaniola* — a sight of poor seamen dead and gone since you and me took ship to Bristol. I never seen sich dirty luck, not I. There was this here O'Brien, now — he's dead, ain't he? Well, now, I'm no scholar, and you're a lad as can read and figure; and to put it straight, do you take it as a dead man is dead for good, or do he come alive again?"

"You can kill the body, Mr. Hands, but not the spirit; you must know that already," I replied. "O'Brien there is in another world, and maybe watching us."

"Ah!" says he. "Well, that's unfort'nate — appears as if killing parties was a waste of time. Howsumever, sperrits don't reckon for much, by what I've seen. I'll chance it with the sperrits, Jim. And now, you've spoken up free, and I'll take it kind if you'd step down into that there cabin and get me a — well, a — shiver my timbers! I can't hit the name on't;

FOUR GREAT ENGLISH WRITERS

Chaucer, author of the "Canterbury Tales"; Spenser, who wrote the "Faerie Queene"; Bacon, the philosopher and statesman; and Shakespeare, chief of all in genius.

well, you get me a bottle of wine, Jim — this here brandy's too strong for my head."

Now, the coxswain's hesitation seemed to me unnatural; and as for the notion of his preferring wine to brandy, I entirely disbelieved it. The whole story was a pretext. He wanted me to leave the deck — so much was plain; but with what purpose I could in no way imagine. His eyes never met mine; they kept wandering to and fro, up and down, now with a look to the sky, now with a flitting glance upon the dead O'Brien. All the time he kept smiling, and putting his tongue out in the most guilty, embarrassed manner, so that a child could have told that he was bent on some deception. I was prompt with my answer, however, for I saw where my advantage lay; and that with a fellow so densely stupid I could easily conceal my suspicions to the end.

"Some wine?" I said. "Far better. Will you have white or red?"

"Well, I reckon it 's about the blessed same to me, shipmate," he replied; "so it's strong and plenty of it, what's the odds?"

"All right," I answered. "I'll bring you port, Mr. Hands. But I'll have to dig for it."

With that I scuttled down the companion with all the noise I could, slipped off my shoes, ran quietly along the sparred gallery, mounted the forecastle ladder, and popped my head out of the fore companion. I knew he would not expect to see me there; yet I took every precaution possible; and certainly the worst of my suspicions proved too true.

He had risen from his position to his hands and knees; and, though his leg obviously hurt him pretty sharply when he moved — for I could hear him stifle a groan — yet it was at a good, rattling rate that he trailed himself across the deck. In half a minute he had reached the port scuppers, and picked, out of a coil of rope, a long knife, or rather a short dirk, discolored to the hilt with blood. He looked upon it for a moment, thrusting forth his under jaw, tried the point upon his hand, and then, hastily concealing it in the bosom of his jacket, trundled back again into his old place against the bulwark.

That was all that I required to know. Israel could move about; he was now armed; and if he had been at so much trouble to get rid of me, it was plain that I was meant to be the victim. What he would do afterwards — whether he would try to crawl right across the island from North Inlet to the camp among the swamps, or whether he would fire Long Tom, trusting that his own comrades might come first to help him, was, of course, more than I could say.

Yet I felt sure that I could trust him in one point, since in that our interests jumped together, and that was in the disposition of the schooner. We both desired to have her stranded safe enough, in a sheltered place, and so that, when the tide came, she could be got off again with as little labor and danger as might be; and until that was done I considered that my life would certainly be spared.

While I was thus turning the business over in my mind, I had not been idle with my body. I had stolen back to the cabin, slipped once more into my shoes, and laid my hand at random on a bottle of wine, and now, with this for an excuse, I made my reappearance on the deck.

Hands lay as I had left him, all fallen together in a bundle, and with his eyelids lowered, as though he were too weak to bear the light. He looked up, however, at my coming, knocked the neck off the bottle, like a man who had done the same thing often, and took a good swig, with his favorite toast of "Here's luck!" Then he lay quiet for a little, and then, pulling out a stick of tobacco, begged me to cut him a quid.

"Cut me a junk o' that," says he, "for I have n't no knife, and hardly strength enough, so be as I had. Ah, Jim, Jim, I reckon I've missed stays! Cut me a quid, as'll likely be the last, lad; for I'm for my long home, and no mistake."

"Well," said I, "I'll cut you some tobacco; but if I was you and thought myself so badly, I would go to my prayers, like a Christian man."

"Why?" said he. "Now, you tell me why."

"Why?" I cried. "You were asking me just now about the dead. You've broken your trust; you've lived in sin and lies and blood; there's a man you killed lying at your feet this moment; and you ask me why! For God's mercy, Mr. Hands, that's why."

I spoke with a little heat, thinking of the bloody dirk he had hidden in his pocket, and designed, in his ill thoughts, to end me with.

He, for his part, took a great draught of wine, and spoke with the most unusual solemnity.

"For thirty years," he said, "I've sailed the seas, and seen good and bad, better and worse, fair weather and foul, provisions running out, knives going, and what not. Well, now I tell you, I never seen good come o' goodness yet. Him as strikes first is my fancy; dead men don't bite; them's my views — amen, so be it. And now, you look here," he added, suddenly changing his tone, "we've had about enough of this foolery. The tide's made good enough by now. You just take my orders, Cap'n Hawkins, and we'll sail slap in and be done with it."

All told, we had scarce two miles to run; but the navigation was delicate, the entrance to this northern anchorage was not only narrow and shoal, but lay east and west, so that the schooner must be nicely handled to be got in. I think I was a good, prompt subaltern, and I am very sure that Hands was an excellent pilot; for we went about and about, and dodged in, shaving the banks, with a certainty and a neatness that were a pleasure to behold.

Scarcely had we passed the heads before the land closed around us. The shores of North Inlet were as thickly wooded as those of the southern anchorage; but the space was longer and narrower, and more like, what in truth it was, the estuary of a river. Right before us, at the southern end, we saw the wreck of a ship in the last stages of dilapidation. It had been a great vessel of three masts, but had lain so long exposed to the injuries of the weather, that it was hung about with great webs of dripping seaweed, and on the deck of it shore bushes had taken root, and now flourished thick with flowers. It was a sad sight, but it showed us that the anchorage was calm.

"Now," said Hands, "look here; there's a pet bit for to beach a ship in. Fine flat sand, never a catspaw, trees all around of it, and flowers a-blowing like a garding on that old ship."

"And once beached," I inquired, "how shall we get her off again?"

"Why, so," he replied; "you take a line ashore there on the other side at low water: take a turn about one o' them big pines; bring it back, take a turn round the capstan, and lie-to for the tide. Come high water, all hands take a pull upon the line, and off she comes as sweet as natur'. And now, boy, you stand by. We're near the bit now, and she's too much way on her. Starboard a little — so — steady — starboard — larboard a little — steady — steady!"

So he issued his commands, which I breathlessly obeyed; till, all of a sudden, he cried, "Now, my hearty, luff!" And I put the helm hard up, and the *Hispaniola* swung round rapidly, and ran stem on for the low wooded shore.

The excitement of these last manœuvres had somewhat interfered with the watch I had kept hitherto, sharply enough, upon the coxswain. Even then I was still so much interested, waiting for the ship to touch, that I had quite forgot the peril that hung over my head, and stood craning over the starboard bulwarks and watching the ripples spreading wide before the bows. I might have fallen without a struggle for my life, had not a sudden disquietude seized upon me, and made me turn my head. Perhaps I had heard a creak, or seen his shadow moving with the tail of my eye; perhaps it was an instinct like a cat's; but, sure enough, when I looked round, there was Hands, already halfway towards me, with the dirk in his right hand.

We must both have cried out aloud when our eyes met; but while mine was the shrill cry of terror, his was a roar of fury like a charging bull's. At the same instant he threw himself forward, and I leapt sideways towards the bows. As I did so, I left hold of the tiller, which sprang sharp to leeward; and I think this saved my life, for it struck Hands across the chest, and stopped him, for the moment, dead.

Before he could recover, I was safe out of the corner where he had me trapped, with all the deck to dodge about. Just forward of the mainmast I stopped, drew a pistol from my pocket, took a cool aim, though he had already turned and was once more coming directly after me, and drew the trigger. The hammer fell, but there followed neither flash nor sound; the priming was useless with sea water. I cursed myself for my neglect. Why had not I, long before, reprimed and reloaded my only weapons? Then I should not have been, as now, a mere fleeing sheep before this butcher.

Wounded as he was, it was wonderful how fast he could move, his grizzled hair tumbling over his face, and his face itself as red as a red ensign with his haste and fury. I had no time to try my other pistol, nor, indeed, much inclination, for I was sure it would be useless. One thing I saw plainly: I must not simply retreat before him, or he would speedily hold me boxed into the bows, as a moment since he had so nearly boxed me in the stern. Once so caught, and nine or ten inches of the blood-stained dirk would be my last experience on this side of eternity. I placed my palms against the mainmast, which was of a goodish bigness, and waited, every nerve upon the stretch.

Seeing that I meant to dodge, he also paused; and a moment or two passed in feints on his part, and corresponding movements upon mine. It was such a game as I had often played at home about the rocks of Black Hill Cove; but never before, you may be sure, with such a wildly beating heart as now. Still, as I say, it was a boy's game, and I thought I could hold my own at it, against an elderly seaman with a wounded thigh. Indeed, my courage had begun to rise so high, that I allowed myself a few darting thoughts on what would be the end of the affair; and while I saw certainly that I could spin it out for long, I saw no hope of any ultimate escape.

Well, while things stood thus, suddenly the *Hispaniola* struck, staggered, ground for an instant in the sand, and then, swift as a blow, canted over to the port side, till the deck stood at an angle of forty-five degrees, and about a puncheon of water splashed into the scupper holes, and lay, in a pool, between the deck and bulwark.

We were both of us capsized in a second, and both of us rolled, almost together, into the scuppers; the dead red-cap, with his arms still spread out, tumbling stiffly after us. So near were we, indeed, that my head came against the coxswain's foot with a crack that made my teeth rattle. Blow and all, I was the first afoot again; for Hands had got involved with the dead body. The sudden canting of the ship had made the deck no place for running on; I had to find some new way of escape, and that upon the instant, for my foe was almost touching me. Quick as thought I sprang into the mizzen shrouds, rattled up hand over hand, and did not draw a breath till I was seated on the cross-trees.

I had been saved by being prompt; the dirk had struck not half a foot below me, as I pursued my upward flight; and there stood Israel Hands with his mouth open and his face upturned to mine, a perfect statue of surprise and disappointment.

Now that I had a moment to myself, I lost no time in changing the priming of my pistol, and then, having one ready for service, and to make assurance doubly sure, I proceeded to draw the load of the other, and recharge it afresh from the beginning.

My new employment struck Hands all of a heap; he began to see the dice going against him; and after an obvious hesitation, he also hauled himself heavily into the shrouds, and, with the dirk in his teeth, began slowly and painfully to mount. It cost him no end of time and groans to haul his wounded leg behind him; and I had quietly finished my arrangements before he was much more than a third of the way up. Then, with a pistol in either hand, I addressed him.

"One more step, Mr. Hands," said I, "and I'll blow your brains out! Dead men don't bite, you know," I added, with a chuckle.

He stopped instantly. I could see by the working of his face that he was trying to think, and the process was so slow and laborious that, in my new-found security, I laughed aloud. At last with a swallow or two, he spoke, his face still wearing the same expression of extreme perplexity. In order to speak he had to take the dagger from his mouth, but in all else he remained unmoved.

"Jim," says he, "I reckon we're fouled, you and me, and we'll have to sign articles. I'd have had you but for that there lurch; but I don't have no luck, not I; and I reckon I'll have to strike, which comes hard, you see, for a master mariner, to a ship's younker like you, Jim."

I was drinking in his words and smiling away, as conceited as a cock upon a wall, when, all in a breath, back went his right hand over his shoulder. Something sang like an arrow through the air; I felt a blow and then a sharp pain, and there I was pinned by the shoulder to the mast.

In the horrid pain and surprise of the moment — I scarce can say it was by my own volition, and I am sure it was without a conscious aim — both my pistols went off, and both escaped out of my hands. They did not fall alone; with a choked cry, the coxswain loosed his grasp upon the shrouds, and plunged head first into the water.

SCRAPES

[This selection tells something of what happened to Polly, a little country girl, who goes to visit her friends, the Shaw family, who live in the city. It is taken from *An Old-Fashioned Girl*, by Louisa M. Alcott. Miss Alcott wrote some other very good books for boys and girls; the best of these are *Little Women* (no girl should miss reading this!), *Little Men*, and *Jo's Boys*.]

AFTER being unusually good, children are apt to turn short round and refresh themselves by acting like Sancho. For a week after Tom's mishap, the young folks were quite angelic, so much so that grandma said she was afraid "something was going to happen to them." The dear old lady need n't have felt anxious, for such excessive virtue does n't last long enough to lead to translation, except with little prigs in the goody story-books; and no sooner was Tom on his legs again, when the whole party went astray, and much tribulation was the consequence.

It all began with "Polly's stupidity," as Fan said afterward. Just as Polly ran down to meet Mr. Shaw one evening, and was helping him off with his coat, the bell rang, and a fine bouquet of hothouse flowers was left in Polly's hands, for she never could learn city ways, and opened the door herself.

"Hey! what's this? My little Polly is beginning early, after all," said Mr. Shaw, laughing, as he watched the girl's face dimple and flush, as she smelt the lovely nosegay, and glanced at a note half hidden in the heliotrope.

Now, if Polly had n't been "stupid," as Fan said, she would have had her wits about her, and let it pass; but, you see, Polly was an honest little soul, and it never occurred to her that there was any need of concealment, so she answered in her straightforward way, "Oh, they are n't for me, sir; they are for Fan; from Mr. Frank, I guess. She'll be so pleased."

"That puppy sends her things of this sort, does he?" And Mr. Shaw looked far from pleased as he pulled out the note, and coolly opened it.

Polly had her doubts about Fan's approval of that "sort of thing," but dared not say a word, and stood thinking how she used to show her father the funny valentines the boys sent her, and how they laughed over them together. But Mr. Shaw did not laugh when he had read the sentimental verses accompanying the bouquet, and his face quite scared Polly, as he asked, angrily, "How long has this nonsense been going on?"

"Indeed, sir, I don't know. Fan does n't mean any harm. I wish I had n't said anything!" stammered Polly, remembering the promise given to Fanny the day of the concert. She had forgotten all about it, and had become accustomed to see the "big boys," as she called Mr. Frank and his friends, with the girls on all occasions. Now, it suddenly occurred to her that Mr. Shaw did n't like such amusements, and had forbidden Fan to indulge in them. "Oh, dear! how mad she will be. Well, I can't help it. Girls should n't have secrets from their fathers, then there would n't be any fuss," thought Polly, as she watched Mr. Shaw twist up the pink note and poke it back among the flowers which he took from her, saying, shortly, "Send Fanny to me in the library."

"Now you've done it, you stupid thing!" cried Fanny, both angry and dismayed, when Polly delivered the message.

"Why, what else *could* I do?" asked Polly.

"Let him think the bouquet was for you; then there'd have been no trouble."

"But that would have been doing a lie, which is most as bad as telling one."

"Don't be a goose. You've got me into a scrape, and you ought to help me out."

"I will if I can; but I won't tell lies for anybody!" cried Polly, getting excited.

"Nobody wants you to. Just hold your tongue, and let me manage."

"Then I'd better not go down," began Polly, when a stern voice from below called, like Bluebeard, "Are you coming down?"

"Yes, sir," answered a meek voice; and Fanny clutched Polly, whispering, "You *must* come; I'm frightened out of my wits when he speaks like that. Stand by me, Polly; there's a dear."

"I will," whispered "sister Ann"; and down they went with fluttering hearts.

Mr. Shaw stood on the rug, looking rather grim; the bouquet lay on the table, and beside it a note, directed to "Frank Moore, Esq.," in a very decided hand, with a fierce-looking flourish after the "Esq." Pointing to this impressive epistle, Mr. Shaw said, knitting his black eyebrows as he looked at Fanny, "I'm going to put a stop to this nonsense at once; and if I see any more of it, I'll send you to school in a Canadian convent."

This awful threat quite took Polly's breath away; but Fanny had heard it before, and having a temper of her own, said, pertly, "I'm sure I have n't done anything so very dreadful. I can't help it if the boys send me philopena presents, as they do to the other girls."

"There was nothing about philopenas in the note. But that's not the question. I forbid you to have anything to do with this Moore. He's not a boy, but a fast fellow, and I won't have him about. You knew this, and yet disobeyed me."

POLLY, THE OLD-FASHIONED GIRL

"I hardly ever see him," began Fanny.

"Is that true?" asked Mr. Shaw, turning suddenly to Polly.

"Oh, please, sir, don't ask me. I promised I would n't — that is — Fanny will tell you," cried Polly, quite red with distress at the predicament she was in.

"No matter about your promise; tell me all you know of this absurd affair. It will do Fanny more good than harm." And Mr. Shaw sat down looking more amiable, for Polly's dismay touched him.

"May I?" she whispered to Fanny.

"I don't care," answered Fan, looking both angry and ashamed, as she stood sullenly tying knots in her handkerchief.

So Polly told, with much reluctance and much questioning, all she knew of the walks, the lunches, and meetings, and the notes. It was n't much, and evidently less serious than Mr. Shaw expected; for, as he listened, his eyebrows smoothed themselves out, and more than once his lips twitched as if he wanted to laugh, for, after all, it *was* rather comical to see how the young people aped their elders, playing the new-fashioned game, quite unconscious of its real beauty, power, and sacredness.

"Oh, please, sir, don't blame Fan much, for she truly is n't half as silly as Trix and the other girls. She would n't go sleigh-riding, though Mr. Frank teased, and she wanted to ever so much. She's sorry, I know, and won't forget what you say any more, if you'll forgive her this once," cried Polly, very earnestly.

"I don't see how I can help it, when you plead so well for her. Come here, Fan, and mind this one thing; drop all this nonsense, and attend to your books, or off you go; and Canada is no joke in winter time, let me tell you."

As he spoke, Mr. Shaw stroked his sulky daughter's cheek, hoping to see some sign of regret; but Fanny felt injured, and would n't show that she was sorry, so she only said, pettishly, "I suppose I can have my flowers, now the fuss is over."

"They are going straight back where they came from, with a line from me, which will keep that puppy from ever sending you any more." Ringing the bell, Mr. Shaw despatched the unfortunate posy, and then turned to Polly, saying, kindly but gravely, "Set this silly child of mine a good example, and do your best for her, won't you?"

"Me? What can I do, sir?" asked Polly, looking ready, but quite ignorant how to begin.

"Make her as like yourself as possible, my dear; nothing would please me better. Now go, and let us hear no more of this folly."

They went without a word, and Mr. Shaw heard no more of the affair; but poor Polly did, for Fan scolded her, till Polly thought seriously of packing up and going home next day. I really have n't the heart to relate the dreadful lectures she got, the snubs she suffered, or the cold shoulders turned upon her for several days after this. Polly's heart was full, but she told no one, and bore her trouble silently, feeling her friend's ingratitude and injustice deeply.

Tom found out what the matter was, and sided with Polly, which proceeding led to scrape number two.

"Where's Fan?" asked the young gentleman, strolling into his sister's room, where Polly lay on the sofa, trying to forget her troubles in an interesting book.

"Down stairs, seeing company."

"Why did n't you go, too?"

"I don't like Trix, and I don't know her fine New York friends."

"Don't want to, neither, why don't you say?"

"Not polite."

"Who cares? I say, Polly, come and have some fun."

"I'd rather read."

"That is n't polite."

Polly laughed, and turned a page. Tom whistled a minute, then sighed deeply, and put his hand to his forehead, which the black plaster still adorned.

"Does your head ache?" asked Polly.

"Awfully."

"Better lie down, then."

"Can't; I'm fidgety, and want to be 'amoosed,' as Pug says."

"Just wait till I finish my chapter, and then I'll come," said pitiful Polly.

"All right," returned the perjured boy, who had discovered that a broken head was sometimes more useful than a whole one, and exulting in his base stratagem, he roved about the room, till Fan's bureau arrested him. It was covered with all sorts of finery, for she had dressed in a hurry and left everything topsy-turvy. A well-conducted boy would have let things alone, or a moral brother would have put things to rights; being neither, Tom rummaged to his heart's content, till Fan's drawers looked as if some one had been making hay in them. He tried the effect of ear-rings, ribbons, and collars; wound up the watch, though it was n't time; burnt his inquisitive nose with smelling-salts; deluged his grimy handkerchief with Fan's best cologne; anointed his curly crop with hair-oil, powdered his face with her violet-powder; and finished off by pinning on a bunch of false ringlets, which Fanny tried to keep a profound secret. The ravages committed by this bad boy are beyond the power of language to describe, as he revelled in the interesting drawers, boxes, and cases, which held his sister's treasures.

When the curls had been put on, with much pricking of fingers, and a blue ribbon added, *à la* Fan, he surveyed himself with satisfaction, and considered the effect so fine, that he was inspired to a still greater metamorphosis. The dress Fan had taken off lay on a chair, and into it got Tom, chuckling with suppressed laughter, for Polly was absorbed, and the bed-curtains hid his iniquity. Fan's best velvet jacket and hat, ermine muff, and a sofa-pillow for *pannier*, finished off the costume, and tripping along with elbows out, Tom appeared before the amazed Polly just as the chapter ended. She enjoyed the joke so heartily, that Tom forgot

consequences, and proposed going down into the parlor to surprise the girls.

"Goodness, no! Fanny never would forgive us if you showed her curls and things to those people. There are gentlemen among them, and it would n't be proper," said Polly, alarmed at the idea.

"All the more fun. Fan has n't treated you well, and it will serve her right if you introduce me as your dear friend, Miss Shaw. Come on, it will be a jolly lark."

"I would n't for the world; it would be so mean. Take 'em off, Tom, and I'll play anything else you like."

"I ain't going to dress up for nothing; I look so lovely, some one must admire me. Take me down, Polly, and see if they don't call me 'a sweet creature.'"

Tom looked so unutterably ridiculous as he tossed his curls and pranced, that Polly went off into another gale of merriment; but even while she laughed, she resolved not to let him mortify his sister.

"Now, then, get out of the way if you won't come; I'm going down," said Tom.

"No, you're not."

"How will you help it, Miss Prim?"

"So." And Polly locked the door, put the key in her pocket, and nodded at him defiantly.

Tom was a pepper-pot as to temper, and anything like opposition always had a bad effect. Forgetting his costume, he strode up to Polly, saying, with a threatening wag of the head, "None of that. I won't stand it."

"Promise not to plague Fan, and I'll let you out."

"Won't promise anything. Give me that key, or I'll make you."

"Now, Tom, don't be savage. I only want to keep you out of a scrape, for Fan will be raging if you go. Take off her things, and I'll give up."

Tom vouchsafed no reply, but marched to the other door, which was fast, as Polly knew, looked out of the three-story window, and finding no escape possible, came back with a wrathful face.

"Will you give me that key?"

"No, I won't," said Polly, valiantly.

"I'm stronger than you are; so you'd better hand over."

"I know you are; but it's cowardly for a great boy like you to rob a girl."

"I don't want to hurt you; but, by George! I won't stand this!"

Tom paused as Polly spoke, evidently ashamed of himself; but his temper was up, and he would n't give in. If Polly had cried a little just here, he would have yielded; unfortunately she giggled, for Tom's fierce attitude was such a funny contrast to his dress that she could n't help it. That settled the matter. No girl that ever lived should giggle at him, much less lock him up like a small child. Without a word, he made a grab at Polly's arm, for the hand holding the key was still in her pocket. With her other hand she clutched her frock, and for a minute held on stoutly. But Tom's strong fingers were irresistible; rip went the pocket, out came the hand, and with a cry of pain from Polly, the key fell on the floor.

"It's your own fault if you're hurt. I did n't mean to," muttered Tom, as he hastily departed, leaving Polly to groan over her sprained wrist. He went down, but not into the parlor, for somehow the joke seemed to have lost its relish; so he made the girls in the kitchen laugh, and then crept up the back way, hoping to make it all right with Polly. But she had gone to grandma's room, for, though the old lady was out, it seemed a refuge. He had just time to get things in order, when Fanny came up, crosser than ever; for Trix had been telling her of all sorts of fun in which she might have had a share, if Polly had held her tongue.

"Where is she?" asked Fan, wishing to vent her vexation on her friend.

"Moping in her room, I suppose," replied Tom, who was discovered reading studiously.

Now, while this had been happening, Maud had been getting into hot water also; for when her maid left her, to see a friend below, Miss Maud paraded into Polly's room, and solaced herself with mischief. In an evil hour Polly had let her play boat in her big trunk, which stood empty. Since then Polly had stored some of her most private treasures in the upper tray, so that she might feel sure they were safe from all eyes. She had forgotten to lock the trunk, and when Maud raised the lid to begin her voyage, several objects of interest met her

eyes. She was deep in her researches when Fan came in and looked over her shoulder, feeling too cross with Polly to chide Maud.

As Polly had no money for presents, she had exerted her ingenuity to devise all sorts of gifts, hoping by quantity to atone for any shortcomings in quality. Some of her attempts were successful, others were failures; but she kept them all, fine or funny, knowing the children at home would enjoy anything new. Some of Maud's cast-off toys had been neatly mended for Kitty; some of Fan's old ribbons and laces were converted into doll's finery; and Tom's little figures, whittled out of wood in idle minutes, were laid away to show Will what could be done with a knife.

"What rubbish!" said Fanny.

"Queer girl, is n't she?" added Tom, who had followed to see what was going on.

"Don't you laugh at Polly's things. She makes nicer dolls than you, Fan, and she can wite and dwar ever so much better than Tom," cried Maud.

"How do you know? I never saw her draw," said Tom.

"Here's a book with lots of pictures in it. I can't read the writing; but the pictures are so funny."

Eager to display her friend's accomplishments, Maud pulled out a fat little book, marked "Polly's Journal," and spread it in her lap.

"Only the pictures; no harm in taking a look at 'em," said Tom.

"Just one peep," answered Fanny; and the next minute both were laughing at a droll sketch of Tom in the gutter, with the big dog howling over him, and the velocipede running away. Very rough and faulty, but so funny, that it was evident Polly's sense of humor was strong. A few pages farther back came Fanny and Mr. Frank, caricatured; then grandma, carefully done; Tom reciting his battle-piece; Mr. Shaw and Polly in the park; Maud being borne away by Katy; and all the school-girls turned into ridicule with an unsparing hand.

"Sly little puss, to make fun of us behind our backs," said Fan, rather nettled by Polly's quiet retaliation for many slights from herself and friends.

"She does draw well," said Tom, looking critically at the sketch of a boy with a pleasant face, round whom Polly had drawn rays like the sun, and under which was written, "My dear Jimmy."

"You would n't admire her, if you knew what she wrote here about you," said Fanny, whose eyes had strayed to the written page opposite, and lingered there long enough to read something that excited her curiosity.

"What is it?" asked Tom, forgetting his honorable resolves for a minute.

"She says, 'I try to like Tom, and when he is pleasant we do very well; but he don't stay so long. He gets cross and rough, and disrespectful to his father and mother, and plagues us girls, and is so horrid I almost hate him. It's very wrong, but I can't help it.' How do you like that?" asked Fanny.

"Go ahead, and see how she comes down on you, ma'am," retorted Tom, who had read on a bit.

"Does she?" And Fanny continued, rapidly: "As for Fan, I don't think we can be friends any more; for she told her father a lie, and won't forgive me for not doing so too. I used to think her a very fine girl; but I don't now. If she would be as she was when I first knew her, I should love her just the same; but she is n't kind to me; and though she is always talking about politeness, I don't think it *is* polite to treat company as she does me. She thinks I am odd and countrified, and I dare say I am; but I should n't laugh at a girl's clothes because she was poor, or keep her out of the way because she did n't do just as other girls did here. I see her make fun of me, and I can't feel as I did; and I'd go home, only it would seem ungrateful to Mr. Shaw and grandma, and I do love them dearly."

"I say, Fan, you've got it now. Shut the book and come away," cried Tom, enjoying this broadside immensely, but feeling guilty, as well he might.

"Just one bit more," whispered Fanny, turning on a page or two, and stopping at a leaf that was blurred here and there, as if tears had dropped on it.

"Sunday morning, early. Nobody is up to spoil my quiet time, and I must write my journal, for I've been so bad lately, I could n't bear to do it. I'm glad my visit is most done, for things worry me here, and there is n't any

one to help me get right when I get wrong. I used to envy Fanny; but I don't now, for her father and mother don't take care of her as mine do of me. She is afraid of her father, and makes her mother do as she likes. I 'm glad I came though, for I see money don't give people everything; but I 'd like a little all the same for it is *so* comfortable to buy nice things. I read over my journal just now, and I 'm afraid it 's not a good one; for I have said all sorts of things about the people here, and it is n't kind. I should tear it out, only I promised to keep my diary, and I want to talk over things that puzzle me with mother. I see now that it is my fault a good deal; for I have n't been half as patient and pleasant as I ought to be. I will truly try for the rest of the time, and be as good and grateful as I can; for I want them to like me, though I 'm only 'an old-fashioned country girl.'"

That last sentence made Fanny shut the book, with a face full of self-reproach; for she had said those words herself, in a fit of petulance, and Polly had made no answer, though her eyes filled and her cheeks burned. Fan opened her lips to say something; but not a sound followed, for there stood Polly looking at them with an expression they had never seen before.

"What are you doing with my things?" she demanded, in a low tone, while her eyes kindled and her color changed.

"Maud showed us a book she found, and we were just looking at the pictures," began Fanny, dropping it as if it burnt her fingers.

"And reading my journal, and laughing at my presents, and then putting the blame on Maud. It 's the meanest thing I ever saw; and I 'll never forgive you as long as I live!"

Polly said this all in one indignant breath, and then as if afraid of saying too much, ran out of the room with such a look of mingled contempt, grief, and anger, that the three culprits stood dumb with shame. Tom had n't even a whistle at his command; Maud was so scared at gentle Polly's outbreak, that she sat as still as a mouse; while Fanny, conscience-stricken, laid back the poor little presents with a respectful hand, for somehow the thought of Polly's poverty came over her as it never had done before; and these odds and ends, so carefully treasured up for those at home, touched Fanny, and grew beautiful in her eyes. As she laid by the little book, the confessions in it reproached her more sharply than any words Polly could have spoken; for she *had* laughed at her friend, *had* slighted her sometimes, and been unforgiving for an innocent offence. The last page, where Polly took the blame on herself, and promised to "truly try" to be more kind and patient, went to Fanny's heart, melting all the coldness away, and she could only lay her head on the trunk, sobbing, "It was n't Polly's fault; it was all mine."

Tom, still red with shame at being caught in such a scrape, left Fanny to her tears, and went manfully away to find the injured Polly, and confess his manifold transgressions. But Polly could n't be found. He searched high and low in every room, yet no sign of the girl appeared, and Tom began to get anxious. "She can't have run away home, can she?" he said to himself, as he paused before the hat-tree. There was the little round hat, and Tom gave it a remorseful smooth, remembering how many times he had tweaked it half off, or poked it over poor Polly's eyes. "Maybe she's gone down to the office, to tell pa. 'T is n't a bit like her, though. Anyway, I 'll take a look round the corner."

Eager to get his boots, Tom pulled open the door of a dark closet under the stairs, and nearly tumbled over backward with surprise; for there, on the floor, with her head pillowed on a pair of rubbers, lay Polly in an attitude of despair. This mournful spectacle sent Tom's penitent speech straight out of his head, and with an astonished "Hullo!" he stood and stared in impressive silence. Polly was n't crying, and lay so still, that Tom began to think she might be in a fit or a faint, and bent anxiously down to inspect the pathetic bunch. A glimpse of wet eyelashes, a round cheek redder than usual, and lips parted by quick breathing, relieved his mind upon that point; so, taking courage, he sat down on the boot-jack, and begged pardon, like a man.

Now, Polly was very angry, and I think she had a right to be; but she was not resentful, and after the first flash was over, she soon began to feel better about it. It was n't easy to forgive; but, as she listened to Tom's honest voice, getting gruff with remorse now and then, she

could n't harden her heart against him, or refuse to make up when he so frankly owned that it "was confounded mean to read her book that way." She liked his coming and begging pardon at once; it was a handsome thing to do; she appreciated it, and forgave him in her heart some time before she did with her lips; for, to tell the truth, Polly had a spice of girlish malice, and rather liked to see domineering Tom eat humble-pie, just enough to do him good, you know. She felt that atonement was proper, and considered it no more than just that Fan should drench a handkerchief or two with repentant tears, and that Tom should sit on a very uncomfortable seat and call himself hard names for five or ten minutes before she relented.

"Come, now, do say a word to a fellow. I'm getting the worst of it, anyway; for there's Fan, crying her eyes out upstairs, and here are you stowed away in a dark closet as dumb as a fish, and nobody but me to bring you both round. I'd have cut over to the Smythes and got ma home to fix things, only it looked like backing out of the scrape; so I did n't," said Tom as a last appeal.

Polly was glad to hear that Fan was crying. It would do her good; but she could n't help softening to Tom, who did seem in a predicament, between two weeping damsels. A little smile began to dimple the cheek that was n't hidden, and then a hand came slowly out from under the curly head, and was stretched toward him silently. Tom was just going to give it a hearty shake, when he saw a red mark on the wrist, and knew what made it. His face changed, and he took the chubby hand so gently, that Polly peeped to see what it meant.

"Will you forgive that, too?" he asked, in a whisper, stroking the red wrist.

"Yes; it don't hurt much now." And Polly drew her hand away, sorry he had seen it.

"I was a beast, that's what I was!" said Tom, in a tone of great disgust; and just at that awkward minute down tumbled his father's old beaver over his head and face, putting a comical quelcher on his self-reproaches.

Of course, neither could help laughing at that; and when he emerged, Polly was sitting up, looking as much better for her shower as he did for his momentary eclipse.

"Fan feels dreadfully. Will you kiss and be friends, if I trot her down?" asked Tom, remembering his fellow-sinner.

"I'll go to her." And Polly whisked out of the closet as suddenly as she had whisked in, leaving Tom sitting on the boot-jack, with a radiant countenance.

How the girls made it up no one ever knew; but after much talking and crying, kissing and laughing, the breach was healed, and peace declared. A slight haze still lingered in the air after the storm, for Fanny was very humble and tender that evening; Tom a trifle pensive, but distressingly polite, and Polly magnanimously friendly to every one; for generous natures like to forgive and Polly enjoyed the petting after the insult, like a very human girl.

As she was brushing her hair at bedtime there came a tap on her door, and, opening it, she beheld nothing but a tall black bottle, with a strip of red flannel tied round it like a cravat, and a cocked-hat note on the cork. Inside were these lines, written in a sprawling hand with very black ink:

"DEAR POLLY, — Opydilldock is first-rate for sprains. You put a lot on the flannel and do up your wrist, and I guess it will be all right in the morning. Will you come for a sleigh-ride to-morrow? I'm awful sorry I hurt you.

TOM."

THE WRECK OF THE "HESPERUS"

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

(1807–1882)

IT was the schooner *Hesperus*,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

DOWN CAME THE STORM AND SMOTE AMAIN THE VESSEL IN ITS STRENGTH

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast,
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"
"'T is a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savèd she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept
Toward the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks they gored her sides
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass she stove and sank, —
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak on the bleak sea-beach
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the *Hesperus*,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

SCENES FROM "SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON"

The vessel at the mercy of the waves; no trace of man; gathering necessaries from the vessel; the pursuit of the wounded bird.

THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON IS SAVED FROM SHIPWRECK

[This selection is taken from *Swiss Family Robinson*, a book that for several generations has been a classic story for children. It is something like *Robinson Crusoe*. The chief difference is that instead of just one person being cast away on a desert island and forced to live there for a number of years, in *Swiss Family Robinson* a whole family (father, mother, and four children) is shipwrecked.]

ALREADY the tempest had continued six days; on the seventh its fury seemed still increasing; and the morning dawned upon us without a prospect of hope, for we had wandered so far from the right track, and were so forcibly driven toward the south-east, that none on board knew where we were. The ship's company were exhausted by labor and watching, and the courage which had sustained them was now sinking. The shivered masts had been cast into the sea; several leaks appeared, and the ship began to fill. "My beloved children," said I to my four boys, who clung to me in their fright, "God can save us, for nothing is impossible to him. We must, however, hold ourselves resigned, and, instead of murmuring at his decree, rely that what he sees fit to do is best."

My excellent wife wiped the tears which were falling on her cheeks, and from this moment became more tranquil; she encouraged the youngest children who were leaning on her knees; while I, who owed them an example of firmness, was scarcely able to resist my grief at the thought of what would most likely be the fate of beings so tenderly beloved. We all fell on our knees, and supplicated the God of Mercy to protect us. Fritz, my eldest son, implored, in a loud voice, that God would deign to save his dear parents and his brothers, generously unmindful of himself: the boys rose from their posture with a state of mind so improved that they seemed forgetful of the impending danger. I myself began to feel my hopes increase, as I beheld the affecting group. Heaven will surely have pity on them, thought I, and will save their parents to guard their tender years!

At this moment a cry of "Land, land!" was heard through the roaring of the waves, and instantly the vessel struck against a rock with so violent a motion as to drive every one from his place; a tremendous cracking succeeded, as if the ship was going to pieces; the sea rushed in, in all directions; we perceived that the vessel had grounded, and could not long hold together. The captain called out that all was lost, and bade the men lose not a moment in putting out the boats. The sounds fell on my heart like a thrust from a dagger: "We are lost!" I exclaimed, and the children broke out into piercing cries.

I then recollected myself, and, addressing them again, exhorted them to courage, by observing that the water had not yet reached us, that the ship was near land, and that Providence would assist the brave. "Keep where you are," I added, "while I go and examine what is best to be done."'

I now went on the deck. A wave instantly threw me down, and wetted me to the skin; another followed, and then another. I sustained myself as steadily as I could; and looking around, a scene of terrific and complete disaster met my eyes: the ship was shattered in all directions, and on one side there was a complete breach. The ship's company crowded into the boats till they could contain not one man more, and the last who entered were now cutting the ropes to move off. I called to them with almost frantic entreaties to stop and receive us also, but in vain; for the roaring of the sea prevented my being heard, and the waves, which rose to the height of mountains, would have made it impossible to return. All hope from this source was over, for, while I spoke, the boats, and all they contained, were driving out of sight. My best consolation now was to observe, that the slanting position the ship had taken would afford us present protection from the water; and that the stern, under which was the cabin that enclosed all that was dear to me on earth, had been driven upwards between two rocks, and seemed immovably fixed. At the same time, in the distance southward, I descried through clouds and rain, several nooks of land, which, though rude and savage in appearance, were the objects of every hope I could form in this distressing moment.

Sunk and desolate from the loss of all chance

of human aid, it was yet my duty to appear serene before my family: "Courage, dear ones," cried I, on entering their cabin, "let us not desert ourselves: I will not conceal from you that the ship is aground; but we are at least in greater safety than if she were beating upon the rocks; our cabin is above water; and should the sea be more calm to-morrow, we may yet find means to reach the land in safety."

What I had just said appeased their fears; for my family had the habit of confiding in my assurances. They now began to feel the advantage of the ship's remaining still; for its motion had been most distressing, by jostling them one against another or whatever happened to be nearest. My wife, however, more accustomed than the children to read my inmost thoughts, perceived the anxiety which devoured me. I made her a sign which conveyed the idea of the hopelessness of our situation; and I had the consolation to see that she was resolved to support the trial with resignation. "Let us take some nourishment," said she; "our courage will strengthen with our bodies; we shall perhaps need this comfort to support a long and melancholy night."

Soon after, night set in; the fury of the tempest had not abated; the planks and beams of the vessel separated in many parts with an horrible crash. We thought of the boats, and feared that all they contained must have sunk under the foaming surge.

My wife had prepared a slender meal, and the four boys partook of it with an appetite to which their parents were strangers. They went to bed, and, exhausted by fatigue, soon were snoring soundly. Fritz, the eldest, sat up with us. "I have been thinking," said he, after a long silence, "how it may be possible to save ourselves. If we had some bladders or cork-jackets for my mother and my brothers, you and I, father, would soon contrive to swim to land."

"That is a good thought," said I; "we will see what can be done."

Fritz and I looked about for some small empty firkins; these we tied two and two together with handkerchiefs or towels, leaving about a foot distance between them, and fastened them as swimming jackets under the arms of each child, my wife at the same time preparing one for herself. We provided ourselves with knives, some string, and other necessaries which could be put into the pocket, proceeding upon the hope that, if the ship went to pieces in the night, we should either be able to swim to land, or be driven thither by the waves.

Fritz, who had been up all night, and was fatigued with his laborious occupations, now lay down near his brothers, and was soon asleep; but their mother and I, too anxious to close our eyes, kept watch, listening to every sound that seemed to threaten a further change in our situation. We passed this awful night in prayer, in agonizing apprehensions, and in forming various resolutions as to what we should next attempt. We hailed with joy the first gleam of light which shot through a small opening of the window. The raging of the winds had begun to abate, the sky was become serene, and hope throbbed in my bosom, as I beheld the sun already tingeing the horizon. Thus revived, I summoned my wife and the boys to the deck to partake of the scene. The youngest children, half forgetful of the past, asked with surprise, why we were there alone, and what had become of the ship's company? I led them to the recollection of our misfortune, and then added, "Dearest children, a Being more powerful than man has helped us, and will, no doubt, continue to help us, if we do not abandon ourselves to a fruitless despair. Observe, our companions, in whom we had so much confidence, have deserted us, and that Divine Providence, in its goodness, has given us protection! But, my dear ones, let us show ourselves willing in our exertions, and thus deserve support from heaven. Let us not forget this useful maxim, and let each labor according to his strength."

Fritz advised that we should all throw ourselves into the sea, while it was calm, and swim to land. — "Ah! that may be well enough for you," said Ernest, "for you can swim; but we others should soon be drowned. Would it not be better to make a float of rafts, and get to land all together upon it?"

"Vastly well," answered I, "if we had the means for contriving such a float, and if, after all, it were not a dangerous sort of conveyance. But come, my boys, look each of you about the ship, and see what can be done to enable us to reach the land!"

They now all sprang from me with eager looks, to do as I desired. I, on my part, lost no time in examining what we had to depend upon as to provisions and fresh water. My wife and the youngest boy visited the animals, whom they found in a pitiable condition, nearly perishing with hunger and thirst. Fritz repaired to the ammunition room; Ernest to the carpenter's cabin; and Jack to the apartment of the cabin; but scarcely had he opened the door, when two large dogs sprang upon him, and saluted him with such rude affection that he roared for assistance, as if they had been killing him. Hunger, however, had rendered the poor creatures so gentle that they licked his hands and face, uttering all the time a low sort of moan, and continuing their caresses till he was almost suffocated. Poor Jack exerted all his strength in blows to drive them away: at last he began to understand, and to sympathize in their joyful movements, and put himself upon another footing. He got upon his legs, and gently taking the largest dog by the ears, sprang upon his back, and with great gravity presented himself thus mounted before me, as I came out of the ship's hold. I could not refrain from laughing, and I praised his courage; but I added a little exhortation to be cautious, and not to go too far with animals of this species, who, in a state of hunger, might be dangerous.

By and by my little company were again assembled round me, and each boasted of what he had to contribute. Fritz had two fowling-pieces, some powder and small-shot, contained in horn flasks, and some bullets in bags.

Ernest produced his hat filled with nails, and held in his hands a hatchet and a hammer; in addition, a pair of pincers, a pair of large scissors, and an auger peeped out at his pocket-hole.

Even the little Francis carried under his arm a box of no very small size, from which he eagerly produced what he called some little sharp-pointed hooks. His brothers smiled scornfully. "Vastly well, gentlemen," said I; "but let me tell you that the youngest has brought the most valuable prize, and this is often the case in the world; the person who least courts the smiles of Fortune, and in the calm of his heart is scarcely conscious of her existence, is often he to whom she most readily presents herself. These little sharp-pointed hooks, as Francis calls them, are fishing-hooks, and will probably be of more use in preserving our lives than all we may find besides in the ship. In justice, however, I must confess, that what Fritz and Ernest have contributed will also afford essential service."

"I, for my part," said my wife, "have brought nothing; but I have some tidings to communicate which I hope will secure my welcome: I have found on board a cow and an ass, two goats, six sheep, and a sow big with young: I have just supplied them with food and water, and I reckon on being able to preserve their lives."

"All this is admirable," said I to my young laborers; "and there is only Master Jack, who, instead of thinking of something useful, has done us the favor to present us two personages, who, no doubt, will be principally distinguished by being willing to eat more than we shall have to give them."

"Ah!" replied Jack, "but if we can once get to land, you will see that they will assist us in hunting and shooting."

"True enough," said I, "but be so good as to tell us how we are to get to land, and whether you have contrived the means?"

"I am sure it cannot be very difficult," said Jack, with an arch motion of his head. "Look here at these large tubs. Why cannot each of us get into one of them, and float to the land? I remember I succeeded very well in this manner on the water, when I was visiting my godfather at S—."

"Every one's thought is good for something," cried I, "and I begin to believe that what Jack has suggested is worth a trial: quick, then, boy! give me the saw, the auger, and some nails; we will see what is to be done." I recollected having seen some empty casks in the ship's hold: we went down, and found them floating in the water, which had got into the vessel; it cost us but little trouble to hoist them up and place them on the lower deck, which was at this time scarcely above water. We saw, with joy, that they were all sound, well guarded by iron hoops, and in every respect in good condition; they were exactly suited for the object; and, with the assistance of my sons, I instantly began to saw them in two. In a short time I had produced eight tubs, of equal size, and of

the proper height. I viewed with delight my eight little tubs, ranged in a line. I was surprised to see that my wife did not partake our eagerness; she sighed deeply as she looked at them. "Never, never," cried she, "can I venture to get into one of these."

"Do not decide so hastily, my dear," said I; "my plan is not yet complete; and you will see presently that it is more worthy of our confidence than this shattered vessel, which cannot move from its place."

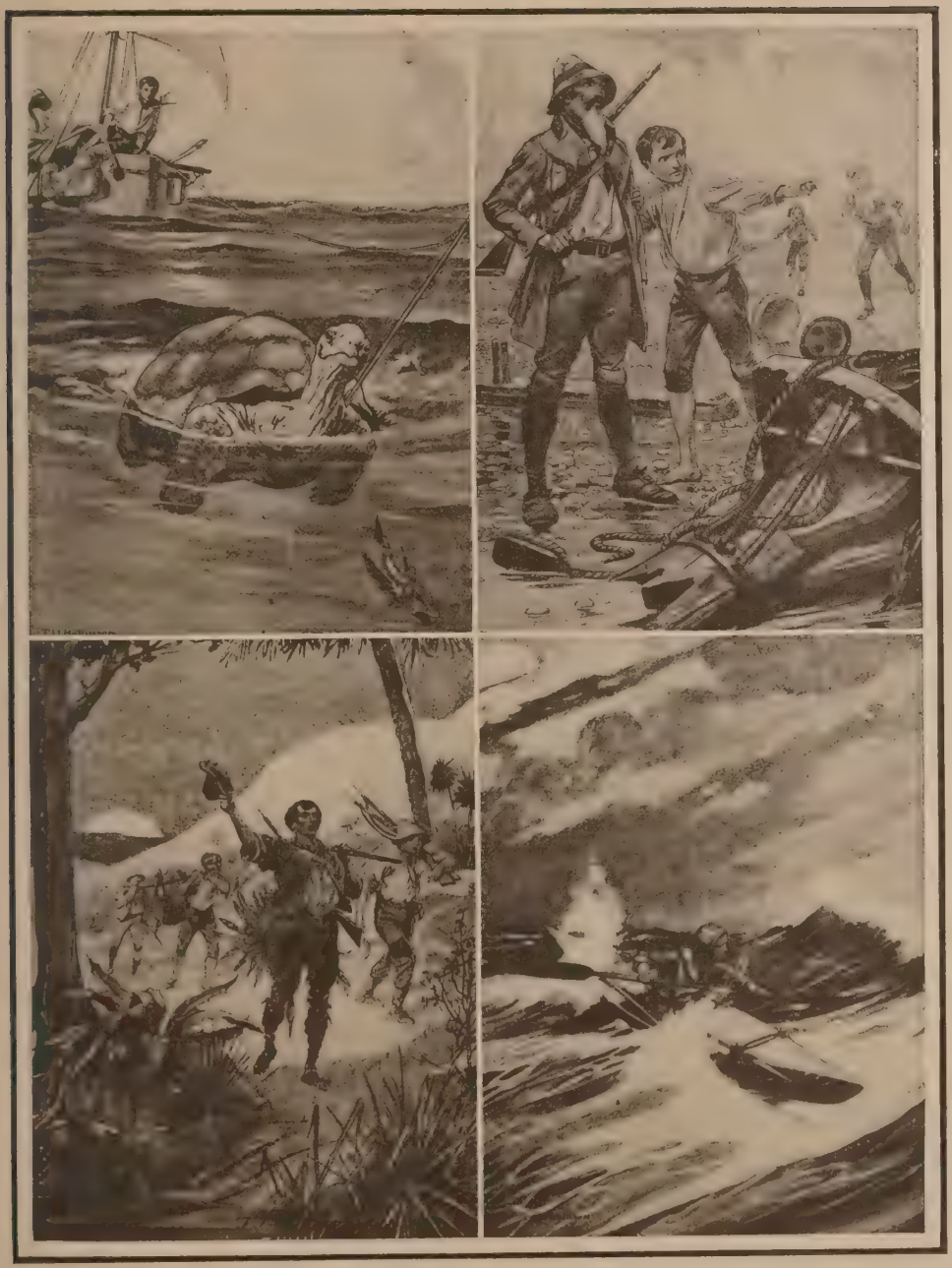
I then sought for a long pliant plank, and placed my eight tubs upon it, leaving a piece at each end reaching beyond the tubs; which, bent upward, would present an outline like the keel of a vessel. We next nailed all the tubs to the plank, and then the tubs to each other, as they stood, side by side, to make them firmer, and afterwards two other planks, of the same length as the first, on each side of the tubs. When all this was finished, we found we had produced a kind of narrow boat, divided into eight compartments, which I had no doubt would be able to perform a short course in calm water.

We had spent the day in laborious exertions; it was already late; and as it would not have been possible to reach the land that evening, we were obliged to pass a second night in the wrecked vessel, which at every instant threatened to fall to pieces. We next refreshed ourselves by a regular meal. Being now in a more tranquil and unapprehensive state of mind than the day before, we all abandoned ourselves to sleep; not, however, till I had used the precaution of tying the swimming apparatus round my three youngest boys and my wife, in case the storm should again come on. I also advised my wife to dress herself in the clothes of one of the sailors, which were so much more convenient for swimming, or any other exertion she might be compelled to engage in. She consented, but not without reluctance, and left us to look for some that might best suit her size. In a quarter of an hour she returned, dressed in the clothes of a young man who had served as volunteer on board the ship. She could not conceal the timid awkwardness, so natural to her sex, in such a situation: but I soon found means to reconcile her to the change, by representing the many advantages it gave her, till at length she joined in the merriment her dress occasioned, and one and all crept into our separate hammocks, where a delicious repose prepared us for the renewal of our labors.

By break of day we were all awake and alert, for hope as well as grief is unfriendly to lengthened slumbers. When we had finished our morning prayer, I said, "We now, my best beloved, with the assistance of Heaven, must enter upon the work of our deliverance. The first thing to be done, is to give to each poor animal on board a hearty meal; we will then put food enough before them for several days; we cannot take them with us; but we will hope it may be possible, if our voyage succeeds, to return and fetch them. Are you now all ready? Bring together whatever is absolutely necessary for our wants. It is my wish that our first cargo should consist of a barrel of gunpowder, three fowling pieces, and three carbines, with as much small-shot and lead, and as many bullets as our boat will carry; two pairs of pocket pistols, and one of large ones, not forgetting a mould to cast balls in: each of the boys, and their mother also, should have a bag to carry game in; you will find plenty of these in the cabins of the officers." We added a chest containing cakes of portable soup, another full of hard biscuits, an iron pot, a fishing-rod, a chest of nails, and another of different utensils, such as hammers, saws, pincers, hatchets, augers, etc., and lastly, some sail-cloth to make a tent. Indeed, the boys brought so many things that we were obliged to reject some of them, though I had already exchanged the worthless ballast for articles of use.

When all was ready we stepped bravely each into a tub. At the moment of our departure the cocks and hens began to cluck, as if conscious that we had deserted them, yet were willing to bid us a sorrowful adieu. This suggested to me the idea of taking two geese, ducks, fowls, and pigeons with us; observing to my wife that, if we could not find the means to feed them, at least they would feed us.

We accordingly executed this plan. We put ten hens and an old and a young cock into one of the tubs, and covered it with planks; we set the rest at liberty, in the hope that instinct would direct them towards the land, the geese and ducks by water, and the pigeons by the air.



LATER ADVENTURES OF THE FAMILY

The turtle drawing the boat; exploring; the boys returning with their spoils; Fritz shooting through the waves.

We were waiting for my wife, who had the care of this last part of our embarkation, when she joined us loaded with a large bag, which she threw into the tub that already contained her youngest son. I imagined that she intended it for him to sit upon, or perhaps to confine him so as to prevent his being tossed from side to side. I therefore asked no questions concerning it. The order of our departure was as follows:

In the first tub, at the boat's head, my wife, the most tender and exemplary of her sex, placed herself.

In the second, our little Francis, a lovely boy, six years old, remarkable for the sweetest and happiest temper, and for his affection to his parents.

In the third, Fritz, our eldest boy, between fourteen and fifteen years of age, a handsome curl-pated youth, full of intelligence and vivacity.

In the fourth was the barrel of gunpowder, with the cocks and hens, and the sail-cloth.

In the fifth, the provisions of every kind.

In the sixth, our third son, Jack, a light-hearted, enterprising, audacious, generous lad, about ten years old.

In the seventh, our second son, Ernest, a boy twelve years old, of a rational, reflecting temper, well informed for his age, but somewhat disposed to indolence and pleasure.

In the eighth a father, to whose paternal care the task of guiding the machine for the safety of his beloved family was intrusted. Each of us had useful implements within reach; the hand of each held an oar, and near each was a swimming apparatus, in readiness for what might happen. The tide was already at half its height when we left the ship, and I had counted on this circumstance as favorable to our want of strength. We held the two paddles longways, and thus we passed without accident through the cleft of the vessel into the sea. The boys devoured with their eyes the blue land they saw at a distance. We rowed with all our strength, but long in vain, to reach it: the boat only turned round and round. At length I had the good fortune to steer in such a way that it proceeded in a straight line. The two dogs, perceiving we had abandoned them, plunged into the sea and swam to the boat; they were too large for us to think of giving them admittance, and I dreaded lest they should jump in and upset us. I was in great uneasiness on their account, for I feared it would not be possible for them to swim so far. The dogs, however, managed the affair with perfect intelligence. When fatigued, they rested their fore-paws on one of the paddles, and thus with little effort proceeded.

Jack was disposed to refuse them this accommodation, but he soon yielded to my argument that it was cruel and unwise to neglect creatures thrown on our protection, and who indeed might hereafter protect us in their turn, by guarding us from harm and assisting in our pursuit of animals for food. "Besides," added I, "God has given the dog to man to be his faithful companion and friend."

Our voyage proceeded securely, though slowly; but the nearer we approached the land, the more gloomy and unpromising its aspect appeared. The coast was clothed with barren rocks, which seemed to offer nothing but hunger and distress. The sea was calm; the waves, gently agitated, washed the shore, and the sky was serene in every direction; we perceived casks, bales, chests, and other vestiges of shipwrecks, floating round us. In the hope of obtaining some good provisions, I determined on endeavoring to secure some of the casks. I bade Fritz have a rope, a hammer, and some nails ready, and to try to seize them as we passed. He succeeded in laying hold of two, and in such a way that we could draw them after us to the shore. Now that we were close on land, its rude outline was much softened; the rocks no longer appeared one undivided chain; Fritz, with his hawk's eye, already descried some trees, and exclaimed that they were palm trees. Ernest expressed his joy that he should now get much larger and better cocoanuts than he ever had seen before. I, for my part, was venting audibly my regret that I had not thought of bringing a telescope that I knew was in the captain's cabin, when Jack drew a small one from his pocket, and with a look of triumph presented it to me.

The acquisition of the telescope was of great importance; for with its aid I was able to make the necessary observations, and was more sure of the route I ought to take. On applying it to my eye I remarked that the shore before us had

a desert and savage aspect, but that toward the left the scene was more agreeable; but when I attempted to steer in that direction, a current carried me irresistibly towards the coast that was rocky and barren. By and by we perceived a little opening between the rocks, near the mouth of a creek, towards which all our geese and ducks betook themselves; and I, relying on their sagacity, followed in the same course. This opening formed a little bay; the water was tranquil, and neither too deep nor too shallow to receive our boat. I entered it, and cautiously put on shore to a spot where the coast was about the same height above the water as our tubs, and where, at the same time, there was a quantity sufficient to keep us afloat. The shore extended inland, in something of the form of an isosceles triangle, the upper angle of which terminated among the rocks, while the margin of the sea formed the basis.

All that had life in the boat jumped eagerly on land. Even little Francis, who had been wedged in his tub like a potted herring, now got up and sprang forward; but, with all his efforts, he could not succeed without his mother's help. The dogs, who had swum on shore, received us, as if appointed to do the honors of the place, jumping round us with every demonstration of joy; the geese kept up a loud cackling, to which the ducks, from their broad yellow beaks, contributed a perpetual thorough bass; the cocks and hens, which we had already set at liberty, clucked; the boys, chattering all at once, produced altogether an overpowering confusion of sounds: to this was added the disagreeable scream of some penguins and flamingoes, which we now perceived; the latter flying over our heads, the others sitting on the points of the rocks at the entrance of the bay.

The first thing we did on finding ourselves safe on *terra firma* was to fall on our knees and return thanks to the Supreme Being who had preserved our lives, and to recommend ourselves with entire resignation to the care of his paternal kindness.

We next employed our whole attention on unloading the boat. Oh! how rich we thought ourselves in the little we had been able to rescue from the merciless abyss of waters! We looked about for a convenient place to set up a tent under the shade of the rocks; and having all consulted and agreed upon a place, we set to work. We drove one of our poles firmly into a fissure of the rock; this rested upon another pole, which was driven perpendicularly into the ground and formed the ridge of our tent. A frame for a dwelling was thus made secure. We next threw some sail-cloth over the ridge, and stretching it to a convenient distance on each side, fastened its extremities to the ground with stakes. Lastly, I fixed some tenter-hooks along the edge of one side of the sail-cloth in front, that we might be able to enclose the entrance during night by hooking in the opposite edge. The chest of provisions, and other heavy matters, we had left on the shore. The next thing was to desire my sons to look about for grass and moss, to be spread and dried in the sun, to serve us for beds. During this occupation, in which even little Francis could take a share, I erected near the tent a kind of little kitchen. A few flat stones I found in the bed of a fresh-water river served for a hearth. I got a quantity of dry branches: with the largest I made a small enclosure round it; and with the little twigs, added to some of our turf, I made a brisk cheering fire. We put some of the soup-cakes, with water, into our iron pot, and placed it over the flame; and my wife, with my little Francis for a scullion, took charge of preparing the dinner.

In the meanwhile, Fritz had been reloading the guns, with one of which he had wandered along the side of the river. He had proposed to Ernest to accompany him; but Ernest replied that he did not like a rough, stony walk, and that he should go to the seashore. Jack took the road towards a chain of rocks which jutted out into the sea, with the intention of gathering some of the mussels which grew upon them.

My own occupation was now an endeavor to draw the two floating casks on shore, but in which I could not succeed; for our place of landing, though convenient enough for our machine, was too steep for the casks. While I was looking about to find a more favorable spot, I heard loud cries proceeding from a short distance, and recognized the voice of my son Jack. I snatched my hatchet, and ran anxiously to his assistance. I soon perceived him up to his knees in water in a shallow, and that a large

lobster had fastened its claws in his leg. The poor boy screamed pitiably, and made useless efforts to disengage himself. I jumped instantly into the water; and the enemy was no sooner sensible of my approach than he let go his hold, and would have scampered out to sea, but that I indulged the fancy of a little malice against him for the alarm he had caused us. I turned quickly upon him, and took him up by the body, and carried him off, followed by Jack, who shouted our triumph all the way. He begged me at last to let him hold the animal in his own hand that he might himself present so fine a booty to his mother. Accordingly, having observed how I held it to avoid the gripe, he laid his own hand upon it in exactly the same manner; but scarcely had he grasped it than he received a violent blow on the face from the lobster's tail, which made him loose his hold, and the animal fell to the ground. Jack again began to bawl out, while I could not refrain from laughing heartily. In his rage he took up a stone, and killed the lobster with a single blow. I was a little vexed at this conclusion to the scene. "This is what we call killing an enemy when he is unable to defend himself, Jack; it is wrong to revenge an injury while we are in a state of anger: the lobster, it is true, had given you a bite; but then you, on your part, would have eaten the lobster. So the game was at least equal. Another time, I advise you to be both more prudent and more merciful." — "But, pray, father, let me carry it to my mother," said Jack, fearless now of further warfare; and accordingly he carried it to the kitchen, triumphantly exclaiming, "Mother, mother, a sea lobster! — Ernest, a sea lobster! Where is Fritz? Where is Fritz? Take care, Francis, he will bite you." In a moment all were round him to examine the wonderful creature, and all proclaimed their astonishment at his enormous size, while they observed that its form was precisely that of the common lobster so much in use in Europe.

"Yes, yes," said Jack, holding up one of the claws; "you may well wonder at his size: this was the frightful claw which seized my leg, and if I had not had on my thick sea pantaloons, he would have bit it through and through; but I have taught him what it is to attack *me:* I have paid him well."

"Oh, oh! Mr. Boaster," cried I, "you give a pretty account of the matter. Now, *mine* would be that, if I had not been near, the lobster would have shown you another sort of game; for the slap he gave you in the face compelled you, I think, to let go your hold. And it is well it should be thus; for he fought with the arms with which nature had supplied him, but you had recourse to a great stone for your defence. Believe me, Jack, you have no great reason to boast of the adventure."

Ernest, ever prompted by his savory tooth, bawled out that the lobster had better be put into the soup, which would give it an excellent flavor; but this his mother opposed, observing that we must be more economical of our provisions than that, for the lobster of itself would furnish a dinner for the whole family. I now left them, and walked again to the scene of this adventure, and examined the shallow: then made another attempt upon my two casks, and at length succeeded in getting them into it, and in fixing them there securely on their bottoms.

On my return, I complimented Jack on his being the first to procure an animal that might serve for subsistence, and promised him, for his own share, the famous claw which had furnished us with so lively a discussion.

"Ah! but I have seen something, too, that is good to eat," said Ernest; "and I should have got it if it had not been in the water, so that I must have wetted my feet —"

"Oh! that is a famous story," cried Jack; "I can tell you what he saw — some nasty mussels: why, I would not eat one of them for the world. Think of my lobster!"

"That is not true, Jack; for they were oysters, and not mussels, that I saw: I am sure of it, for they stuck to the rock, and I know they must be oysters."

"Fortunate enough, my dainty gentleman," interrupted I, addressing myself to Ernest; "since you are so well acquainted with the place where such food can be found, you will be so obliging as to return and procure us some. In such a situation as ours, every member of the family must be actively employed for the common good; and, above all, none must be afraid of so trifling an inconvenience as wet feet."

"I will do my best, with all my heart,"

answered Ernest; "and at the same time I will bring home some salt, of which I have seen immense quantities in the holes of the rocks, where I have reason to suppose it is dried by the sun. I tasted some of it, and it was excellent. Pray, father, be so good as to inform me whether this salt was not left there by the sea."

"No doubt it was, Mr. Reasoner, for where else do you think it could come from? You would have done more wisely if you had brought us a bag of it, instead of spending your time in profound reflections upon operations so simple and obvious; and if you do not wish to dine upon a soup without flavor, you had better run and fetch a little quickly."

He set off, and soon returned: what he brought had the appearance of sea-salt, but was so mixed with earth and sand, that I was on the point of throwing it away; but my wife prevented me, and by dissolving, and afterwards filtering some of it through a piece of muslin, we found it admirably fit for use.

"Why could we not have used some sea-water," asked Jack, "instead of having all this trouble?"

"So we might," answered I, "if it had not a somewhat sickly taste." While I was speaking, my wife tasted the soup with a little stick with which she had been stirring it, and pronounced that it was all the better for the salt, and now quite ready. "But," said she, "Fritz is not come in. And then, how shall we manage to eat our soup without spoons or dishes? Why did we not remember to bring some from the ship?" — "Because, my dear, one cannot think of everything at once. We shall be lucky if we have not forgotten even more important things." — "But, indeed," said she, "this is a matter which cannot easily be set to rights. How will it be possible for each of us to raise this large boiling pot to his lips?"

I soon saw that my wife was right. We all cast our eyes upon the pot with a sort of stupid perplexity, and looked a little like the fox in the fable, when the stork desires him to help himself from a vessel with a long neck. Silence was at length broken by all bursting into a hearty laugh at our want of every kind of utensil, and at the thought of our own folly, in not recollecting that spoons and forks were things of absolute necessity.

Ernest observed that, if we could but get some of the nice cocoanuts he often thought about, we might empty them, and use the pieces of the shells for spoons.

"Yes, yes," replied I; "*if we could but get*, — but we have them not; and if wishing were to any purpose, I had as soon wish at once for a dozen silver spoons; but, alas! of what use is wishing?"

"But, at least," said the boy, "we can use some oyster-shells for spoons."

"Why, this is well, Ernest," said I, "and is what I call a useful thought. Run then quickly for some of them. But, gentlemen, I give you notice, that no one of you must give himself airs because his spoon is without a handle, although he chance to grease his fingers in the soup."

Jack ran first, and was up to his knees in the water before Ernest could reach the place. Jack tore off the fish with eagerness, and threw them to slothful Ernest, who put them into his handkerchief, having first secured in his pocket one shell he had met with of a large size. The boys came back together with their booty.

Fritz not having yet returned, his mother was beginning to be uneasy, when we heard him shouting to us from a small distance, to which we answered by similar sounds. In a few minutes he was among us, his two hands behind him, and with a sort of would-be melancholy air, which none of us could well understand. "What have you brought?" asked his brothers; "let us see your booty, and you shall see ours." — "Ah! I have unfortunately nothing." — "What! nothing at all?" said I. — "Nothing at all," answered he. But now, on fixing my eye upon him I perceived a smile of proud success through his assumed dissatisfaction. At the same instant Jack, having stolen behind him, exclaimed, "A sucking pig! a sucking pig!" Fritz, finding his trick discovered, now proudly displayed his prize, which I immediately perceived, from the description I had read in different books of travel, was an agouti, an animal common in that country, and not a sucking pig, as the boys had supposed.

Fritz related, that he had passed over to the other side of the river. "Ah!" continued he, "it is quite another thing from this place; the shore is low, and you can have no notion of the

quantity of casks, chests, and planks, and different sorts of things washed there by the sea. Ought we not to go and try to obtain some of these treasures?" — "We will consider that soon," answered I; "but first we have to make our voyage to the vessel, and fetch away the animals: at least you will all agree, that of the cow we are pretty much in want." — "If our biscuit were soaked in milk, it would not be so hard," observed our dainty Ernest. — "I must tell you, too," continued Fritz, "that over on the other side there is as much grass for pasturage as we can desire; and besides, a pretty wood, in the shade of which we could repose. Why then should we remain on this barren desert side?" — "Patience," replied I; "there is a time for everything, friend Fritz: we shall not be without something to undertake to-morrow, and even after to-morrow. But, above all, I am eager to know if you discovered, in your excursion, any traces of our ship companions?" — "Not the smallest trace of man, dead or alive, on land or water; but I have seen some other animals that more resembled pigs than the one I have brought you, but with feet more like those of the hare; the animal I am speaking of leaps from place to place; now sitting on his hind legs, rubbing his face with his front feet, and then seeking for roots, and gnawing them like the squirrel. If I had not been afraid of his escaping me, I should have tried to catch him with my hands, for he appeared almost tame."

Soon after we had taken our meal, the sun began to sink into the west. Our little flock of fowls assembled round us, pecking here and there what morsels of our biscuit had fallen on the ground. Just at this moment my wife produced the bag she had so mysteriously huddled into the tub. Its mouth was now opened; it contained the various sorts of grain for feeding poultry — barley, peas, oats, etc., and also different kinds of seeds and roots of vegetables for the table. In the fulness of her kind heart she scattered several handfuls at once upon the ground, which the fowls began eagerly to seize. I complimented her on the benefits her foresight had secured for us; but I recommended a more sparing use of so valuable an acquisition, observing that the grain, if kept for sowing, would produce a harvest, and that we could fetch from the ship spoiled biscuit enough to feed the fowls. Our pigeons sought a roosting-place among the rocks; the hens, with the two cocks at their head, ranged themselves in a line along the ridge of the tent; and the geese and ducks betook themselves in a body, clacking and quacking as they proceeded, to a marshy bit of ground near the sea where some thick bushes afforded them shelter.

A little later, we began to follow the example of our winged companions, by beginning our preparations for repose. First, we loaded our guns and pistols, and laid them carefully in the tent: next, we assembled together and joined in offering up our thanks to the Almighty for the succor afforded us, and supplicating his watchful care for our preservation. With the last ray of the sun we entered our tent, and, after drawing the sail-cloth over the hooks, to close the entrance, we laid ourselves down close to each other on the grass and moss we had collected in the morning.

The children observed, with surprise, that darkness came upon us all at once; that night succeeded to day without an intermediate twilight. "This," replied I, "makes me suspect that we are not far from the equator, or at least between the tropics, where this is of ordinary occurrence; for the twilight is occasioned by the rays of the sun being broken in the atmosphere; the more obliquely they fall, the more their feeble light is extended and prolonged; while on the other hand, the more perpendicular the rays, the less their declination: consequently the change from day to night is much more sudden when the sun is under the horizon."

I looked once more out of the tent to see if all was quiet around us. The old cock, awaking at the rising of the moon, chanted our vespers, and then I lay down to sleep. In proportion as we had been during the day oppressed with heat, we were now in the night inconvenienced by the cold, so that we clung to each other for warmth. A sweet sleep began to close the eyes of my beloved family; I endeavored to keep awake till I was sure my wife's solicitude had yielded to the same happy state, and then I closed my own. Thanks to the fatigue we had undergone, our first night in the desert island was very tolerably comfortable.

SCENES FROM AN ENGLISH LITERATURE COLLEGE PAGEANT

Top: A Greek group with Homer in the center. Middle: A Shakespeare company; from left to right, King Lear, Shylock, Portia, Ophelia, Hamlet, Lady Macbeth, Bottom, Falstaff. Third group: Milton's masque, "Comus."

BROTHER AND SISTER

[This selection is from *The Mill on the Floss*, by George Eliot, one of the greatest of women writers. Every boy and girl should read her *Silas Marner*. Older children will enjoy *Romola* and *Adam Bede*. *Middlemarch*, her ablest book, is for still older readers.]

TOM was to arrive early in the afternoon, and there was another fluttering heart besides Maggie's when it was late enough for the sound of the gig-wheels to be expected; for if Mrs. Tulliver had a strong feeling, it was fondness for her boy. At last the sound came — that light quick bowling of the gig-wheels — and in spite of the wind, which was blowing the clouds about, and was not likely to respect Mrs. Tulliver's curls and cap-strings, she came outside the door, and even held her hand on Maggie's offending head, forgetting all the griefs of the morning.

"There he is, my sweet lad! But, Lord ha' mercy! he's got never a collar on; it's been lost on the road, I'll be bound, and spoilt the set."

Mrs. Tulliver stood with her arms open; Maggie jumped first on one leg and then on the other; while Tom descended from the gig, and said, with masculine reticence as to the tender emotions, "Hallo! Yap — what! are you there?"

Nevertheless he submitted to be kissed willingly enough, though Maggie hung on his neck in rather a strangling fashion, while his blue-gray eyes wandered towards the croft and the lambs and the river, where he promised himself that he would begin to fish the first thing to-morrow morning. He was one of those lads that grow everywhere in England, and, at twelve or thirteen years of age, look as much alike as goslings: — a lad with light-brown hair, cheeks of cream and roses, full lips, indeterminate nose and eyebrows — a physiognomy in which it seems impossible to discern anything but the generic character of boyhood; as different as possible from poor Maggie's phiz, which Nature seemed to have moulded and colored with the most decided intention. But that same Nature has the deep cunning which hides itself under the appearance of openness, so that simple people think they can see through her quite well, and all the while she is secretly preparing a refutation of their confident prophecies. Under these average boyish physiognomies that she seems to turn off by the gross, she conceals some of her most rigid, inflexible purposes, some of her most unmodifiable characters; and the dark-eyed, demonstrative, rebellious girl may after all turn out to be a passive being compared with this pink-and-white bit of masculinity with the indeterminate features.

"Maggie," said Tom confidentially, taking her into a corner, as soon as his mother was gone out to examine his box, and the warm parlor had taken off the chill he had felt from the long drive, "you don't know what I've got in my pockets," nodding his head up and down as a means of rousing her sense of mystery.

"No," said Maggie. "How stodgy they look, Tom! Is it marls (marbles) or cobnuts?" Maggie's heart sank a little, because Tom always said it was "no good" playing with *her* at those games — she played so badly.

"Marls! no; I've swopped all my marls with the little fellows, and cobnuts are no fun, you silly, only when the nuts are green. But see here!" He drew something half out of his right-hand pocket.

"What is it?" said Maggie, in a whisper. "I can see nothing but a bit of yellow."

"Why, it's . . . a . . . new . . . guess, Maggie!"

"Oh, I *can't* guess, Tom," said Maggie, impatiently.

"Don't be a spitfire, else I won't tell you," said Tom, thrusting his hand back into his pocket, and looking determined.

"No, Tom," said Maggie, imploringly, laying hold of the arm that was held stiffly in the pocket. "I'm not cross, Tom; it was only because I can't bear guessing. *Please* be good to me."

Tom's arm slowly relaxed, and he said, "Well, then, it's a new fish-line — two new uns — one for you, Maggie, all to yourself. I would n't go halves in the toffee and gingerbread on purpose to save the money; and Gibson and Spouncer fought with me because I would n't. And here's hooks; see here! . . . I say, *won't* we go and fish to-morrow down by Round Pool? And you shall catch your own fish, Maggie, and put the worms on, and everything — won't it be fun?"

Maggie's answer was to throw her arms round Tom's neck and hug him, and hold her cheek against his without speaking, while he slowly unwound some of the line, saying, after a pause, —

"Was n't I a good brother, now, to buy you a line all to yourself? You know, I need n't have bought it, if I had n't liked."

"Yes, very, very good . . . I *do* love you, Tom."

Tom had put the line back in his pocket, and was looking at the hooks one by one, before he spoke again.

"And the fellows fought me, because I would n't give in about the toffee."

"Oh dear! I wish they would n't fight at your school, Tom. Did n't it hurt you?"

"Hurt me? no," said Tom, putting up the hooks again, taking out a large pocket-knife, and slowly opening the largest blade, which he looked at meditatively as he rubbed his finger along it. Then he added —

"I gave Spouncer a black eye, I know — that's what he got by wanting to leather *me;* I was n't going to go halves because anybody leathered me."

"Oh, how brave you are, Tom! I think you're like Samson. If there came a lion roaring at me, I think you'd fight him — would n't you, Tom?"

"How can a lion come roaring at you, you silly thing? There's no lions, only in the shows."

"No; but if we were in the lion countries — I mean in Africa, where it's very hot — the lions eat people there. I can show it you in the book where I read it."

"Well, I should get a gun and shoot him."

"But if you had n't got a gun — we might have gone out, you know, not thinking — just as we go fishing; and then a great lion might run towards us roaring, and we could n't get away from him. What should you do, Tom?"

Tom paused, and at last turned away contemptuously, saying, "But the lion *is n't* coming. What's the use of talking?"

"But I like to fancy how it would be," said Maggie, following him. "Just think what you would do, Tom."

"Oh, don't bother, Maggie! you're such a silly — I shall go and see my rabbits."

Maggie's heart began to flutter with fear.

She dared not tell the sad truth at once, but she walked after Tom in trembling silence as he went out, thinking how she could tell him the news so as to soften at once his sorrow and his anger; for Maggie dreaded Tom's anger of all things — it was quite a different anger from her own.

"Tom," she said timidly, when they were out of doors, "how much money did you give for your rabbits?"

"Two half-crowns and a sixpence," said Tom.

"I think I've got a great deal more than that in my steel purse upstairs. I'll ask mother to give it you."

"What for?" said Tom. "I don't want *your* money, you silly thing. I've got a great deal more money than you, because I'm a boy. I always have half-sovereigns and sovereigns for my Christmas boxes, because I shall be a man, and you only have five-shilling pieces, because you're only a girl."

"Well, but, Tom — if mother would let me give you two half-crowns and a sixpence out of my purse to put into your pocket and spend, you know; and buy some more rabbits with it?"

"More rabbits? I don't want any more."

"Oh, but, Tom, they're all dead."

Tom stopped immediately in his walk and turned round towards Maggie. "You forgot to feed 'em, then, and Harry forgot?" he said, his color heightening for a moment, but soon subsiding. "I'll pitch into Harry — I'll have him turned away. And I don't love you, Maggie. You shan't go fishing with me to-morrow. I told you to go and see the rabbits every day." He walked on again.

"Yes, but I forgot — and I could n't help it, indeed, Tom. I'm so very sorry," said Maggie, while the tears rushed fast.

"You're a naughty girl," said Tom, severely, "and I'm sorry I bought you the fish-line. I don't love you."

"Oh, Tom, it's very cruel," sobbed Maggie. "I'd forgive you, if *you* forgot anything — I would n't mind what you did — I'd forgive you and love you."

"Yes, you're a silly — but I never *do* forget things — I don't."

"Oh, please forgive me, Tom; my heart will break," said Maggie, shaking with sobs, clinging to Tom's arm, and laying her wet cheek on his shoulder.

Tom shook her off, and stopped again, saying in a peremptory tone, "Now, Maggie, you just listen. Are n't I a good brother to you?"

"Ye-ye-es," sobbed Maggie, her chin rising and falling convulsively.

"Did n't I think about your fish-line all this quarter, and mean to buy it, and saved my money o' purpose, and would n't go halves in the toffee, and Spouncer fought me because I would n't?"

"Ye-ye-es . . . and I . . . l-lo-love you so, Tom."

"But you're a naughty girl. Last holidays you licked the paint off my lozenge-box, and the holidays before that you let the boat drag my fish-line down when I'd set you to watch it, and you pushed your head through my kite, all for nothing."

"But I did n't mean," said Maggie; "I could n't help it."

"Yes, you could," said Tom, "if you'd minded what you were doing. And you're a naughty girl, and you shan't go fishing with me to-morrow."

With this terrible conclusion, Tom ran away from Maggie towards the mill, meaning to greet Luke there, and complain to him of Harry.

Maggie stood motionless, except for her sobs, for a minute or two; then she turned round and ran into the house, and up to her attic, where she sat on the floor, and laid her head against the worm-eaten shelf, with a crushing sense of misery. Tom was come home, and she had thought how happy she should be — and now he was cruel to her. What use was anything, if Tom did n't love her? Oh, he was very cruel! Had n't she wanted to give him her money, and said how very sorry she was? She knew she was naughty to her mother, but she had never been naughty to Tom — had never *meant* to be naughty to him.

"Oh, he is cruel!" Maggie sobbed aloud, finding a wretched pleasure in the hollow resonance that came through the long empty space of the attic. She never thought of beating or grinding her Fetish; she was too miserable to be angry. These bitter sorrows of childhood! when sorrow is all new and strange, when hope has not yet got wings to fly beyond the days and weeks, and the space from summer to summer seems measureless.

Maggie soon thought she had been hours in the attic, and it must be tea-time, and they were all having their tea, and not thinking of her. Well, then, she would stay up there and starve herself — hide herself behind the tub, and stay there all night; and then they would all be frightened, and Tom would be sorry. Thus Maggie thought in the pride of her heart, as she crept behind the tub; but presently she began to cry again at the idea that they did n't mind her being there. If she went down again to Tom now — would he forgive her? — perhaps her father would be there, and he would take her part. But, then, she wanted Tom to forgive her because he loved her, not because his father told him. No, she would never go down if Tom did n't come to fetch her. This resolution lasted in great intensity for five dark minutes behind the tub; but then the need of being loved, the strongest need in poor Maggie's nature, began to wrestle with her pride, and soon threw it. She crept from behind her tub into the twilight of the long attic, but just then she heard a quick footstep on the stairs.

Tom had been too much interested in his talk with Luke, in going the round of the premises, walking in and out where he pleased, and whittling sticks without any particular reason, except that he did n't whittle sticks at school, to think of Maggie and the effect his anger had produced on her. He meant to punish her, and that business having been performed, he occupied himself with other matters, like a practical person.

But when he had been called in to tea, his father said, "Why, where's the little wench?" and Mrs. Tulliver, almost at the same moment, said, "Where's your little sister?" — both of them having supposed that Maggie and Tom had been together all the afternoon.

"I don't know," said Tom. He did n't want to "tell" of Maggie, though he was angry with her; for Tom Tulliver was a lad of honor.

"What? has n't she been playing with you all this while?" said the father. "She'd been thinking o' nothing but your coming home."

"I have n't seen her this two hours," says Tom, commencing on the plumcake.

"Goodness heart! she's got drownded!" exclaimed Mrs. Tulliver, rising from her seat and running to the window. "How could you

let her do so?" she added, as became a fearful woman, accusing she did n't know whom of she did n't know what.

"Nay, nay, she's none drownded!" said Mr. Tulliver. "You've been naughty to her, I doubt, Tom?"

"I'm sure I have n't, father," said Tom, indignantly. "I think she's in the house."

"Perhaps up in that attic," said Mrs. Tulliver, "a-singing and talking to herself, and forgetting all about meal-times."

"You go and fetch her down, Tom," said Mr. Tulliver, rather sharply, his perspicacity or his fatherly fondness for Maggie making him suspect that the lad had been hard upon "the little un," else she would never have left his side. "And be good to her, do you hear? Else I 'll let you know better."

Tom never disobeyed his father, for Mr. Tulliver was a peremptory man, and, as he said, would never let anybody get hold of his whip-hand; but he went out rather sullenly, carrying his piece of plumcake, and not intending to reprieve Maggie's punishment, which was no more than she deserved. Tom was only thirteen, and had no decided views in grammar and arithmetic, regarding them for the most part as open questions, but he was particularly clear and positive on one point — namely, that he would punish everybody who deserved it: why, he would n't have minded being punished himself, if he deserved it; but, then, he never *did* deserve it.

It was Tom's step, then, that Maggie heard on the stairs, when her need of love had triumphed over her pride, and she was going down with her swollen eyes and dishevelled hair to beg for pity. At least her father would stroke her head and say, "Never mind, my wench." It is a wonderful subduer, this need of love — this hunger of the heart — as peremptory as that other hunger by which Nature forces us to submit to the yoke, and change the face of the world.

But she knew Tom's step, and her heart began to beat violently with the sudden shock of hope. He only stood still at the top of the stairs and said, "Maggie, you 're to come down." But she rushed to him and clung round his neck, sobbing, "Oh, Tom, please forgive me — I can't bear it — I will always be good — always remember things — do love me — please, dear Tom!"

We learn to restrain ourselves as we get older. We keep apart when we have quarrelled, express ourselves in well-bred phrases, and in this way preserve a dignified alienation, showing much firmness on one side, and swallowing much grief on the other. We no longer approximate in our behavior to the mere impulsiveness of the lower animals, but conduct ourselves in every respect like members of a highly civilized society. Maggie and Tom were still very much like young animals, and so she could rub her cheek against his, and kiss his ear in a random, sobbing way; and there were tender fibres in the lad that had been used to answer to Maggie's fondling; so that he behaved with a weakness quite inconsistent with his resolution to punish her as much as she deserved: he actually began to kiss her in return and say —

"Don't cry, then, Magsie — here, eat a bit o' cake."

Maggie's sobs began to subside, and she put out her mouth for the cake and bit a piece; and then Tom bit a piece, just for company, and they ate together and rubbed each other's cheeks and brows and noses together, while they ate, with a humiliating resemblance to two friendly ponies.

"Come along, Magsie, and have tea," said Tom at last, when there was no more cake except what was down stairs.

So ended the sorrows of this day, and the next morning Maggie was trotting with her own fishing-rod in one hand and a handle of the basket in the other, stepping always, by a peculiar gift, in the muddiest places, looking darkly radiant from under her beaver bonnet because Tom was good to her. She had told Tom, however, that she should like him to put the worms on the hook for her, although she accepted his word when he assured her that worms could n't feel (it was Tom's private opinion that it did n't much matter if they did). He knew all about worms, and fish, and those things; and what birds were mischievous, and how padlocks opened, and which way the handles of the gates were to be lifted. Maggie thought this sort of knowledge was very wonderful — much more difficult than remembering

what was in the books; and she was rather in awe of Tom's superiority, for he was the only person who called her knowledge "stuff," and did not feel surprised at her cleverness. Tom, indeed, was of opinion that Maggie was a silly little thing; all girls were silly — they could n't throw a stone so as to hit anything, could n't do anything with a pocket-knife, and were frightened at frogs. Still he was very fond of his sister, and meant always to take care of her, make her his housekeeper, and punish her when she did wrong.

They were on their way to the Round Pool — that wonderful pool, which the floods had made a long while ago: no one knew how deep it was; and it was mysterious, too, that it should be almost a perfect round, framed in with willows and tall reeds, so that the water was only to be seen when you got close to the brink. The sight of the old favorite spot always heightened Tom's good-humor, and he spoke to Maggie in the most amicable whispers, as he opened the precious basket, and prepared their tackle. He threw her line for her, and put the rod into her hand. Maggie thought it probable that the small fish would come to her hook, and the large ones to Tom's. But she had forgotten all about the fish, and was looking dreamily at the glassy water, when Tom said, in a loud whisper, "Look, look, Maggie!" and came running to prevent her from snatching her line away.

Maggie was frightened lest she had been doing something wrong, as usual, but presently Tom drew out her line and brought a large tench bouncing on the grass.

Tom was excited.

"Oh, Magsie! you little duck! Empty the basket."

Maggie was not conscious of unusual merit, but it was enough that Tom called her Magsie, and was pleased with her. There was nothing to mar her delight in the whispers and the dreamy silences, when she listened to the light dipping sounds of the rising fish, and the gentle rustling, as if the willows and the reeds and the water had their happy whisperings also. Maggie thought it would make a very nice heaven to sit by the pool in that way, and never be scolded. She never knew she had a bite till Tom told her, but she liked fishing very much.

It was one of their happy mornings. They trotted along and sat down together, with no thought that life would ever change much for them: they would only get bigger and not go to school, and it would always be like the holidays; they would always live together and be fond of each other. And the mill with its booming — the great chestnut-tree under which they played at houses — their own little river, the Ripple, where the banks seemed like home, and Tom was always seeing the water-rats, while Maggie gathered the purple plumy tops of the reeds, which she forgot and dropped afterwards — above all, the great Floss, along which they wandered with a sense of travel, to see the rushing spring-tide, the awful Eagre, come up like a hungry monster, or to see the Great Ash which had once wailed and groaned like a man — these things would always be just the same to them. Tom thought people were at a disadvantage who lived on any other spot of the globe; and Maggie, when she read about Christiana passing "the river over which there is no bridge," always saw the Floss between the green pastures by the Great Ash.

Life did change for Tom and Maggie; and yet they were not wrong in believing that the thoughts and loves of these first years would always make part of their lives. We could never have loved the earth so well if we had had no childhood in it — if it were not the earth where the same flowers come up again every spring that we used to gather with our tiny fingers as we sat lisping to ourselves on the grass — the same hips and haws on the autumn hedgerows — the same redbreasts that we used to call "God's birds," because they did no harm to the precious crops. What novelty is worth that sweet monotony where everything is known, and *loved* because it is known?

PETER RUGG, THE MISSING MAN

BY WILLIAM AUSTIN

SIR — Agreeably to my promise, I now relate to you all the particulars of the lost man and child which I have been able to collect. It is entirely owing to the humane interest you seemed to take in the report, that I have pursued the inquiry to the following result.

You may remember that business called me to Boston in the summer of 1820. I sailed in the packet to Providence, and when I arrived there I learned that every seat in the stage was engaged. I was thus obliged either to wait a few hours or accept a seat with the driver, who civilly offered me that accommodation. Accordingly I took my seat by his side, and soon found him intelligent and communicative.

When we had travelled about ten miles, the horses suddenly threw their ears on their necks, as flat as a hare's. Said the driver, "Have you a surtout with you?" "No," said I; "why do you ask?" "You will want one soon," said he; "do you observe the ears of all the horses?" "Yes, and was just about to ask the reason." "They see the storm-breeder, and we shall see him soon." At this moment there was not a cloud visible in the firmament. Soon after a small speck appeared in the road. "There," said my companion, "comes the storm-breeder; he always leaves a Scotch-mist behind him. By many a wet jacket do I remember him. I suppose the poor fellow suffers much himself, much more than is known to the world." Presently a man with a child beside him, with a large black horse, and a weather-beaten chair, once built for a chaise body, passed in great haste, apparently at the rate of twelve miles an hour. He seemed to grasp the reins of his horse with firmness, and appeared to anticipate his speed. He seemed dejected, and looked anxiously at the passengers, particularly at the stage-driver and myself. In a moment after he passed us, the horses' ears were up and bent themselves forward so that they nearly met. "Who is that man?" said I; "he seems in great trouble." "Nobody knows who he is, but his person and the child are familiar to me. I have met them more than a hundred times, and have been so often asked the way to Boston by that man, even when he was travelling directly from that town, that of late I have refused any communication with him, and that is the reason he gave me such a fixed look." "But does he never stop anywhere?" "I have never known him to stop anywhere longer than to inquire the way to Boston; and let him be where he may, he will tell you he cannot stay a moment, for he must reach Boston that night."

We were now ascending a high hill in Walpole, and as we had a fair view of the heavens, I was rather disposed to jeer the driver for thinking of his surtout, as not a cloud as big as a marble could be discerned. "Do you look," said he, "in the direction whence the man came, that is the place to look; the storm never meets him, it follows him." We presently approached another hill, and when at the height, the driver pointed out in an eastern direction a little black speck as big as a hat. "There," said he, "is the seed storm; we may possibly reach Polley's before it reaches us, but the wanderer and his child will go to Providence through rain, thunder, and lightning." And now the horses, as though taught by instinct, hastened with increased speed.

The little black cloud came on rolling over the turnpike, and doubled and trebled itself in all directions. The appearance of this cloud attracted the notice of all the passengers; for after it had spread itself into a great bulk, it suddenly became more limited in circumference, grew more compact, dark, and consolidated. And now the successive flashes of chain lightning caused the whole cloud to appear like a sort of irregular network, and displayed a thousand fantastic images. The driver bespoke my attention to a remarkable configuration in the cloud; he said every flash of lightning near its centre discovered to him distinctly the form of a man sitting in an open carriage drawn by a black horse. But in truth I saw no such thing. The man's fancy was doubtless at fault. It is a very common thing for the imagination to paint for the senses, both in the visible and invisible world.

In the meantime the distant thunder gave notice of a shower at hand, and just as we reached Polley's tavern the rain poured down in torrents. It was soon over, the cloud passing in the direction of the turnpike toward Provi-

dence. In a few moments after, a respectable-looking man in a chaise stopped at the door. The man and child in the chair having excited some little sympathy among the passengers, the gentleman was asked if he had observed them. He said he had met them; that the man seemed bewildered, and inquired the way to Boston; that he was driving at great speed, as though he expected to outstrip the tempest; that the moment he had passed him a thunder-clap broke distinctly over the man's head and seemed to envelop both man and child, horse and carriage. "I stopped," said the gentleman, "supposing the lightning had struck him, but the horse only seemed to loom up and increase his speed, and, as well as I could judge, he travelled just as fast as the thunder cloud." While this man was speaking, a peddler with a cart of tin merchandise came up, all dripping; and, on being questioned, he said he had met that man and carriage, within a fortnight, in four different States; that at each time he had inquired the way to Boston; and that a thunder shower like the present had each time deluged him, his wagon and his wares, setting his tin pots, etc., afloat, so that he had determined to get marine insurance done for the future. But that which excited his surprise most was the strange conduct of his horse, for that, long before he could distinguish the man in the chair, his own horse stood still in the road and flung back his ears. "In short," said the peddler, "I wish never to see that man and horse again; they do not look to me as if they belonged to this world."

This is all that I could learn at that time; and the occurrence soon after would have become with me like one of those things which had never happened, had I not, as I stood recently on the doorstep of Bennett's Hotel in Hartford, heard a man say, "There goes Peter Rugg and his child! he looks wet and weary, and farther from Boston than ever." I was satisfied it was the same man that I had seen more than three years before; for whoever has once seen Peter Rugg can never after be deceived as to his identity. "Peter Rugg!" said I, "and who is Peter Rugg?" "That," said the stranger, "is more than anyone can tell exactly. He is a famous traveller, held in light esteem by all inn-holders, for he never stops to eat, drink, or sleep. I wonder why the Government does not employ him to carry the mail." "Ay," said a bystander, "that is a thought bright only on one side. How long would it take, in that case, to send a letter to Boston? For Peter has already, to my knowledge, been more than twenty years travelling to that place." "But," said I, "does the man never stop anywhere, does he never converse with anyone? I saw the same man more than three years since, near Providence, and I heard a strange story about him. Pray, sir, give me some account of this man." "Sir," said the stranger, "those who know the most respecting that man say the least. I have heard it asserted that heaven sometimes sets a mark on a man, either for judgment or trial. Under which Peter Rugg now labors I cannot say; therefore I am rather inclined to pity than to judge." "You speak like a humane man," said I, "and if you have known him so long, I pray you will give me some account of him. Has his appearance much altered in that time?" "Why, yes; he looks as though he never ate, drank, or slept; and his child looks older than himself; and he looks like time broke off from eternity and anxious to gain a resting-place." "And how does his horse look?" said I. "As for his horse, he looks fatter and gayer, and shows more animation and courage, than he did twenty years ago. The last time Rugg spoke to me he inquired how far it was to Boston. I told him just one hundred miles. 'Why,' said he, 'how can you deceive me so? It is cruel to deceive a traveller. I have lost my way. Pray direct me the nearest way to Boston.' I repeated it was one hundred miles. 'How can you say so?' said he. 'I was told last evening it was but fifty, and I have travelled all night.' 'But,' said I, 'you are now travelling from Boston. You must turn back.' 'Alas!' said he, 'it is all turn back! Boston shifts with the wind, and plays all around the compass. One man tells me it is to the east, another to the west; and the guide-posts, too, they all point the wrong way.' 'But will you not stop and rest?' said I; 'you seem wet and weary.' 'Yes,' said he, 'it has been foul weather since I left home.' 'Stop then, and refresh yourself.' 'I must not stop, I must reach home to-night, if possible, though I think you must be mistaken in the distance to Boston.'

TABLEAU IN COLLEGE PAGEANT

Top: A history group, with Charlemagne at the extreme left; Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh at the right. Bottom: A scene from Spenser's "Faerie Queene."

He then gave the reins to his horse, which he restrained with difficulty, and disappeared in a moment. A few days afterwards I met the man a little this side of Claremont, winding around the hills in Unity, at the rate, I believe, of twenty miles an hour."

"Is Peter Rugg his real name, or has he accidentally gained that name?" "I know not, but presume he will not deny his name; you can ask him, for see, he has turned his horse and is passing this way." In a moment a dark-colored, high-spirited horse approached, and would have passed without stopping, but I had resolved to speak to Peter Rugg, or whoever the man might be. Accordingly, I stepped into the street, and as the horse approached I made a feint of stopping him. The man immediately reined in his horse. "Sir," said I, "may I be so bold as to inquire if you are not Mr. Rugg? for I think I have seen you before." "My name is Peter Rugg," said he; "I have unfortunately lost my way; I am wet and weary, and will take it kindly of you to direct me to Boston." "You live in Boston, do you, and in what street?" "In Middle Street." "When did you leave Boston?" "I cannot tell precisely; it seems a considerable time." "But how did you and your child become so wet? it has not rained here to-day." "It has just rained a heavy shower up the river. But I shall not reach Boston to-night if I tarry. Would you advise me to take the old road, or the turnpike?" "Why, the old road is one hundred and seventeen miles, and the turnpike is ninety-seven." "How can you say so? you impose on me; it is wrong to trifle with a traveller; you know it is but forty miles from Newburyport to Boston." "But this is not Newburyport; this is Hartford." "Do not deceive me, sir. Is not this town Newburyport, and the river that I have been following the Merrimac?" "No, sir; this is Hartford, and the river the Connecticut." He wrung his hands and looked incredulous. "Have the rivers, too, changed their courses as the cities have changed places? But see, the clouds are gathering in the south, and we shall have a rainy night. Ah, that fatal oath!" He would tarry no longer. His impatient horse leaped off, his hind flanks rising like wings — he seemed to devour all before him and to scorn all behind.

I had now, as I thought, discovered a clue to the history of Peter Rugg, and I determined, the next time my business called me to Boston, to make a further inquiry. Soon after I was enabled to collect the following particulars from Mrs. Croft, an aged lady in Middle Street, who has resided in Boston during the last twenty years. Her narration is this: The last summer a person, just at twilight, stopped at the door of the late Mrs. Rugg. Mrs. Croft, on coming to the door, perceived a stranger, with a child by his side, in an old, weatherbeaten carriage, with a black horse. The stranger asked for Mrs. Rugg, and was informed that Mrs. Rugg had died, at a good old age, more than twenty years before that time. The stranger replied, "How can you deceive me so? do ask Mrs. Rugg to step to the door." "Sir, I assure you Mrs. Rugg has not lived here these nineteen years; no one lives here but myself, and my name is Betsey Croft." The stranger paused, and looked up and down the street, and said, "Though the painting is rather faded, this looks like my house." "Yes," said the child, "that is the stone before the door that I used to sit on to eat my bread and milk." "But," said the stranger, "it seems to be on the wrong side of the street. Indeed, everything here seems to be misplaced. The streets are all changed, the people are all changed, the town seems changed, and, what is strangest of all, Catharine Rugg has deserted her husband and child. Pray," said the stranger, "has John Foy come home from sea? He went a long voyage; he is my kinsman. If I could see him, he could give me some account of Mrs. Rugg." "Sir," said Mrs. Croft, "I never heard of John Foy. Where did he live?" "Just above here, in Orange Tree Lane." "There is no such place in this neighborhood." "What do you tell me! Are the streets gone? Orange Tree Lane is at the head of Hanover Street, near Pemberton's Hill." "There is no such lane now." "Madam! you cannot be serious. But you doubtless know my brother, William Rugg. He lives in Royal Exchange Lane, near King Street." "I know of no such lane; and I am sure there is no such street as King Street in this town." "No such street as King Street? Why, woman! you mock me. You may as well tell me there is no King George. However, madam, you see I am wet and weary. I must

find a resting place. I will go to Hart's tavern, near the market." "Which market, sir? for you seem perplexed; we have several markets." "You know there is but one market, near the town dock." "Oh, the old market. But no such man as Hart has kept there these twenty years."

Here the stranger seemed disconcerted, and muttered to himself quite audibly: "Strange mistake! How much this looks like the town of Boston! It certainly has a great resemblance to it; but I perceive my mistake now. Some other Mrs. Rugg, some other Middle Street." Then said he, "Madam, can you direct me to Boston?" "Why, this is Boston, the city of Boston. I know of no other Boston." "City of Boston it may be, but it is not the Boston where I live. I recollect now, I came over a bridge instead of a ferry. Pray what bridge is that I just came over?" "It is Charles River Bridge." "I perceive my mistake; there is a ferry between Boston and Charlestown, there is no bridge. Ah, I perceive my mistake. If I was in Boston, my horse would carry me directly to my own door. But my horse shows by his impatience that he is in a strange place. Absurd, that I should have mistaken this place for the old town of Boston! It is a much finer city than the town of Boston. It has been built long since Boston. I fancy Boston must lie at a distance from this city, as the good woman seems ignorant of it." At these words his horse began to chafe, and strike the pavement with his fore feet; the stranger seemed a little bewildered, and said, "No home to-night," and, giving the reins to his horse, passed up the street, and I saw him no more.

It was evident that the generation to which Peter Rugg belonged had passed away.

This was all the account of Peter Rugg I could obtain from Mrs. Croft; but she directed me to an elderly man, Mr. James Felt, who lived near her, and who had kept a record of the principal occurrences for the last fifty years. At my request she sent for him; and, after I had related to him the object of my inquiry, Mr. Felt told me he had known Rugg in his youth; that his disappearance had caused some surprise; but as it sometimes happens that men run away, sometimes to be rid of others, and sometimes to be rid of themselves; and as Rugg took his child with him, and his own horse and chair; and as it did not appear that any creditors made a stir, the occurrence soon mingled itself in the stream of oblivion; and Rugg and his child, horse and chair, were soon forgotten. "It is true," said Mr. Felt, "sundry stories grew out of Rugg's affair, whether true or false I cannot tell; but stranger things have happened in my day, without even a newspaper notice." "Sir," said I, "Peter Rugg is now living. I have lately seen Peter Rugg and his child, horse and chair; therefore I pray you to relate to me all you know or ever heard of him." "Why, my friend," said James Felt, "that Peter Rugg is now a living man I will not deny; but that you have seen Peter Rugg and his child is impossible, if you mean a small child, for Jenny Rugg, if living, must be at least — let me see — Boston Massacre, 1770 — Jenny Rugg was about ten years old. Why, sir, Jenny Rugg if living must be more than sixty years of age. That Peter Rugg is living is highly probable, as he was only ten years older than myself; and I was only eighty last March, and I am as likely to live twenty years longer as any man." Here I perceived that Mr. Felt was in his dotage, and I despaired of gaining any intelligence from him on which I could depend.

I took my leave of Mrs. Croft, and proceeded to my lodgings at the Marlborough Hotel.

If Peter Rugg, thought I, has been travelling since the Boston Massacre, there is no reason why he should not travel to the end of time. If the present generation know little of him, the next will know less, and Peter and his child will have no hold in this world.

In the course of the evening I related my adventure in Middle Street. "Ha!" said one of the company, smiling, "do you really think you have seen Peter Rugg? I have heard my grandfather speak of him as though he seriously believed his own story." "Sir," said I, "pray let us compare your grandfather's story of Mr. Rugg with my own." "Peter Rugg, sir, if my grandfather was worthy of credit, once lived in Middle Street, in this city. He was a man in comfortable circumstances, had a wife and one daughter, and was generally esteemed for his sober life and manners. But unhappily his temper at times was altogether ungovernable, and then his language was terrible. In these fits

of passion, if a door stood in his way he would never do less than kick a panel through. He would sometimes throw his heels over his head, and come down on his feet, uttering oaths in a circle. And thus, in a rage, he was the first who performed a somerset, and did what others have since learned to do for merriment and money. Once Rugg was seen to bite a ten-penny nail in halves. In those days everybody, both men and boys, wore wigs; and Peter, at these moments of violent passion, would become so profane that his wig would rise up from his head. Some said it was on account of his terrible language; others accounted for it in a more philosophical way, and said it was caused by the expansion of his scalp, as violent passion, we know, will swell the veins and expand the head. While these fits were on him, Rugg had no respect for heaven or earth. Except this infirmity, all agreed that Rugg was a good sort of a man; for when his fits were over, nobody was so ready to commend a placid temper as Peter.

"It was late in autumn, one morning, that Rugg, in his own chair, with a fine large bay horse, took his daughter and proceeded to Concord. On his return a violent storm overtook him. At dark he stopped in Menotomy (now West Cambridge), at the door of a Mr. Cutter, a friend of his, who urged him to tarry overnight. On Rugg's declining to stop, Mr. Cutter urged him vehemently. 'Why, Mr. Rugg,' said Cutter, 'the storm is overwhelming you; the night is exceeding dark; your little daughter will perish; you are in an open chair, and the tempest is increasing.' '*Let the storm increase,*' said Rugg, with a fearful oath, '*I will see home to-night, in spite of the last tempest! or may I never see home.*' At these words he gave his whip to his high-spirited horse, and disappeared in a moment. But Peter Rugg did not reach home that night, nor the next; nor, when he became a missing man, could he ever be traced beyond Mr. Cutter's in Menotomy. For a long time after, on every dark and stormy night, the wife of Peter Rugg would fancy she heard the crack of a whip, and the fleet tread of a horse, and the rattling of a carriage, passing her door. The neighbors, too, heard the same noises, and some said they knew it was Rugg's horse; the tread on the pavement was perfectly familiar to them. This occurred so repeatedly that at length the neighbors watched with lanterns, and saw the real Peter Rugg, with his own horse and chair, and child sitting beside him, pass directly before his own door, his head turning toward his house, and himself making every effort to stop his horse, but in vain. The next day the friends of Mrs. Rugg exerted themselves to find her husband and child. They inquired at every public house and stable in town; but it did not appear that Rugg made any stay in Boston. No one, after Rugg had passed his own door, could give any account of him; though it was asserted by some that the clatter of Rugg's horse and carriage over the pavements shook the houses on both sides of the street. And this is credible, if, indeed, Rugg's horse and carriage did pass in that night. For at this day, in many of the streets, a loaded truck or team in passing will shake the houses like an earthquake. However, Rugg's neighbors never afterward watched again; and some of them treated it all as a delusion, and thought no more of it. Others, of a different opinion, shook their heads and said nothing. Thus Rugg and his child, horse and chair, were soon forgotten; and probably many in the neighborhood never heard a word on the subject.

"There was indeed a rumor that Rugg afterward was seen in Connecticut, between Suffield and Hartford, passing through the country like a streak of chalk. This gave occasion to Rugg's friends to make further inquiry. But the more they inquired, the more they were baffled. If they heard of Rugg one day in Connecticut, the next day they heard of him winding around the hills in New Hampshire; and soon after a man in a chair, with a small child, exactly answering the description of Peter Rugg, would be seen in Rhode Island, inquiring the way to Boston.

"But that which chiefly gave a color of mystery to the story of Peter Rugg was the affair at Charlestown bridge. The toll-gatherer asserted that sometimes, on the darkest and most stormy nights, when no object could be discerned, about the time Rugg was missing, a horse and wheel carriage, with a noise equal to a troop, would at midnight, in utter contempt of the rates of toll, pass over the bridge. This occurred so frequently that the toll-gatherer resolved to attempt a discovery.

Soon after, at the usual time, apparently the same horse and carriage approached the bridge from Charlestown Square. The toll-gatherer, prepared, took his stand as near the middle of the bridge as he dared, with a large three-legged stool in his hand. As the appearance passed, he threw the stool at the horse, but heard nothing except the noise of the stool skipping across the bridge. The toll-gatherer on the next day asserted that the stool went directly through the body of the horse, and he persisted in that belief ever after. Whether Rugg, or whoever the person was, ever passed the bridge again, the toll-gatherer would never tell; and when questioned, seemed anxious to waive the subject. And thus Peter Rugg and his child, horse and carriage, remain a mystery to this day."

This, sir, is all that I could learn of Peter Rugg in Boston.

HERE LIES RAB

RAB AND HIS FRIENDS

[This story, written by a Scotch doctor named John Brown, will appeal to every boy or girl who loves a dog. It is one of the best and truest dog stories that was ever written.]

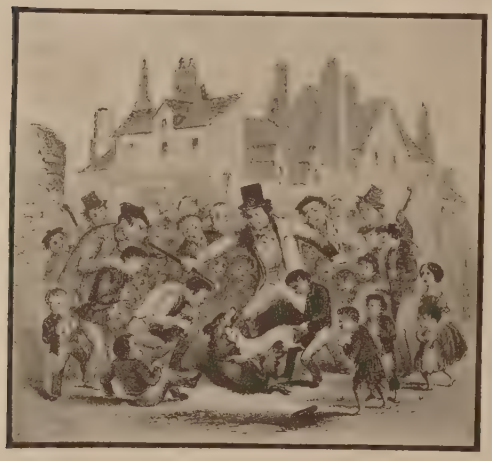
FOUR-AND-THIRTY years ago, Bob Ainslie and I were coming up Infirmary Street from the High School, our heads together, and our arms intertwisted, as only lovers and boys know how, or why.

When we got to the top of the street, and turned north, we espied a crowd at the Tron Church. "A dog-fight!" shouted Bob, and was off; and so was I, both of us all but praying that it might not be over before we got up! and is not this boy-nature? and human nature too? and don't we all wish a house on fire not to be out before we see it? Dogs like fighting; old Isaac says they "delight" in it, and for the best of all reasons; and boys are not cruel because they like to see the fight. They see three of the great cardinal virtues of dog or man — courage, endurance, and skill — in intense action. This is very different from a love of making dogs fight, and enjoying, and aggravating, and making gain by their pluck. A boy — be he ever so fond himself of fighting, if he be a good boy, hates and despises all this, but he would have run off with Bob and me fast enough: it is a natural, and a not wicked interest, that all boys and men have in witnessing intense energy in action.

Does any curious and finely ignorant woman wish to know how Bob's eye at a glance announced a dog-fight to his brain? He did not, he could not see the dogs fighting it was a flash of an inference, a rapid induction. The crowd round a couple of dogs fighting is a crowd, masculine mainly, with an occasional active, compassionate woman, fluttering wildly round the outside, and using her tongue and her hands freely upon the men, as so many "brutes"; it is a crowd annular, compact, and mobile; a crowd centripedal, having its eyes and its heads all bent downwards and inwards, to one common focus.

Well, Bob and I are up, and find it is not over: a small, thoroughbred, white bull-terrier is busy throttling a large shepherd's dog, unaccustomed to war, but not to be trifled with. They are hard at it; the scientific little fellow doing his work in great style, his pastoral enemy fighting wildly, but with the sharpest of teeth and a great courage. Science and breeding, however, soon took their own; the Game Chicken, as the premature Bob called him, working his way up, took his final grip of poor Yarrow's throat, — and he lay gasping and done for. His master, a brown, handsome, big young shepherd from Tweedsmuir, would have liked to have knocked down any man, "drunk up Esil, or eaten a crocodile," for that part, if

he had a chance: it was no use kicking the little dog; that would only make him hold the closer. Many were the means shouted out in mouthfuls, of the best possible ways of ending it. "Water!" but there was none near, and many shouted for it who might have got it from the well at Blackfriars Wynd. "Bite the tail!" and a large, vague, benevolent, middle-aged man, more anxious than wise, with some struggle got the bushy end of Yarrow's tail into his ample mouth, and bit it with all his might. This was more than enough for the much-



THE PINCH OF SNUFF

enduring, much-perspiring shepherd, who with a gleam of joy over his broad visage, delivered a terrific facer upon our large, vague, benevolent, middle-aged friend, — who went down like a shot.

Still the Chicken holds; death not far off. "Snuff! a pinch of snuff!" observed sharply a calm, highly dressed young buck, with an eyeglass in his eye. "Snuff, indeed!" growled the angry crowd, affronted and glaring. "Snuff! a pinch of snuff!" again observes the buck, but with more urgency; whereon were produced several open boxes, and from a mull which may have been at Culloden, he took a pinch, knelt down, and presented it to the nose of the Chicken. The laws of physiology and of snuff take their course; the Chicken sneezes, and Yarrow is free!

The young pastoral giant stalks off with Yarrow in his arms, — comforting him.

But the Chicken's blood is up, and his soul unsatisfied; he grips the first dog he meets, but discovering she is not a dog, in Homeric phrase, he makes a brief sort of *amende*, and is off. The boys, with Bob and me at their head, are after him; down Niddry Street he goes, bent on mischief; up the Cowgate like an arrow — Bob and I, and our small men, panting behind.

There, under the large arch of the South Bridge, is a huge mastiff, sauntering down the middle of the causeway, as if with his hands in his pockets: he is old, gray, brindled; as big as a little Highland bull and has the Shakespearian dewlaps shaking as he goes.

The Chicken makes straight at him, and fastens on his throat. To our astonishment, the great creature does nothing but stand still, hold himself up, and roar — yes, roar; a long, serious, remonstrative roar. How is this? Bob and I are up to them. *He is muzzled!* The bailies had proclaimed a general muzzling, and his master, studying strength and economy mainly, had encompassed his huge jaws in a home-made apparatus, constructed out of the leather of some ancient *breechin*. His mouth was open as far as it could; his lips curled up in rage — a sort of terrible grin; his teeth gleaming, ready, from out the darkness; the strap across his mouth tense as a bowstring; his whole frame stiff with indignation and surprise; his roar asking us all round, "Did you ever see the like of this?" He looked a statue of anger and astonishment, done in Aberdeen granite.

We soon had a crowd: the Chicken held on. "A knife!" cried Bob; and a cobbler gave him his knife: you know the kind of knife, worn away obliquely to a point, and always keen. I put its edge to the tense leather; it ran before it; and then! one sudden jerk of that enormous head, a sort of dirty mist about his mouth, no noise, — and the bright and fierce little fellow is dropped, limp and dead. A solemn pause; this was more than any of us had bargained for. I turned the little fellow over, and saw he was quite dead: the mastiff had taken him by the small of the back like a rat, and broken it.

He looked down at his victim appeased, ashamed, and amazed; snuffed him all over,

stared at him, and taking a sudden thought, turned round and trotted off. Bob took the dead dog up, and said, "John, we 'll bury him after tea." "Yes," said I; and was off after the mastiff. He made up the Cowgate at a rapid swing: he had forgotten some engagement. He turned up the Candlemaker Row, and stopped at the Harrow Inn.

There was a carrier's cart ready to start, and a keen, thin, impatient, black-a-vised little man, his hand at his gray horse's head, looking about angrily for something. "Rab, ye thief!" said he, aiming a kick at my great friend, who drew cringing up, and avoiding the heavy shoe with more agility than dignity, and watching his master's eye, slunk dismayed under the cart, — his ears down, and as much as he had of tail down too.

What a man this must be — thought I — to whom my tremendous hero turns tail! The carrier saw the muzzle hanging, cut and useless, from his neck, and I eagerly told him the story, which Bob and I always thought, and still think, Homer, or King David, or Sir Walter, alone were worthy to rehearse. The severe little man was mitigated, and condescended to say, "Rab, my man, puir Rabbie," — whereupon the stump of a tail rose up, the ears were cocked, the eyes filled, and were comforted; the two friends were reconciled. "Hupp!" and a stroke of the whip were given to Jess; and off went the three.

Bob and I buried the Game Chicken that night (we had n't much of a tea) in the back-green of his house in Melville Street, No. 17, with considerable gravity and silence; and being at the time in the Iliad, and, like all boys, Trojans, we called him, of course, Hector.

Six years have passed, — a long time for a boy and a dog; Bob Ainslie is off to the wars; I am a medical student, and clerk at Minto House Hospital.

Rab I saw almost every week, on the Wednesday; and we had much pleasant intimacy. I found the way to his heart by frequent scratching of his huge head, and an occasional bone. When I did not notice him he would plant himself straight before me, and stand wagging that bud of a tail, and looking up, with his head a little to one side. His master I occasionally saw; he used to call me "Maister John," but was as laconic as any Spartan.

One fine October afternoon, I was leaving the hospital, when I saw the large gate open, and in walked Rab, with that great and easy saunter of his. He looked as if taking general possession of the place; like the Duke of Wellington entering a subdued city, satiated with victory and peace. After him came Jess, now white from age, with her cart; and in it a woman, carefully wrapped up, — the carrier leading the horse

JESS IN HER STABLE

anxiously, and looking back. When he saw me, James (for his name was James Noble) made a curt and grotesque "boo," and said, "Maister John, this is the mistress; she 's got a trouble in her breast — some kind o' an income we 're thinking."

By this time I saw the woman's face; she was sitting on a sack filled with straw, her husband's plaid round her, and his big-coat, with its large white metal buttons, over her feet. I never saw a more unforgettable face — pale, serious, *lonely*, delicate, sweet, without being what we call fine. She looked sixty, and had on a mutch, white as snow, with its black ribbon; her silvery smooth hair setting off her dark-gray eyes — eyes such as one sees only twice or thrice in a lifetime, full of suffering, but full also of the overcoming of it; her eye-brows black and delicate, and her mouth firm, patient, and contented, which few mouths ever are.

As I have said, I never saw a more beautiful countenance, or one more subdued to settled quiet. "Ailie," said James, "this is Maister John, the young doctor; Rab's freend, ye ken. We often speak aboot you, doctor." She smiled, and made a movement, but said nothing; and prepared to come down, putting her plaid aside and rising. Had Solomon, in all his glory, been handing the Queen of Sheba down at his palace gate, he could not have done it more daintily, more tenderly, more like a gentleman, than did James the Howgate carrier, when he lifted down Ailie, his wife. The contrast of his small, swarthy, weatherbeaten, keen, worldly face to hers — pale, subdued, and beautiful — was something wonderful. Rab looked on concerned and puzzled, but ready for anything that might turn up, — were it to strangle the nurse, the porter, or even me. Ailie and he seemed great friends.

"As I was sayin', she's got a kind o' trouble in her breest, doctor; wull ye tak' a look at it?" We walked into the consulting-room, all four; Rab grim and comic, willing to be happy and confidential if cause could be shown, willing also to be quite the reverse, on the same terms. Ailie sat down, undid her open gown and her lawn handkerchief round her neck, and, without a word, showed me her right breast. I looked at and examined it carefully, — she and James watching me, and Rab eyeing all three. What could I say? there it was, that had once been so soft, so shapely, so white, so gracious and bountiful, "so full of all blessed conditions," — hard as a stone, a centre of horrid pain, making that pale face, with its gray, lucid, reasonable eyes, and its sweet resolved mouth, express the full measure of suffering overcome. Why was that gentle, sweet woman, clean and lovable, condemned by God to bear such a burden?

I got her away to bed. "May Rab and me bide?" said James. "*You* may, and Rab, if he will behave himself." "I'se warrant he's do that, doctor"; and in slunk the faithful beast. I wish you could have seen him. There are no such dogs now: he belonged to a lost tribe. As I have said, he was brindled, and gray like Aberdeen granite; his hair short, hard, and close, like a lion's; his body thick set, like a little bull — a sort of compressed Hercules of a dog. He must have been ninety pounds' weight, at the least; he had a large blunt head; his muzzle black as night; his mouth blacker than any night, a tooth or two — being all he had — gleaming out of his jaws of darkness. His head was scarred with the records of old wounds, a sort of series of fields of battle all over it; one eye out, one ear cropped as close as was Archbishop Leighton's father's — but for different reasons — the remaining eye had the power of two; and above it, and in constant communication with it, was a tattered rag of an ear, which was for ever unfurling itself, like an old flag; and then that bud of a tail, about one inch long, if it could in any sense be said to be long, being as broad as long — the mobility, the instantaneousness of that bud was very funny and surprising, and its expressive twinklings and winkings, the intercommunications between the eye, the ear, and it, were of the subtlest and swiftest. Rab had the dignity and simplicity of great size; and having fought his way all along the road to absolute supremacy, was as mighty in his own line as Julius Cæsar or the Duke of Wellington; and he had the gravity [1] of all great fighters.

You must have often observed the likeness of certain men to certain animals, and of certain dogs to men. Now, I never looked at Rab without thinking of the great Baptist preacher, Andrew Fuller.[2] The same large, heavy, menacing, combative, sombre, honest countenance, the same inevitable eye, the same look, — as of thunder asleep, but ready, — neither a dog nor a man to be trifled with.

Next day, my master, the surgeon, examined Ailie. There was no doubt it must kill her, and soon. It could be removed — it might never return — it would give her speedy relief — she should have it done. She curtsied, looked at

[1] A Highland game-keeper, when asked why a certain terrier, of singular pluck, was so much graver than the other dogs, said, "Oh, sir, life 's full o' sairiousness to him — he just never can get enuff o' fechtin'."

[2] Fuller was in early life, when a farmer lad at Soham, famous as a boxer; not quarrelsome, but not without "the stern delight" a man of strength and courage feels in the exercise. Dr. Charles Stewart, of Dunearn, whose rare gifts and graces as a physician, a divine, a scholar, and a gentleman, live only in the memory of those few who knew and survive him, liked to tell how Mr. Fuller used to say that when he was in the pulpit, and saw a "buirdly" man, he would instinctively draw himself up, measure his imaginary antagonist, and forecast how he would deal with him, his hands meanwhile condensing into fists. He must have been a hard hitter if he boxed as he preached — what "The Fancy" would call "an ugly customer."

James, and said, "When?" "To-morrow," said the kind surgeon, a man of few words. She and James and Rab and I retired. I noticed that he and she spoke but little, but seemed to anticipate everything in each other. The following day, at noon, the students came in, hurrying up the great stair. At the first landing-place, on a small well-known blackboard, was a bit of paper fastened by wafers, and many remains of old wafers beside it. On the paper were the words, "An operation to-day. J. B. *Clerk.*"

Up ran the youths, eager to secure good places: in they crowded, full of interest and talk. "What 's the case?" "Which side is it?"

Don't think them heartless; they are neither better nor worse than you or I: they get over their professional horrors, and into their proper work; and in them pity — as an *emotion*, ending in itself or at best in tears and a long-drawn breath, lessens, while pity as a *motive* is quickened, and gains power and purpose. It is well for poor human nature that it is so.

The operating theatre is crowded; much talk and fun, and all the cordiality and stir of youth. The surgeon with his staff of assistants is there. In comes Ailie: one look at her quiets and abates the eager students. That beautiful old woman is too much for them; they sit down, and are dumb, and gaze at her. These rough boys feel the power of her presence. She walks in quickly, but without haste; dressed in her mutch, her neckerchief, her white dimity shortgown, her black bombazeen petticoat, showing her white worsted stockings and her carpet-shoes. Behind her was James, with Rab. James sat down in the distance, and took that huge and noble head between his knees. Rab looked perplexed and dangerous; for ever cocking his ear and dropping it fast.

Ailie stepped up on a seat, and laid herself on the table, as her friend the surgeon told her; arranged herself, gave a rapid look at James, shut her eyes, rested herself on me, and took my hand. The operation was at once begun; it was necessarily slow; and chloroform — one of God's best gifts to his suffering children — was then unknown. The surgeon did his work. The pale face showed its pain, but was still and silent. Rab's soul was working within him; he saw that something strange was going on, — blood flowing from his mistress, and she suffering; his ragged ear was up, and importunate; he growled and gave now and then a sharp impatient yelp; he would have liked to have done something to that man. But James had him firm, and gave him a glower from time to time, and an intimation of a possible kick; — all the better for James, it kept his eye and his mind off Ailie.

It is over: she is dressed, steps gently and decently down from the table, looks for James; then, turning to the surgeon and the students, she curtsies, — and in a low, clear voice begs their pardon if she had behaved ill. The students — all of us — wept like children; the surgeon happed her up carefully, — and, resting on James and me, Ailie went to her room, Rab following. We put her to bed. James took off his heavy shoes, crammed with tackets, heel-capt and toe-capt, and put them carefully under the table, saying, "Maister John, I'm for nane o' yer strynge nurse bodies for Ailie. I'll be her nurse, and on my stockin' soles I'll gang about as canny as pussy." And so he did; and handy and clever, and swift and tender as any woman, was that horny-handed, snell, peremptory little man. Everything she got he gave her: he seldom slept; and often I saw his small, shrewd eyes out of the darkness, fixed on her. As before, they spoke little.

Rab behaved well, never moving, showing us how meek and gentle he could be, and occasionally, in his sleep, letting us know that he was demolishing some adversary. He took a walk with me every day, generally to the Candlemaker Row; but he was sombre and mild; declined doing battle, though some fit cases offered, and indeed submitted to sundry indignities; and was always very ready to turn, and came faster back, and trotted up the stair with much lightness, and went straight to *that* door.

Jess, the mare — now white — had been sent, with her weather-worn cart, to Howgate, and had doubtless her own dim and placid meditations and conclusions, on the absence of her master and Rab, and her unnatural freedom from the road and her cart.

For some days Ailie did well. The wound healed "by the first intention"; as James said, "Oor Ailie's skin's ower clean to beil." The students came in quiet and anxious, and sur-

rounded her bed. She said she liked to see their young, honest faces. The surgeon dressed her, and spoke to her in his own short kind way, pitying her through his eyes, Rab and James outside the circle, — Rab being now reconciled, and even cordial, and having made up his mind that as yet nobody required worrying, but, as you may suppose, *semper paratus*.

So far well: but, four days after the operation, my patient had a sudden and long shivering, "groofin'," as she called it. I saw her soon after; her eyes were too bright, her cheek colored; she was restless, and ashamed of being so; the balance was lost; the mischief had begun. On looking at the wound, a blush of red told the secret: her pulse was rapid, her breathing anxious and quick, she was n't herself, as she said, and was vexed at her restlessness. We tried what we could. James did everything, was everywhere; never in the way, never out of it; Rab subsided under the table into a dark place, and was motionless, all but his eye, which followed every one. Ailie got worse; began to wander in her mind, gently; was more demonstrative in her ways to James, rapid in her questions, and sharp at times. He was vexed, and said, "She was never that way afore; no, never." For a time she knew her head was wrong, and was always asking our pardon — the dear, gentle old woman: then delirium set in strong. Her brain gave way, and that terrible spectacle,

> "The intellectual power, through words and things,
> Went sounding on its dim and perilous way";

she sang bits of old songs and Psalms, stopping suddenly, mingling the Psalms of David, and the diviner words of his Son and Lord, with homely odds and ends and scraps of ballads.

Nothing more touching, or in a sense more strangely beautiful, did I ever witness. Her tremulous, rapid, affectionate, eager Scotch voice, — the swift, aimless, bewildered mind, the baffled utterance, the bright and perilous eye; some wild words, some household cares, something for James, the names of the dead, Rab called rapidly and in a "fremyt" voice, and he starting up, surprised, and slinking off as if he were to blame somehow, or had been dreaming he heard. Many eager questions and beseechings which James and I could make nothing of, and on which she seemed to set her all and then sink back ununderstood. It was very sad, but better than many things that are not called sad. James hovered about, put out and miserable, but active and exact as ever; read to her, when there was a lull, short bits from the Psalms, prose and metre, chanting the latter in his own rude and serious way, showing great knowledge of the fit words, bearing up like a man, and doting over her as his "ain Ailie." "Ailie, ma woman!" "Ma ain bonnie wee dawtie!"

The end was drawing on: the golden bowl was breaking; the silver cord was fast being loosed — that *animula, blandula, vagula, hospes, comesque*, was about to flee. The body and the soul — companions for sixty years — were being sundered, and taking leave. She was walking, alone, through the valley of that shadow into which one day we must all enter, — and yet she was not alone, for we know whose rod and staff were comforting her.

One night she had fallen quiet, and as we hoped, asleep; her eyes were shut. We put down the gas, and sat watching her. Suddenly she sat up in bed, and taking a bedgown which was lying on it rolled up, she eagerly held it to her breast, — to the right side. We could see her eyes bright with a surprising tenderness and joy, bending over this bundle of clothes. She held it as a woman holds her sucking child; opening out her night-gown impatiently, and holding it close, and brooding over it, and murmuring foolish little words, as over one whom his mother comforteth, amd who is sucking, and being satisfied. It was pitiful and strange to see the wasted dying look, keen and yet vague — her immense love. "Preserve me!" groaned James, giving way. And then she rocked back and forward, as if to make it sleep, hushing it, and wasting on it her infinite fondness. "Wae's me, doctor; I declare she's thinkin' it's that bairn." "What bairn?" "The only bairn we ever had; our wee Mysie, and she 's in the Kingdom, forty years and mair." It was plainly true: the pain in the breast, telling its urgent story to a bewildered, ruined brain; it was misread and mistaken; it suggested to her the uneasiness of a breast full of milk, and then the child; and so again once more they were together; and she had her ain wee Mysie in her bosom.

This was the close. She sank rapidly; the delirium left her; but as she whispered, she was clean silly; it was the lightening before the final darkness. After having for some time lain still — her eyes shut, she said "James!" He came close to her, and lifting up her calm, clear beautiful eyes, she gave him a long look, turned to me kindly but shortly, looked for Rab but could not see him, then turned to her husband again, as if she would never leave off looking, shut her eyes, and composed herself. She lay for some time breathing quick, and passed away so gently, that when we thought she was gone, James, in his old-fashioned way, held the mirror to her face. After a long pause, one small spot of dimness was breathed out; it vanished away, and never returned, leaving the blank clear darkness of the mirror without a stain. "What is our life? it is even a vapor, which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

Rab all this time had been full awake and motionless: he came forward beside us: Ailie's hand, which James had held, was hanging down; it was soaked with his tears; Rab licked it all over carefully, looked at her, and returned to his place under the table.

James and I sat, I don't know how long, but for some time, — saying nothing: he started up abruptly, and with some noise went to the table, and putting his right fore and middle fingers each into a shoe, pulled them out, and put them on, breaking one of the leather latchets, and muttering in anger, "I never did the like o' that afore!"

I believe he never did; nor after either. "Rab!" he said roughly, and pointing with his thumb to the bottom of the bed. Rab leapt up, and settled himself; his head and eye to the dead face. "Maister John, ye 'll wait for me," said the carrier; and disappeared in the darkness, thundering down stairs in his heavy shoes. I ran to a front window: there he was, already round the house, and out at the gate, fleeing like a shadow.

I was afraid about him, and yet not afraid; so I sat down beside Rab, and being wearied, fell asleep. I awoke from a sudden noise outside. It was November, and there had been a heavy fall of snow. Rab was in *statu quo;* he heard the noise too, and plainly knew it, but never moved. I looked out; and there, at the gate, in the dim morning — for the sun was not up, was Jess and the cart, — a cloud of steam rising from the old mare. I did not see James; he was already at the door, and came up the stairs, and met me. It was less than three hours since he left, and he must have posted out — who knows how? — to Howgate, full nine miles off; yoked Jess, and driven her astonished into town. He had an armful of blankets, and was streaming with perspiration. He nodded to me, spread out on the floor two pairs of old clean blankets, having at their corners, "A. G., 1794," in large letters in red worsted. These were the initials of Alison Græme, and James may have looked in at her from without — unseen but not unthought of — when he was "wat, wat, and weary," and had walked many a mile over the hills, and seen her sitting, while "a' the lave were sleepin'"; and by the firelight putting her name on the blankets for her ain James's bed.

He motioned Rab down, and taking his wife in his arms, laid her in the blankets, and happed her carefully and firmly up, leaving the face uncovered; and then lifting her, he nodded again sharply to me, and with a resolved but utterly miserable face, strode along the passage, and down stairs, followed by Rab. I also followed, with a light; but he did n't need it. I went out, holding stupidly the light in my hand in the frosty air; we were soon at the gate. I could have helped him, but I saw he was not to be meddled with, and he was strong, and did not need it. He laid her down as tenderly, as safely, as he had lifted her out ten days before — as tenderly as when he had her first in his arms when she was only "A. G.," — sorted her, leaving that beautiful sealed face open to the heavens; and then taking Jess by the head, he moved away. He did not notice me, neither did Rab, who presided alone behind the cart.

I stood till they passed through the long shadow of the College, and turned up Nicholson Street. I heard the solitary cart sound through the streets, and die away and come again; and I returned, thinking of that company going up Libberton brae, then along Roslin muir, the morning light touching the Pentlands and making them like on-looking ghosts; then down the hill through Auchin-

dinny woods, past "haunted Woodhouselee"; and as daybreak came sweeping up the bleak Lammermuirs, and fell on his own door, the company would stop, and James would take the key, and lift Ailie up again, laying her on her own bed, and, having put Jess up, would return with Rab and shut the door.

James buried his wife, with his neighbors mourning, Rab inspecting the solemnity from a distance. It was snow, and that black ragged hole would look strange in the midst of the swelling spotless cushion of white. James looked after everything; then rather suddenly fell ill, and took to bed; was insensible when the doctor came, and soon died. A sort of low fever was prevailing in the village, and his want of sleep, his exhaustion, and his misery made him apt to take it. The grave was not difficult to reopen. A fresh fall of snow had again made all things white and smooth; Rab once more looked on, and slunk home to the stable.

And what of Rab? I asked for him next week at the new carrier's who got the goodwill of James's business, and was now master of Jess and her cart. "How's Rab?" He put me off, and said rather rudely, "What's *your* business wi' the dowg?" I was not to be so put off. "Where's Rab?" He, getting confused and red, and intermeddling with his hair, said, "'Deed, sir, Rab's deid." "Dead! what did he die of?" "Weel, sir," said he, getting redder, "he didna exactly die; he was killed. I had to brain him wi' a rack-pin; there was nae doin' wi' him. He lay in the treviss wi' the mear, and wadna come oot. I tempit him wi' kail and meat, but he wad tak' naething, and keepit me frae feedin' the beast, and he was aye gur rurrin', and grup gruppin' me by the legs. I was laith to mak' awa wi' the auld dowg, his like wasna atween this and Thornhill, — but, 'deed, sir, I could do naething else." I believed him. Fit end for Rab, quick and complete. His teeth and his friends gone, why should he keep the peace and be civil?

THE LEGEND OF BISHOP HATTO

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY (1776–1844)

THE summer and autumn had been so wet,
That in winter the corn was growing yet:
'T was a piteous sight to see, all around,
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door;
For he had a plentiful last year's store,
And all the neighborhood could tell
His granaries were furnished well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay:
He bade them to his great barn repair,
And they should have food for winter there.

Rejoiced such tidings good to hear,
The poor folk flocked from far and near;
The great barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, and young and old.

Then, when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto, he made fast the door;
And while for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the barn and burned them all.

"I' faith, 't is an excellent bonfire!" quoth he;
"And the country is greatly obliged to me
For ridding it in these times forlorn
Of Rats that only consume the corn."

So then to his palace returned he,
And he sat down to supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an innocent man;
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning as he entered the hall,
Where his picture was hung against the wall,
A sweat like death all over him came;
For the Rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he looked, there came a man from his farm;
He had a countenance white with alarm:
"My Lord, I opened your granaries this morn,
And the Rats had eaten all your corn."

Another came running presently,
And he was pale as pale could be:
"Fly, my Lord Bishop, fly!" quoth he,

"Ten thousand Rats are coming this way;
The Lord forgive you yesterday!"

"I'll go to my town on the Rhine," replied he;
"'T is the safest place in Germany;
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,
And the stream is strong, and the waters deep."

Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away,
And he crossed the Rhine without delay,
And reached his tower, and barred with care
All windows, doors, and loop-holes there.

He laid him down, and closed his eyes;
But soon a scream made him arise:
He started and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow, from whence the screaming came.

He listened and looked; it was only the cat:
But the Bishop he grew more fearful for that;
For she sat screaming, mad with fear
At the army of Rats that was drawing near.

For they have swum over the river so deep,
And they have climbed the shore so steep;
And up the tower their way is bent,
To do the work for which they are sent.

They are not to be told by the dozen or score;
By thousands they come, and by myriads and more;
Such numbers had never been heard of before,
Such a judgment had never been witnessed of yore.

Down on his knees the Bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did tell,
As, louder and louder drawing near,
The gnawing of their teeth he could hear.

And in at the windows and in at the door,
And through the wall, helter-skelter they pour,
And down from the ceiling and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
And all at once to the Bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones;
And now they pick the Bishop's bones:
They gnawed the flesh from every limb;
For they were sent to do judgment on him!

THE MOUSE TOWER AT BINGEN ON THE RHINE

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A DELEGATION OF INDIANS VISITING THE "GREAT WHITE FATHER" AT WASHINGTON AND SEEING THE SIGHTS OF THE CAPITAL

A NARROW ESCAPE

[The following story is taken from J. Fenimore Cooper's novel, *The Last of the Mohicans*, a famous tale of adventure and romance in the stirring times of the French and Indian wars in the American colonies. Two beautiful English girls, Cora and Alice Munro, daughters of the commander of Fort William Henry on the shore of Lake George, are being escorted through the wilderness to meet their father. Their escort consists of Major Duncan Heyward, an English officer; Hawk-eye, a cunning scout and woodsman; and two friendly Mohican Indians, Chingachgook and his son Uncas. At the time this selection opens, the party is being hunted by hostile Indians.

Cooper (1789–1851) wrote many other very interesting books, so many that we cannot name them all here. No American boy or girl should grow up without reading one or more of the Leatherstocking Tales, which is the name given to the most popular series of his novels.]

THE route taken by Hawk-eye lay across those sandy plains, relieved by occasional valleys and swells of land, which had been traversed by their party on the morning of the same day, with the baffled Magua for their guide. The sun had now fallen low towards the distant mountains, and as their journey lay through the interminable forest, the heat was no longer oppressive. Their progress, in consequence, was proportionate, and long before the twilight gathered about them, they made a good many toilsome miles on their return path.

The hunter, like the savage whose place he filled, seemed to select among the blind signs of their wild route with a species of instinct, seldom abating in his speed, and never pausing to deliberate. A rapid and oblique glance at the moss on the trees, with an occasional upward gaze towards the setting sun, or a steady but passing look at the direction of the numerous water courses, through which he waded, were sufficient to determine his path, and remove his greatest difficulties. In the meantime, the forest began to change its hues, losing that lively green which had embellished its arches, in the graver light, which is the usual precursor of the close of day.

While the eyes of the sisters were endeavoring to catch glimpses, through the trees, of the flood of golden glory, which formed a glittering halo around the sun, tingeing here and there with ruby streaks, or bordering with narrow edgings of shining yellow, a mass of clouds that lay piled at no great distance above the western hills, Hawk-eye turned suddenly, and pointing upwards towards the gorgeous heavens, he spoke:

"Yonder is the signal given to man to seek his food and natural rest," he said; "better and wiser would it be, if he could understand the signs of nature, and take a lesson from the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the fields! Our night, however, will soon be over, for, with the moon, we must be up and moving again. I remember to have fout the Maquas hereaways, in the first war in which I ever drew blood from man; and we threw up a work of blocks, to keep the ravenous varmints from handling our scalps. If my marks do not fail me, we shall find the place a few rods further to our left."

Without waiting for an assent, or, indeed, for any reply, the sturdy hunter moved boldly into a dense thicket of young chestnuts, shoving aside the branches of the exuberant shoots, which nearly covered the ground, like a man who expected at each step, to discover some object he had formerly known. The recollection of the scout did not deceive him. After penetrating through the brush, matted as it was with briers, for a few hundred feet, he entered into an open space, that surrounded a low green hillock, which was crowned by the decayed block-house in question. This rude and neglected building was one of those deserted works, which, having been thrown up on an emergency, had been abandoned with the disappearance of danger, and was now quietly crumbling in the solitude of the forest, neglected, and nearly forgotten, like the circumstances which had caused it to be reared. Such memorials of the passage and struggles of man are yet frequent throughout the broad barrier of the wilderness, which once separated the hostile provinces, and form a species of ruins, that are intimately associated with the recollections of colonial history, and which are in appropriate keeping with the gloomy character of the surrounding scenery. The roof of bark had long since fallen and mingled with the soil,

but the huge logs of pine, which had been hastily thrown together, still preserved their relative positions, though one angle of the work had given way under the pressure, and threatened a speedy downfall to the remainder of the rustic edifice. While Heyward and his companions hesitated to approach a building of such a decayed appearance, Hawk-eye and the Indians entered within the low walls, not only without fear, but with obvious interest. While the former surveyed the ruins, both internally and externally, with the curiosity of one whose recollections were reviving at each moment, Chingachgook related to his son, in the language of the Delawares, and with the pride of a conqueror, the brief history of the skirmish which had been fought in his youth, in that secluded spot. A strain of melancholy, however, blended with his triumph, rendering his voice, as usual, soft and musical.

In the meantime the sisters gladly dismounted, and prepared to enjoy their halt in the coolness of the evening, and in a security which they believed nothing but the beasts of the forest could invade.

"Would not our resting-place have been more retired, my worthy friend," demanded the more vigilant Duncan, perceiving that the scout had already finished his short survey, "had we chosen a spot less known, and one more rarely visited than this?"

"Few live who know the block-house was ever raised," was the slow and musing answer; "'t is not often that books are made and narratives written of such a scrimmage as was here fout atween the Mohicans and the Mohawks, in a war of their own waging. I was then a younker, and went out with the Delawares, because I know'd they were a scandalized and wronged race. Forty days and forty nights did the imps crave our blood around this pile of logs, which I designed and partly reared, being, as you'll remember, no Indian myself, but a man without a cross. — The Delawares lent themselves to the work, and we made it good, ten to twenty, until our numbers were nearly equal, and then we sallied out upon the hounds, and not a man of them ever got back to tell the fate of his party. Yes, yes; I was then young, and new to the sight of blood, and not relishing the thought that creatures who had spirits like myself, should lay on the naked ground, to be torn asunder by beasts, or to bleach in the rains, I buried the dead with my own hands, under that very little hillock, where you have placed yourselves; and no bad seat does it make either, though it be raised by the bones of mortal men."

Heyward and the sisters arose on the instant from the grassy sepulchre; nor could the two latter, notwithstanding the terrific scenes they had so recently passed through, entirely suppress an emotion of natural horror, when they found themselves in such familiar contact with the grave of the dead Mohawks. The gray light, the gloomy little area of dark grass, surrounded by its border of brush, beyond which the pines rose in breathless silence, apparently, into the very clouds, and the death-like stillness of the vast forest, were all in unison to deepen such a sensation.

"They are gone, and they are harmless," continued Hawk-eye, waving his hand, with a melancholy smile, at their manifest alarm; "they'll never shout the war-whoop, nor strike a blow with the tomahawk, again! And of all those who aided in placing them where they lie, Chingachgook and I only are living! The brothers and family of the Mohican formed our war party, and you see before you all that are now left of his race."

The eyes of the listeners involuntarily sought the forms of the Indians, with a compassionate interest in their desolate fortune. Their dark persons were still to be seen within the shadows of the block-house, the son listening to the relation of his father, with that sort of intenseness which would be created by a narrative, that redounded so much to the honor of those whose names he had long revered for their courage and savage virtues.

"I had thought the Delawares a pacific people," said Duncan, "and that they never waged war in person; trusting the defence of their lands to those very Mohawks that you slew?"

"'T is true in part," returned the scout, "and yet at the bottom 't is a wicked lie. Such a treaty was made in ages gone by, through the deviltries of the Dutchers, who wished to disarm the natives that had the best right to the country, where they had settled themselves.

The Mohicans, though a part of the same nation, having to deal with the English, never entered into the silly bargain, but kept to their manhood; as in truth did the Delawares, when their eyes were opened to their folly. You see before you a chief of the great Mohican Sagamores! Once his family could chase their deer over tracts of country wider than that which belongs to the Albany Patteroon, without crossing brook or hill that was not their own; but what is left to their descendants? He may find his six feet of earth, when God chooses; and keep it in peace, perhaps, if he has a friend who will take the pains to sink his head so low that the ploughshares cannot reach it!"

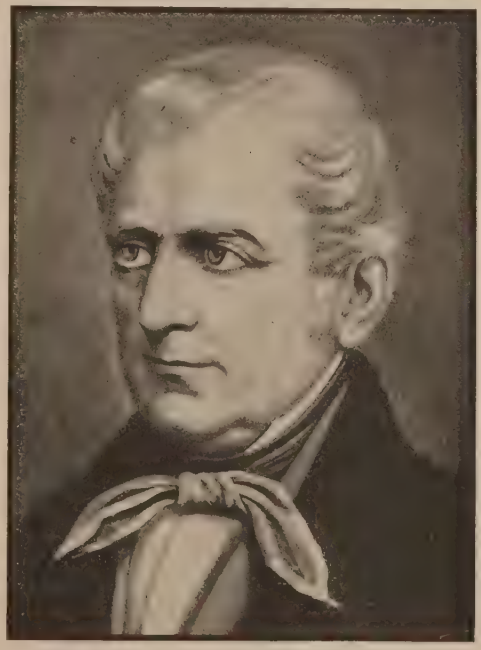
"Enough!" said Heyward, apprehensive that the subject might lead to a discussion that would interrupt the harmony so necessary to the preservation of his fair companions; "we have journeyed far, and few among us are blest with forms like that of yours, which seems to know neither fatigue nor weakness."

"The sinews and bones of a man carry me through it all," said the hunter, surveying his muscular limbs with a simplicity that betrayed the honest pleasure the compliment afforded him; "there are larger and heavier men to be found in the settlements, but you might travel many days in a city, before you could meet one able to walk fifty miles without stopping to take breath, or who has kept the hounds within hearing during a chase of hours. However, as flesh and blood are not always the same, it is quite reasonable to suppose, that the gentle ones are willing to rest, after all they have seen and done this day. Uncas, clear out the spring, while your father and I make a cover for their tender heads of these chestnut shoots, and a bed of grass and leaves."

The dialogue ceased, while the hunter and his companions busied themselves in preparations for the comfort and protection of those they guided.

A spring, which many long years before had induced the natives to select the place for their temporary fortification, was soon cleared of leaves, and a fountain of crystal gushed from the bed, diffusing its waters over the verdant hillock. A corner of the building was then roofed, in such a manner as to exclude the heavy dew of the climate, and piles of sweet shrubs and dried leaves were laid beneath it, for the sisters to repose on.

While the diligent woodsmen were employed in this manner, Cora and Alice partook of that refreshment which duty required, much more than inclination prompted them to accept. They then retired within the walls, and first offering up their thanksgivings for past mercies, and petitioning for a continuance of the Divine favor throughout the coming night, they laid their tender forms on the fragrant couch, and in spite of recollections and forebodings, soon sank into those slumbers which Nature so



J. FENIMORE COOPER

imperiously demanded, and which were sweetened by hopes for the morrow. Duncan had prepared himself to pass the night in watchfulness, near them, just without the ruin; but the scout, perceiving his intention, pointed towards Chingachgook, as he coolly disposed his own person on the grass, and said —

"The eyes of a white man are too heavy, and too blind, for such a watch as this! The Mohican will be our sentinel; therefore, let us sleep."

"I proved myself a sluggard on my post during the past night," said Heyward, "and have less need of repose than you, who did more credit to the character of a soldier. Let all the party seek their rest, then, while I hold the guard."

"If we lay among the white tents of the 60th, and in front of an enemy like the French, I could not ask for a better watchman," returned the scout; "but in the darkness, and among the signs of the wilderness, your judgment would be like the folly of a child, and your vigilance thrown away. Do, then, like Uncas and myself, sleep, and sleep in safety."

Heyward perceived, in truth, that the younger Indian had thrown his form on the side of the hillock, while they were talking, like one who sought to make the most of the time allotted to rest, and that his example had been followed by David, whose voice literally "clove to his jaws," with the fever of his wound, heightened, as it was, by their toilsome march. Unwilling to prolong a useless discussion, the young man affected to comply, by posting his back against the logs of the block-house in a half-recumbent posture, though resolutely determined, in his own mind, not to close an eye until he had delivered his precious charge into the arms of Munro himself. Hawk-eye, believing he had prevailed, soon fell asleep, and a silence as deep as the solitude in which they had found it, pervaded the retired spot.

For many minutes Duncan succeeded in keeping his senses on the alert, and alive to every moaning sound that arose from the forest. His vision became more acute as the shades of evening settled on the place, and even after the stars were glimmering above his head, he was able to distinguish the recumbent forms of his companions, as they lay stretched on the grass, and to note the person of Chingachgook, who sat upright and motionless as one of the trees, which formed the dark barrier on every side of them. He still heard the gentle breathing of the sisters, who lay within a few feet of him, and not a leaf was ruffled by the passing air, of which his ear did not detect the whispering sound. At length, however, the mournful notes of a whip-poor-will became blended with the moanings of an owl; his heavy eyes occasionally sought the bright rays of the stars, and then he fancied he saw them through the fallen lids. At instants of momentary wakefulness, he mistook a brush for his associate sentinel; his head next sank upon his shoulder, which in its turn, sought the support of the ground; and finally, his whole person became relaxed and pliant, and the young man sank into a deep sleep, dreaming that he was a knight of ancient chivalry, holding his midnight vigils before the tent of a recaptured princess, whose favor he did not despair of gaining by such a proof of devotion and watchfulness.

How long the tired Duncan lay in this insensible state he never knew himself, but his slumbering visions had been long lost in total forgetfulness, when he was awakened by a light tap on the shoulder. Aroused by this signal, slight as it was, he sprang upon his feet with a confused recollection of the self-imposed duty he had assumed with the commencement of the night —

"Who comes?" he demanded, feeling for his sword, at the place where it was usually suspended. "Speak! — friend or enemy?"

"Friend," replied the low voice of Chingachgook; who, pointing upward at the luminary which was shedding its mild light through the opening in the trees, directly on their bivouac, immediately added, in his rude English, "Moon comes, and white man's fort far — far off; time to move when sleep shuts both eyes of the Frenchman!"

"You say true! call up your friends, and bridle the horses, while I prepare my own companions for the march."

"We are awake, Duncan," said the soft, silvery tones of Alice within the building, "and ready to travel very fast, after so refreshing a sleep; but you have watched through the tedious night, on our behalf, after having endured so much fatigue the live-long day."

"Say, rather, I would have watched, but my treacherous eyes betrayed me; twice have I proved myself unfit for the trust I bear."

"Nay, Duncan, deny it not," interrupted the smiling Alice, issuing from the shadows of the building into the light of the moon, in all the loveliness of her freshened beauty; "I know you to be a heedless one, when self is the object of your care, and but too vigilant in favor of others. Can we not tarry here a little

longer, while you find the rest you need? Cheerfully, most cheerfully, will Cora and I keep the vigils, while you, and all these brave men, endeavor to snatch a little sleep."

"If shame could cure me of my drowsiness, I should never close an eye again," said the uneasy youth, gazing at the ingenuous countenance of Alice, where, however, in its sweet solicitude, he read nothing to confirm his half awakened suspicion. "It is but too true, that after leading you into danger by my heedlessness, I have not even the merit of guarding your pillows as should become a soldier."

"No one but Duncan himself should accuse Duncan of such weakness!" returned the confiding Alice; who lent herself, with all a woman's confidence, to that generous delusion which painted the perfection of her youthful admirer. "Go, then, and sleep; believe me, neither of us, weak girls as we are, will betray our watch."

The young man was relieved from the awkwardness of making any further protestations of his own demerits, by an exclamation from Chingachgook, and the attitude of riveted attention assumed by his son.

"The Mohicans hear an enemy!" whispered Hawk-eye, who, by this time, in common with the whole party, was awake and stirring. "They scent some danger in the wind!"

"God forbid!" exclaimed Heyward. "Surely, we have had enough of bloodshed?"

While he spoke, however, the young soldier seized his rifle, and advancing towards the front, prepared to atone for his venial remissness, by freely exposing his life in defence of those he attended.

"'T is some creature of the forest prowling around us in quest of food!" he said, in a whisper, as soon as the low, and apparently distant sounds, which had startled the Mohicans, reached his own ears.

"Hist!" returned the attentive scout; "'t is man; even I can now tell his tread, poor as my senses are, when compared to an Indian's! That scampering Huron has fallen in with one of Montcalm's outlying parties, and they have struck upon our trail. I should n't like myself to spill more human blood in this spot," he added, looking around with anxiety in his features, at the dim objects by which he was surrounded. "But what must be, must! Lead the horses into the block-house, Uncas; and friends, do you follow to the same shelter. Poor and old as it is, it offers a cover, and has rung with the crack of a rifle afore to-night!"

He was instantly obeyed, the Mohicans leading the Narragansetts within the ruin, whither the whole party repaired, with the most guarded silence.

The sounds of approaching footsteps were now too distinctly audible to leave any doubts as to the nature of the interruption. They were soon mingled with voices calling to each other, in an Indian dialect, which the hunter, in a whisper, affirmed to Heyward, was the language of the Hurons. When the party reached the point where the horses had entered the thicket which surrounded the block-house, they were evidently at fault, having lost those marks which until that moment had directed their pursuit.

It would seem by the voices that twenty men were soon collected at that one spot, mingling their different opinions and advice, in noisy clamor.

"The knaves know our weakness," whispered Hawk-eye, who stood by the side of Heyward, in deep shade, looking through an opening in the logs, "or they would n't indulge their idleness in such a squaw's march. Listen to the reptiles! each man among them seems to have two tongues, and but a single leg!"

Duncan, brave and even fierce as he sometimes was in the combat, could not in such a moment of painful suspense, make any reply to the cool and characteristic remark of the scout. He only grasped his rifle more firmly, and fastened his eyes upon the narrow opening, through which he gazed upon the moonlight view with increasing intenseness. The deeper tones of one who spoke as having authority, were next heard, amid a silence that denoted the respect with which his orders, or rather advice, was received. After which, by the rustling of leaves, and cracking of dried twigs, it was apparent the savages were separating in pursuit of the lost trail. Fortunately for the pursued, the light of the moon, while it shed a flood of mild lustre upon the little area around the ruin, was not sufficiently strong to penetrate the deep arches of the forest, where the objects still lay in dim and deceptive shadow. The search proved fruitless; for so short and

sudden had been the passage from the faint path the travellers had journeyed into the thicket, that every trace of their footsteps was lost in the obscurity of the woods.

It was not long, however, before the restless savages were heard beating the brush, and gradually approaching the inner edge of that dense border of young chestnuts, which encircled the little area.

"They are coming!" muttered Heyward, endeavoring to thrust his rifle through the chink in the logs; "let us fire on their approach!"

"Keep everything in the shade," returned the scout; "the snapping of a flint, or even the smell of a single karnel of the brimstone, would bring the hungry varlets upon us in a body. Should it please God that we must give battle for the scalps, trust to the experience of men who know the ways of the savages, and who are not often backward when the war-whoop is howled."

Duncan cast his eyes anxiously behind him, and saw that the trembling sisters were cowering in the far corner of the building, while the Mohicans stood in the shadow, like two upright posts, ready, and apparently willing, to strike, when the blow should be needed. Curbing his impatience, he again looked out upon the area, and awaited the result in silence. At that instant the thicket opened, and a tall and armed Huron advanced a few paces into the open space. As he gazed upon the silent block-house, the moon fell full upon his swarthy countenance, and betrayed its surprise and curiosity. He made the exclamation, which usually accompanies the former emotion in an Indian, and calling in a low voice, soon drew a companion to his side.

These children of the woods stood together for several moments, pointing at the crumbling edifice, and conversing in the unintelligible language of their tribe. They then approached, though with slow and cautious steps, pausing every instant to look at the building, like startled deer, whose curiosity struggled powerfully with their awakened apprehensions for the mastery. The foot of one of them suddenly rested on the mound, and he stooped to examine its nature. At this moment, Heyward observed that the scout loosened his knife in its sheath, and lowered the muzzle of his rifle. Imitating these movements, the young man prepared himself for the struggle, which now seemed inevitable.

The savages were so near, that the least motion in one of the horses, or even a breath louder than common, would have betrayed the fugitives. But, in discovering the character of the mound, the attention of the Hurons appeared directed to a different object. They spoke together, and the sounds of their voices were low and solemn, as if influenced by a reverence that was deeply blended with awe. They then drew warily back, keeping their eyes riveted on the ruin, as if they expected to see the apparitions of the dead issue from its silent walls, until having reached the boundary of the area, they moved slowly into the thicket, and disappeared.

Hawk-eye dropped the breach of his rifle to the earth, and drawing a long, free breath, exclaimed, in an audible whisper —

"Ay! they respect the dead, and it has this time saved their own lives, and, it may be, the lives of better men too!"

Heyward lent his attention, for a single moment, to his companion, but, without replying, he again turned towards those who just then interested him more. He heard the two Hurons leave the bushes, and it was soon plain that all the pursuers were gathered about them, in deep attention to their report. After a few minutes of earnest and solemn dialogue, altogether different from the noisy clamor with which they had first collected about the spot, the sounds grew fainter, and more distant, and finally were lost in the depths of the dense forest.

Hawk-eye waited until a signal from the listening Chingachgook assured him that every sound from the retiring party was completely swallowed by the distance, when he motioned to Heyward to lead forth the horses, and to assist the sisters into their saddles. The instant this was done, they issued through the broken gateway, and stealing out by a direction opposite to the one by which they had entered, they quitted the spot, the sisters casting furtive glances at the silent grave and crumbling ruin, as they left the soft light of the moon, to bury themselves in the deep gloom of the woods.

CHRISTMAS DINNER AT BOB CRATCHIT'S

[This selection is from *A Christmas Carol*, by Charles Dickens (1812–1870). Dickens is one of the best loved and most widely read of English novelists, and several of his stories are especially interesting to young people. Among these are *Oliver Twist*, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *David Copperfield*, and *A Christmas Carol*.]

THEN up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable Parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collars nearly choked him) blew the fire until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan-lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha war n't as late last Christmas Day by half-an-hour?"

"Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We 'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

"Well! Never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There 's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little

TINY TIM

Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool before the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs — as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby — compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round and put it on the hob to simmer; Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course — and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah!

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone — too nervous to bear witnesses — to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose — a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastrycook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered — flushed, but smiling proudly — with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half-a-quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

TOP: SCROOGE SENDS A TURKEY TO BOB CRATCHIT; SCROOGE AND BOB CRATCHIT IN THE COUNTING HOUSE ON CHRISTMAS EVE. BOTTOM: "I KNOW HIM! MARLEY'S GHOST!"; SCROOGE AT HIS NEPHEW'S ON CHRISTMAS DAY

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass. Two tumblers, and a custard-cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:

"A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family reëchoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him.

Bob Cratchit told them how he had a situation in his eye for Master Peter, which would bring in, if obtained, full five-and-sixpence weekly. The two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the idea of Peter's being a man of business; and Peter himself looked thoughtfully at the fire from between his collars, as if he were deliberating what particular investments he should favor when he came into the receipt of that bewildering income. Martha, who was a poor apprentice at a milliner's, then told them what kind of work she had to do, and how many hours she worked at a stretch, and how she meant to lie abed to-morrow morning for a good long rest; to-morrow being a holiday she passed at home. Also how she had seen a countess and a lord some days before, and how the lord "was much about as tall as Peter"; at which Peter pulled up his collars so high that you could n't have seen his head if you had been there. All this time the chestnuts and the jug went round and round; and by-and-bye they had a song, about a lost child traveling in the snow, from Tiny Tim, who had a plaintive little voice, and sang it very well indeed.

There was nothing of high mark in this. They were not a handsome family; they were not well dressed; their shoes were far from being water-proof; their clothes were scanty; and Peter might have known, and very likely did, the inside of a pawnbroker's. But they were happy, grateful, pleased with one another, and contented with the time.

HEAVY WEATHER

[This account gives some idea of the experiences sailors have in going round Cape Horn in winter time. It is taken from R. H. Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast,* which is the truthful record of two years which the author spent at sea. Dana was a student at Harvard College, but trouble with his eyes forced him to drop out for a while, and so he took a long sea voyage, working as a regular sailor before the mast, and returning home in perfectly good health. Anybody who likes the sea will enjoy reading *Two Years Before the Mast.*]

THERE began now to be a decided change in the appearance of things. The days became shorter and shorter; the sun running lower in its course each day, and giving less and less heat, and the nights so cold as to prevent our sleeping on deck; the Magellan Clouds in sight on a clear, moonless night; the skies looking cold and angry; and, at times, a long, heavy, ugly sea setting in from the southward,

AN OLD TIME SQUARE RIGGER

told us what we were coming to. Still, however, we had a fine strong breeze, and kept on our way under as much sail as our ship would bear. Toward the middle of the week, the wind hauled to the southward, which brought us upon a taut bowline and made the ship meet, nearly head-on, the heavy swell which rolled from that quarter; and there was something not at all encouraging in the manner in which she met it. Being still so deep and heavy, she wanted the buoyancy which should have carried her over the seas, and she dropped heavily into them, the water washing over the decks; and every now and then, when an unusually large sea met her fairly upon the bows, she struck it with a sound as dead and heavy as that with which a sledge-hammer falls upon the pile, and took the whole of it upon the forecastle, and, rising, carried it aft in the scuppers, washing the rigging off the pins, and carrying along with it everything which was loose on deck. She had been acting in this way all of our forenoon watch below; as we could tell by the washing of the water over our heads, and the heavy breaking of the seas against her bows, only the thickness of a plank from our heads, as we lay in our berths, which are directly against the bows. At eight bells the watch was called, and we came on deck, one hand going aft to take the wheel, and another going to the galley to get the grub for dinner. I stood on the forecastle, looking at the seas, which were rolling high, as far as the eye could reach, their tops white with foam, and the body of them of a deep indigo blue, reflecting the bright rays of the sun. Our ship rose slowly over a few of the largest of them, until one immense fellow came rolling on, threatening to cover her, and which I was sailor enough to know, by the "feeling of her" under my feet, she would not rise over. I sprang upon the knight-heads, and, seizing hold of the fore-stay, drew myself up upon it. My feet were just off the stanchion when the bow struck fairly into the middle of the sea, and it washed the ship fore and aft, burying her in the water. As soon as she rose out of it, I looked aft, and everything forward to the mainmast, except the long-boat, which was griped and double-lashed down to the ring-bolts, was swept off clear. The galley, the pigsty, the hen-coop, and a large sheep-pen, which had been built upon the fore-hatch, were all gone in the twinkling of an eye — leaving the deck as clean as a chin new reaped — and not a stick left to show where anything had stood. In the scuppers lay the galley, bottom up, and a few boards floating about — the wreck of the sheep-pen — and half a dozen miserable sheep floating among them, wet through, and not a little frightened at the sudden change that had come upon them. As soon as the sea had washed by, all hands sprang up out of the forecastle to see what had become of the ship; and in a few moments the cook and Old Bill crawled out from under the galley, where they had been lying in the water, nearly smothered, with the galley over them. Fortunately, it rested against the bulwarks, or it would have broken some of their bones. When the water ran off, we picked the sheep up, and put them in the long-boat, got the galley back in its place, and set things a little to rights; but had not our ship uncommonly high bulwarks and rail, everything must have been washed overboard, not excepting Old Bill and the cook. Bill had been standing at the galley-door, with the kid of beef in his hand for the forecastle mess, when away he went, kid, beef, and all. He held on to the kid to the last, like a good fellow, but the beef was gone, and when the water had run off we saw it lying high and dry, like a rock at low tide — nothing could hurt *that*. We took the loss of our beef very easily, consoling ourselves with the recollection that the cabin had more to lose than we; and chuckled not a little at seeing the remains of the chicken-pie and pancakes floating in the scuppers. "This will never do!" was what some said, and every one felt. Here we were, not yet within a thousand miles of the latitude of Cape Horn, and our decks swept by a sea not one-half so high as we must expect to find there. Some blamed the captain for loading his ship so deep when he knew what he must expect; while others said that the wind was always south-west off the Cape in the winter, and that, running before it, we should not mind the seas so much. When we got down into the forecastle, Old Bill, who was somewhat of a croaker — having met with a great many accidents at sea — said that if that was the way she was going to act, we might as well make

our wills, and balance the books at once, and put on a clean shirt. "'Vast there, you bloody old owl; you 're always hanging out blue lights! You 're frightened by the ducking you got in the scuppers, and can't take a joke! What 's the use in being always on the lookout for Davy Jones?" "Stand by!" says another, "and we 'll get an afternoon watch below, by this scrape"; but in this they were disappointed; for at two bells all hands were called and set to work, getting lashings upon everything on deck; and the captain talked of sending down the long topgallant masts; but as the sea went down toward night, and the wind hauled abeam, we left them standing, and set the studding-sails.

The next day all hands were turned-to upon unbending the old sails, and getting up the new ones; for a ship, unlike people on shore, puts on her best suit in bad weather. The old sails were sent down, and three new topsails, and new fore and main courses, jib, and foretopmast staysail, which were made on the coasts and never had been used, were bent, with a complete set of new earings, robands, and reef-points; and reef-tackles were rove to the courses and spilling-lines to the topsails. These, with new braces and clew-lines fore and aft, gave us a good suit of running rigging.

The wind continued westerly, and the weather and sea less rough since the day on which we shipped the heavy sea, and we were making great progress under studding-sails, with our light sails all set, keeping a little to the eastward of south; for the captain, depending upon westerly winds off the Cape, had kept so far to the westward that, though we were within about five miles of the latitude of Cape Horn, we were nearly seventeen hundred miles to the westward of it. Through the rest of the week we continued on with a fair wind, gradually, as we got more to southward, keeping a more easterly course, and bringing the wind on our larboard quarter, until —

Sunday, June 26th, when, having a fine, clear day, the captain got a lunar observation, as well as his meridian altitude, which made us in lat. 47° 50′ S., lon. 113° 49′ W.; Cape Horn bearing, according to my calculations, E. S. E. ½ E., and distant eighteen hundred miles.

Monday, June 27th. During the first part of this day the wind continued fair, and, as we were going before it, it did not feel very cold, so that we kept at work on deck in our common clothes and round jackets. Our watch had an afternoon watch below for the first time since leaving San Diego; and, having inquired of the third mate what the latitude was at noon, and made our usual guesses as to the time she would need to be up with the Horn, we turned-in for a nap. We were sleeping away "at the rate of knots," when three knocks on the scuttle and "All hands, ahoy!" started us from our berths. What could be the matter? It did not appear to be blowing hard, and, looking up through the scuttle, we could see that it was a clear day overhead; yet the watch were taking in sail. We thought there must be a sail in sight, and that we were about to heave-to and speak her; and were just congratulating ourselves upon it — for we had seen neither sail nor land since we left port — when we heard the mate's voice on deck (he turned-in "all-standing," and was always on deck the moment he was called) singing out to the men who were taking in the studding-sails, and asking where his watch was. We did not wait for a second call, but tumbled up the ladder; and there, on the starboard bow, was a bank of mist, covering sea and sky, and driving directly for us. I had seen the same before in my passage round in the *Pilgrim,* and knew what it meant, and that there was no time to be lost. We had nothing on but thin clothes, yet there was not a moment to spare, and at it we went.

The boys of the other watch were in the tops, taking in the topgallant studding-sails, and the lower and topmast studding-sails were coming down by the run. It was nothing but "haul down and clew up," until we got all the studding-sails in, and the royals, flying jib, and mizzen topgallant sail furled, and the ship kept off a little, to take the squall. The fore and main topgallant sails were still on her, for the "old man" did not mean to be frightened in broad daylight, and was determined to carry sail till the last minute. We all stood waiting for its coming, when the first blast showed us that it was not to be trifled with. Rain, sleet, snow, and wind enough to take our breath from us, and make the toughest turn his back to windward! The ship lay nearly over upon her

beam-ends; the spars and rigging snapped and cracked; and her topgallant masts bent like whip-sticks. "Clew up the fore and main topgallant sails!" shouted the captain, and all hands sprang to the clewlines. The decks were standing nearly at an angle of forty-five degrees, and the ship going like a mad steed through the water, the whole forward part of her in a smother of foam. The halyards were let go, and the yard clewed down, and the sheets started, and in a few minutes the sails smothered

OCEAN SURF DASHING HIGH ON THE ROCKS — A DANGEROUS COAST

and kept in by clewlines and buntlines. "Furl 'em, sir?" asked the mate. "Let go the topsail halyards, fore and aft!" shouted the captain in answer, at the top of his voice. Down came the topsail yards, the reef-tackles were manned and hauled out, and we climbed up to windward, and sprang into the weather-rigging. The violence of the wind, and the hail and sleet, driving nearly horizontally across the ocean, seemed actually to pin us down to the rigging. It was hard work making head against them. One after another we got out upon the yards. And here we had work to do; for our new sails had hardly been bent long enough to get the stiffness out of them, and the new earings and reef-points, stiffened with the sleet, knotted like pieces of iron wire. Having only our round jackets and straw hats on, we were soon wet through, and it was every moment growing colder. Our hands were soon numbed, which, added to the stiffness of everything else, kept us a good while on the yard. After we had got the sail hauled upon the yard, we had to wait a long time for the weather earing to be passed; but there was no fault to be found, for French John was at the earing, and a better sailor never laid out on a yard; so we leaned over the yard and beat our hands upon the sail to keep them from freezing. At length the word came, "Haul out to leeward," and we seized the reef-points and hauled the band taut for the lee earing. "Taut band — knot away," and we got the first reef fast, and were just going to lay

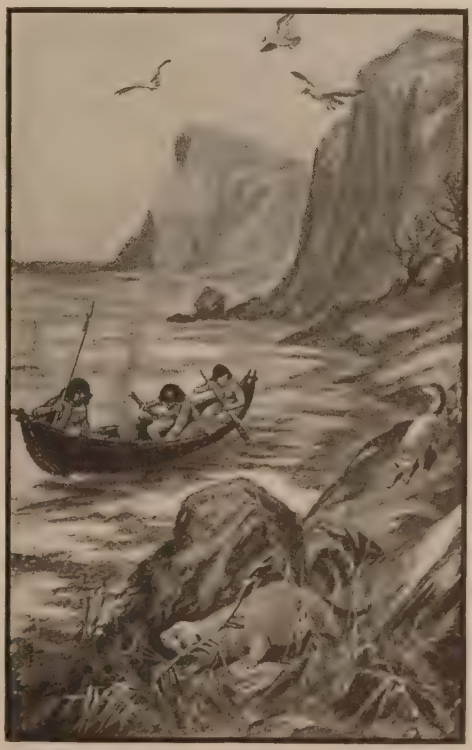
down, when — "Two reefs! two reefs!" shouted the mate, and we had a second reef to take in the same way. When this was fast, we went down on deck, manned the halyards to leeward, nearly up to our knees in water, set the topsail, and then laid aloft on the maintopsail yard, and reefed that sail in the same manner; for, as I have before stated, we were a good deal reduced in numbers, and, to make it worse, the carpenter, only two days before, had cut his leg with an axe, so that he could not go aloft. This weakened us so that we could not well manage more than one topsail at a time, in such weather as this, and, of course, each man's labor was doubled. From the maintopsail yard, we went upon the main yard, and took a reef in the mainsail. No sooner had we got on deck than — "Lay aloft there, and close-reef mizzen-topsail!" This called me; and, being nearest to the rigging, I got first aloft, and out to the weather earing. English Ben was up just after me, and took the lee earing, and the rest of our gang were soon on the yard, and began to fist the sail, when the mate considerately sent up the cook and steward to help us. I could now account for the long time it took to pass the other earings; for, to do my best, with a strong hand to help me at the dog's ear, I could not get it passed until I heard them beginning to complain in the bunt. One reef after another we took in, until the sail was close reefed, when we went down and hoisted away at the halyards. In the meantime, the jib had been furled and the staysail set, and the ship under her reduced sail had got more upright and was under management; but the two topgallant sails were still hanging in the buntlines, and slatting and jerking as though they would take the masts out of her. We gave a look aloft, and knew that our work was not done yet; and, sure enough, no sooner did the mate see that we were on deck than — "Lay aloft there, four of you, and furl the topgallant sails!" This called me again, and two of us went aloft up the fore rigging, two more up the main, upon the topgallant yards. The shrouds were now iced over, the sleet having formed a crust round all the standing rigging, and on the weather side of the masts and yards. When we got upon the yard, my hands were so numb that I could not have cast off the knot of the gasket if it were to save my life. We both lay over the yard for a few seconds, beating our hands upon the sail, until we started the blood into our fingers' ends, and at the next moment our hands were in a burning heat. My companion on the yard was a lad (the boy, George Somerby) who came out in the ship a weak, puny boy, from one of the Boston schools — "no larger than a spritsail-sheep knot," nor "heavier than a paper of lampblack," and "not strong enough to haul a shadow off a gridiron," but who was now "as long as a spare topmast, strong enough to knock down an ox, and hearty enough to eat him." We fisted the sail together, and, after six or eight minutes of hard hauling and pulling and beating down the sail, which was about as stiff as sheet-iron, we managed to get it furled; and snugly it must be, for we knew the mate well enough to be certain that if it got adrift again we should be called up from our watch below, at any hour of the night, to furl it.

I had been on the lookout for a chance to jump below and clap on a thick jacket and southwester; but when we got on deck we found that eight bells had been struck, and the other watch gone below, so that there were two hours of dog watch for us, and a plenty of work to do. It had now set in for a steady gale from the southwest; but we were not yet far enough to the southward to make a fair wind of it, for we must give Tierra del Fuego a wide berth. The decks were covered with snow, and there was a constant driving of sleet. In fact, Cape Horn had set in with good earnest. In the midst of all this, and before it became dark, we had all the studding-sails to make up and stow away, and then to lay aloft and rig in all the booms, fore and aft, and coil away the tacks, sheets, and halyards. This was pretty tough work for four or five hands, in the face of a gale which almost took us off the yards, and with ropes so stiff with ice that it was almost impossible to bend them. I was nearly half an hour out on the end of the fore yard, trying to coil away and stop down the topmast studding-sail tack and lower halyards. It was after dark when we got through, and we were not a little pleased to hear four bells struck, which sent us below for two hours, and gave us each a pot of hot tea with our cold beef and bread, and, what was better

yet, a suit of thick, dry clothing, fitted for the weather, in place of our thin clothes, which were wet through, and now frozen stiff.

This sudden turn, for which we were so little prepared, was as unacceptable to me as to any of the rest; for I had been troubled for several days with a slight toothache, and this cold weather and wetting and freezing were not the best things in the world for it. I soon found that it was getting strong hold, and running over all parts of my face; and before the watch was out I went to the mate, who had charge of the medicine-chest, to get something for it. But the chest showed like the end of a long voyage, for there was nothing that would answer but a few drops of laudanum, which must be saved for an emergency; so I had only to bear the pain as well as I could.

When we went on deck at eight bells, it had stopped snowing, and there were a few stars out, but the clouds were still black, and it was blowing a steady gale. Just before midnight, I went aloft and sent down the mizzen royal yard, and had the good luck to do it to the satisfaction of the mate, who said it was done "out of hand and ship-shape." The next four hours below were but little relief to me, for I lay awake in my berth the whole time, from the pain in my face, and heard every bell strike, and, at four o'clock, turned out with the watch, feeling little spirit for the hard duties of the day. Bad weather and hard work at sea can be borne up against very well if one only has spirit and health; but there is nothing brings a man down, at such a time, like bodily pain and want of sleep. There was, however, too much to do to allow time to think; for the gale of yesterday, and the heavy seas we met with a few days before, while we had yet ten degrees more southing to make, had convinced the captain that we had something before us which was not to be trifled with, and orders were given to send down the long topgallant masts. The topgallant and royal yards were accordingly struck, the flying jib-boom rigged in, and the topgallant masts sent down on deck, and all lashed together by the side of the long-boat. The rigging was then sent down and coiled away below, and everything made snug aloft. There was not a sailor in the ship who was not rejoiced to see these sticks come down; for, so long as the yards were aloft, on the least sign of a lull, the topgallant sails were loosed, and then we had to furl them again in a snow-squall and *shin* up and down single ropes caked with ice, and send royal yards down in the teeth of a gale coming right from the south pole. It was an interesting sight, too, to see our noble ship dismantled of all her top-hamper of long tapering masts and yards, and boom pointed with spear head, which ornamented her in port; and all that canvas which, a few days before, had covered her like a cloud, from the truck to the water's edge, spreading far out beyond her hull on either side, now gone; and she stripped like a wrestler for the fight. It corresponded, too, with the desolate character of her situation — alone, as she was, battling with storms, wind, and ice, at this extremity of the globe, and in almost constant night.



DEL FUEGANS HUNTING THE OTTER ON THE SOUTH COAST, NEAR CAPE HORN

CAPTAIN'S STORY

[This selection is taken from *Black Beauty*, by Anna Sewell. The book is the autobiography of a splendid horse. No boy or girl should miss an opportunity to read *Black Beauty*.]

CAPTAIN had been broken in and trained for an army horse; his first owner was an officer of cavalry going out to the Crimean War. He said he quite enjoyed the training with all the other horses, trotting together, turning together, to the right hand or the left, halting at the word of command, or dashing forward at full speed at the sound of the trumpet or signal of the officer. He was, when young, a dark, dappled iron gray, and considered very handsome. His master, a young, high-spirited gentleman, was very fond of him, and treated him from the first with the greatest care and kindness. He told me he thought the life of an army horse was very pleasant; but when it came to being sent abroad over the sea in a great ship, he almost changed his mind.

"That part of it," said he, "was dreadful! Of course we could not walk off the land into the ship; so they were ultimately obliged to put strong straps under our bodies, and then we were lifted off our legs in spite of our struggles and were swung through the air over the water to the deck of the great vessel. There we were placed in small, close stalls, and never for a long time saw the sky, or were able to stretch our legs. The ship sometimes rolled about in high winds, and we were knocked about, and felt bad enough. However, at last it came to an end, and we were hauled up and swung over again to the land; we were very glad, and snorted and neighed for joy when we once more felt firm ground under our feet.

"We soon found that the country we had come to was very different from our own, and that we had many hardships to endure besides the fighting; but many of the men were so fond of their horses that they did everything they could to make them comfortable, in spite of snow, wet, and all things out of order."

"But what about the fighting?" said I; "was not that worse than anything else?"

"Well," said he, "I hardly know; we always liked to hear the trumpet sound, and to be called out, and were impatient to start off, though sometimes we had to stand for hours, waiting for the word of command; and when the word was given, we used to spring forward as gayly and eagerly as if there were no cannon-balls, bayonets, or bullets. I believe so long as we felt our rider firm in the saddle, and his hand steady on the bridle, not one of us gave way to fear, not even when the terrible bomb-shells whirled through the air and burst into a thousand pieces.

"I, with my noble master, went into many actions together without a wound, and though I saw horses shot down with bullets, pierced through with lances, and gashed with fearful sabre-cuts, though we left them dead on the field, or dying in the agony of their wounds, I don't think I feared for myself. My master's cheery voice, as he encouraged his men, made me feel as if he and I could not be killed. I had such perfect trust in him that while he was guiding me I was ready to charge up to the very cannon's mouth. I saw many brave men cut down, many fall mortally wounded from their saddles. I had heard the cries and groans of the dying, I had cantered over ground slippery with blood, and frequently had to turn aside to avoid trampling on wounded man or horse, but, until one dreadful day, I have never felt terror; that day I shall never forget."

Here old Captain paused for a while and drew a long breath; I waited, and he went on.

"It was one autumn morning, and, as usual, an hour before daybreak our cavalry had turned out, ready caparisoned for the day's work, whether it might be fighting or waiting. The men stood by their horses waiting, ready for orders. As the light increased there seemed to be some excitement among the officers, and before the day was well begun we heard the firing of the enemy's guns.

"Then one of the officers rode up and gave the word for the men to mount, and in a second every man was in his saddle, and every horse stood expecting the touch of the rein or the pressure of his rider's heels, all animated, all eager; but still we had been trained so well that, except by the champing of our bits and the restive tossing of our heads from time to time, it could not be said that we stirred.

Courtesy Our Dumb Animals

TOP: THE FLEET ARABIAN HORSE, SPIRITED AND NOBLE. CENTER: MORGAN HORSES, A FINE BREED. BOTTOM: THE FAVORITE SHETLAND PONIES

"My dear master and I were at the head of the line, and as all sat motionless and watchful, he took a little stray lock of my mane which had turned over on the wrong side, and laid it over on the right, and smoothed it down with his hand; then patting my neck, he said, 'We shall have a day of it to-day, Bayard, my beauty; but we'll do our duty as we have done.' He stroked my neck that morning more, I think, than he had ever done before; quietly on and on, as if he were thinking of something else. I loved to feel his hand on my neck, and arched my crest proudly and happily; but I stood very still, for I knew all his moods, and when he liked me to be quiet, and when gay.

"I cannot tell all that happened on that day, but I will tell of the last charge that we made together: it was across a valley right in front of the enemy's cannon. By this time we were well used to the roar of heavy guns, the rattle of musketry fire, and the flying of shot near us; but never had I been under such a fire as we rode through on that day. From the right, from the left, and from the front, shot and shell poured in upon us. Many a brave man went down, many a horse fell, flinging his rider to the earth; many a horse without a rider ran wildly out of the ranks; then, terrified at being alone, with no hand to guide him, came pressing in amongst his old companions, to gallop with them to the charge.

"Fearful as it was, no one stopped, no one turned back. Every moment the ranks were thinned, but as our comrades fell we closed in to keep them together; and instead of being shaken or staggered in our pace, our gallop became faster and faster as we neared the cannon, all clouded in white smoke, while the red fire flashed through it.

"My master, my dear master, was cheering on his comrades with his right arm raised on high, when one of the balls whizzing close to my head struck him. I felt him stagger with the shock, though he uttered no cry; I tried to check my speed, but the sword dropped from his right hand, the rein fell loose from the left, and sinking backward from the saddle, he fell to the earth; the other riders swept past us, and by the force of their charge I was driven from the spot where he fell.

"I wanted to keep my place by his side and not leave him under that rush of horses' feet, but it was in vain; and now, without a master or a friend, I was alone on that great slaughter-ground. Then fear took hold of me, and I trembled as I had never trembled before; and I, too, as I had seen other horses do, tried to join in the ranks and gallop with them; but I was beaten off by the swords of the soldiers. Just then a soldier whose horse had been killed under him caught at my bridle and mounted me, and with this new master I was again going forward; but our gallant company was cruelly over-powered, and those who remained alive after the fierce fight for the guns came galloping back over the same ground. Some of the horses had been so badly wounded that they could scarcely move from the loss of blood; other noble creatures were trying on three legs to drag themselves along, and others were struggling to rise on their forefeet, when their hind legs had been shattered by shot. Their groans were piteous to hear, and the beseeching look in their eyes as those who escaped passed by, and left them to their fate, I shall never forget. After the battle the wounded men were brought in, and the dead were buried."

"And what about the wounded horses," I said; "were they left to die?"

"No, the army farriers went over the field with their pistols and shot all that were ruined; some that had only slight wounds were brought back and attended to, but the greater part of the noble, willing creatures that went out that morning never came back! In our stables there was only about one in four that returned.

"I never saw my dear master again. I believe he fell dead from the saddle. I never loved any other master so well. I went into many other engagements, but was only once wounded, and then not seriously; and when the war was over I came back again to England, as sound and strong as when I went out."

I said, "I have heard people talk about war as if it was a very fine thing."

"Ah!" said he, "I should think they never saw it. No doubt it is very fine when there is no enemy, when it is just exercise and parade, and sham fight. Yes, it is very fine then; but when thousands of good, brave men and horses are killed or crippled for life, it has a very different look."

"*Do you know what they fought about?*" said I.

"No," he said, "that is more than a horse can understand; but the enemy must have been awfully wicked people, if it were right to go all that way over the sea on purpose to kill them."

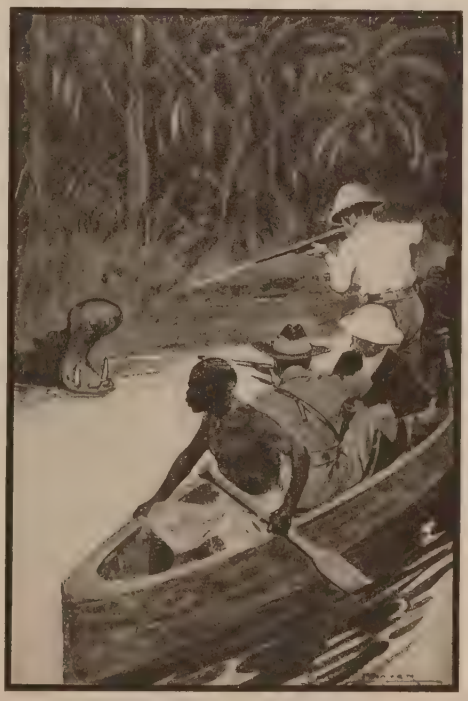
NED IN AFRICA

[Sir Samuel Baker (1821–1893) was a great English hunter and explorer. He traveled and hunted dangerous game in many out-of-the-way places and had plenty of exciting adventures. His name will always be remembered by geographers because he was the first white man to discover Lake Albert Nyanza, one of the great lakes at the source of the river Nile, in the heart of unknown Africa. He wrote an account of this exploration, called *The Albert Nyanza*, which is one of the most interesting books of the kind ever written. So many boys and girls were interested by what they had heard of his travels and adventures that he wrote a book especially for them, and named it *Cast Up By the Sea*. The following story is taken from Chapter XVI of that volume.

Ned Grey, the hero of the story, is an English sailor boy who is shipwrecked off the coast of Africa. He and his faithful negro servant, Tim, built a raft and managed to get ashore with Nero, their brave Newfoundland dog, and a good stock of guns and ammunition. They are taken prisoners by a tribe of African savages, but are kindly treated because the natives had never seen a white person before, nor guns, nor any of the other strange things, like compasses and telescopes, that Ned had with him. After Ned shoots a lion, a beast of which the natives are very much afraid, they feel sure that he must be a magician, and he is at once given a high position in the tribe.]

IT was now the season for hunting, and parties were organized for killing elephants and hippopotami, the flesh of which was the principal food of the people; this was dried in strips, and then hung up in the smoke of their cabins in sufficient quantities to last for many months.

The harvest of meat was considered almost as important as that of corn; therefore while a portion of the men and the whole of the women were engaged in the cultivation of their fields, those who were most active and courageous formed bands of hunters, and provided a supply of flesh. To be distinguished for exploits in the hunting-grounds was considered to be even more meritorious than acts of valor on the field of battle, and as Ned had gained a great reputation by the death of the lion, he was expected to perform prodigies in the chase of wild animals. Next to the king, he was already the greatest man in the country, as his supposed power in magic had given him an extraordinary



SHOOTING A HIPPOPOTAMUS

An exciting sport when carried on in crazy dugout canoes.

influence. Among his medicines he had a large supply of calomel and emetic tartar: the effect of these drugs upon the sick had gained him

much repute, and his success as a physician was also attributed to sorcery. Although Ned was no charlatan, he found it impossible to stem the tide of public opinion, and he was forced to allow the natives to indulge in their superstitions. There was, however, much danger inseparable from his exalted position: the king was an ignorant savage, and although he believed thoroughly in magic, his confidence in the individual sorcerer depended upon success, and the law of the country determined that three successive failures should be punished by the death of the rain-maker or magician. To Ned's horror and disgust, two of the king's sorcerers had already been put to death in his presence for having repeatedly failed in their prophecies of success to the hunting parties. The fault was considered to exist in a lying spirit in the inside of the sorcerer: the unfortunate wretch was therefore put to death before all the people, by being ripped open with a sharp knife, when his vital organs were carefully examined by other sorcerers, who pretended to discover the traces of the evil spirit.

It was not long before Ned was requested by the king to foretell the result of a hunting expedition that was about to start upon a large scale. With the horrible fate of the unlucky prophets before him, Ned declared, with much tact, that great success would attend the hunting party should he and Tim accompany the hunters; it was accordingly arranged that he should take the entire command.

At daybreak on the following morning, Ned, accompanied by Tim and Nero with fifty picked men, started upon their expedition in five large canoes, formed from the straight stems of gigantic trees.

The sun had just risen when the little fleet paddled rapidly along the shore; the men were in the highest spirits, as Ned's presence among them inspired a confidence of success. For ten hours they paddled without ceasing, merely halting to relieve each other at the oars, and Ned reckoned that they had traveled about thirty-five miles, when, at four o'clock, the leading canoe steered into a narrow bay, with a clean sandy beach, upon which the crews disembarked and dragged their vessels high and dry. A ridge of precipitous rocky hills of several hundred feet high bordered the lake about a quarter of a mile distant from the water, which appeared to extend to their base during floods of the rainy season; the flat, sandy ground between them and the lake was scantily covered with a fine silky grass, and the soft earth was deeply imprinted with numerous tracks of elephants, hippopotami, giraffes, and other large animals.

This part of the country was uninhabited, and therefore it abounded with game.

While the hunters removed their weapons and light baggage from the canoes, Ned strolled with his gun to the base of the rocky hills, and perceiving that they were too precipitous to ascend, he concluded that the wild animals must descend to the lake by some pass from the high ground above. Continuing along the base of the hills, it was not long before he arrived at the dry bed of a torrent that descended between two walls of rock that formed a ravine from the high lands to the lake; this was completely trodden down by the feet of the ponderous animals that nightly arrived by that path to drink. It immediately struck Ned that, if he were to watch the pass by moonlight with Tim and their two double-barreled guns, he would be able to cut off any animals that should descend, as he would have the advantage of a secure position about twenty feet above them. Determined to carry out his plan, he hurried back to the party, who had already settled themselves for the night behind some high rocks which effectually concealed their fire. Ned now explained his plan to Tim and the people, and, having dined off a large fish, which one of the hunters had harpooned during the voyage, he tied Nero to a tree, telling him to watch his knapsack of clothes and ammunition, and, with a caution to the hunters to observe the greatest quiet, he started with Tim to watch the pass.

Upon arrival at the mouth of the gorge, which formed an alley or narrow street through the hill-side, Ned climbed up the steep ascent and took his position beneath a small tree that grew among the cleft of the rocks exactly on the edge of the ravine; thus he commanded the pass, as he could drop a pebble upon any animal that passed below. This curious pathway was of great length, as it was by no means precipitous, but descended at a gradual inclina-

NATIVE BEATERS IN CAMP

READY TO PROD THE ELEPHANTS

Courtesy The Century Co.

tion with many windings from the tableland on the summit of the hills.

The wind blew towards the lake, thus it was favorable for the watchers.

The moon was nearly full, and not a cloud dimmed the face of the heavens; thus it would be almost as easy to shoot correctly as in daylight, especially as Ned had taken the precaution to fasten a piece of white paper, cut into a sharp point, as a sight at the muzzle of the guns. At length, as daylight entirely faded, the moon seemed doubly bright, and the night set in with that brilliancy that can only be seen within the tropics. There was not a sound to be heard except the occasional splashing and loud sonorous snort of the hippopotami among the reeds by the margin of the lake, and the hum of mosquitoes, that tormented Ned without ceasing.

About an hour passed in fruitless watching; the moon was now high enough to throw her light directly into the ravine, and suddenly, although no sound had been heard, Ned perceived a dull gray mass, that looked like a large portion of the rock, moving slowly forward from an angle in the gorge. The mass suddenly halted, when, in the distance, a sound rang through the still night air like the shrill note of a trumpet.

A low and deep growl, like the rumbling of distant thunder, seemed to shake the rock upon which Ned lay concealed. Suddenly a tremendous trumpet sounded from the gorge where the dull gray mass had halted, and, growling deeply, the bull elephant advanced unconscious of impending danger along the bottom of the ravine. Another and another elephant followed, until the leader passed directly beneath the spot where Ned and Tim were concealed; the entire alley was crowded with the herd of enormous animals as they followed their leader in single file towards the lake.

Ned's heart beat loudly with excitement as one by one the elephants passed below him; but he reserved his fire until eight or ten had made their exit from the gorge, as he rightly conjectured that, at the alarm of the first shot, those who had already passed out would endeavor to return whence they came; this would create great confusion in the narrow pass, during which he would have an opportunity of selecting the finest animals.

As the elephants slowly filed below, Ned whispered to Tim to hand him the spare gun as quickly as possible when he should require it, and aiming behind the ear of a large bull that was not more than five paces distant, he fired. The huge animal fell dead to the shot. For some minutes the herd of elephants remained stationary, as though suddenly turned to stone; the flash of the gun and the unknown report had completely astonished them, and they waited in uncertainty of the position and nature of the danger. During this time Ned reloaded his gun, and aiming at the temple of a large elephant that stood exactly before him, he again fired. To his delight this animal fell likewise; but now an indescribable scene of confusion arose. At the last flash of the gun those elephants that had already passed from the gorge turned quickly round, and charged desperately in their retreat up the narrow pass, which was blocked, not only by the bodies of the two dead elephants, but by the dense mass of animals which, seized by the panic, now wedged closely together in their frantic endeavors to escape.

There was no necessity for concealment, and Ned quietly stood upon the edge of the rocks, just out of reach of the elephants' trunks, and steadily selected his shots, aiming generally behind the ear as the most fatal spot. Six elephants fell to his guns before they could extricate themselves from their helpless position; then, having regained their formation in single file, they disappeared at an extraordinary pace in the gloom of the ravine.

This was a good beginning. Tim had handed the gun quickly, and had reloaded as fast as Ned had fired, and their six prizes now blocked the passage of the narrow gorge. But more remained to be done, as the night was young and the moon bright; therefore Ned proposed that they should follow the edge of the ravine for a considerable distance where it had been undisturbed: there they might pass another hour in watching before they returned to their party.

They picked their way among loose rocks until they arrived at the summit of the high ground: they then discovered what they had supposed to be a hill from the level of the lake was merely a cliff, or precipitous slope de-

scending from a beautiful expanse of tableland, that was a combination of forests and plains. From this elevated land the torrents descended to the lake by deep gorges that had been worn through the hill-side, and Ned once more took up his position behind a large tamarind tree that overhung the ravine which the elephants had recently quitted. The white sand at the bottom of the gorge was trodden deeply by the feet of the numerous herd that had now retreated to the jungles, in which they could be distinctly heard trumpeting and roaring in the distance.

More than an hour passed away without the appearance of any animal, and Ned was thinking of his return, when he suddenly heard the clatter of stones as some hard-footed beast was descending the ravine. In a few moments he observed several spectre-like forms advancing along the bottom, their heads being sometimes on a level with the rocks that overhung the edge: they were giraffes, who were thus descending to drink at the lake.

As they passed within a few feet of Ned, he fired at the head of one that nearly touched him; this fell to the shot, and, as the herd dashed round and rushed off with amazing speed, Ned fired his remaining barrel at the shoulder of another animal, but, apparently, without success, as it retreated with the rest. This was great luck; Ned had killed six elephants and a giraffe, and he resolved to return to the spot where his party had bivouacked, as he had done sufficient work for the night. The easiest path was by the ravine through which the elephants had arrived; Ned therefore clambered down the rock, followed by Tim, until he gained the sandy bottom of the gorge, by which gradual descent they arrived at the dead elephants. In passing these Tim cut off their tails, as he had also done with the giraffe, and with these trophies they continued on their way. After passing through a dark strip of forest, they observed the light of the fires around which the natives were sitting in anxious expectation of their return, as they had distinctly heard the shots and the loud trumpeting of the elephants. Tim, in great triumph, exhibited the tails, and recounted the story of the night, to the astonishment of the natives, who had now obtained as large a supply of meat in one night as they were accustomed to collect in a fortnight's hunting; they determined to visit the spot before daybreak, to prepare the flesh and secure it from putrefaction.

At about 4 A.M. they sallied forth with knives, axes, and sacks, to cut up the game; this they performed with great dexterity by dividing the flesh in long but thin slips, which were at once hung upon the trees in festoons to dry, while fires were lighted beneath to preserve it from the flies. While they were thus engaged, Ned, with the dog, strolled up the ravine to the body of the giraffe, which had already been attacked by hyenas, whose tracks were visible in the sand. Knowing that he had wounded a second giraffe, he now continued along the ravine, and presently he discovered tracks of blood upon the stones upon the right-hand side of the gully, which proved that the animal was wounded. He now carefully followed upon the marks until he emerged from the ravine among some roughly broken ground near the summit of the tableland; this was in some places covered with thick bush, but Ned remarked that in one spot the white sand was reddened with blood, and trampled in all directions by the tracks of lions mingled with the wide-spreading hoofs of giraffes. It was evident that some great struggle had taken place, as the sand was marked in one direction by a weight that appeared to have been dragged across it, as though the giraffe had been carried off by the lions. As he followed upon the track along which the heavy body had been dragged, Nero bristled up his back, and cautiously approached a dense covert of thorns within a small hollow among the rocks. The dog halted, and appeared to find something within the thick jungle, as he advanced a few steps nearer and then barked in great excitement. Ned felt sure that either one or more lions had dragged the body of the giraffe within the den of thorns; accordingly, when within twenty paces of the spot, he threw several large stones into the middle of the bush. With a loud roar, a magnificent lion rushed out from his lair and crouched before the bush, eyeing Ned fiercely, and growling deeply as though prepared to spring. The lion moved his tail rapidly from side to side, striking the ground with the tuft of black hair at the extremity with a force

that made the sand fly like puffs of smoke. This was a sign of extreme fury, and Ned momentarily expected an attack that would have been difficult to avoid. For several minutes they faced each other determinedly, Ned all the while keeping his eyes fixed unflinchingly upon those of the lion. At length, as the dog continued to spring around him, barking without ceasing, the lion rose from the ground and stalked proudly backwards and forwards before the covert, as though to guard the entrance. This was a grand opportunity for a side shot at the shoulder, and never did Ned aim with greater coolness and accuracy, as he knew that his life depended upon the shot; trusting to break the shoulder-bone, and thus disable him, he fired. With a terrific roar, the lion charged with one bound into the smoke of the gun; at the same time that he descended, he struck a random blow with his right paw that would have felled a buffalo. Fortunately for Ned, at the moment of firing he had sprung upon one side, and thus avoided the crushing blow. The lion now rolled over almost at his feet, and, recovering himself immediately, he rushed upon Ned, receiving at the same instant the contents of the second barrel in his mouth. With great activity, Ned had again avoided him in the thick smoke at the moment of firing, and Nero rushing in had seized the lion between the hind legs, where he hung on with a furious tenacity that no efforts of the animal could relax. Ned had Jem Stevens's pistols in his belt, one of which he had quickly drawn; but the struggles of the lion with the dog were so great and extremely rapid, that he had no chance of taking a correct aim. The blood was pouring from the lion's mouth, as well as from a wound through the shoulder, and presently, amidst his tremendous efforts to turn and attack the dog, he reared to his full height upon his hind legs, and, with a savage roar, he fell upon his back, with the stanch dog beneath him. As quick as lightning, to save Nero, Ned rushed in and fired his pistol within a few inches of the lion's head, scattering his brains upon the faithful dog. The lion never moved a muscle. Ned, pale with the excitement of the fight, now caressed the dog, who fiercely shook the dead lion's throat; after which he wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and looking up to the clear heavens, he devoutly thanked God for protection in the strife. He was surveying the carcass of the lion with a hunter's pride, when Tim suddenly appeared, accompanied by several of the natives who had heard the shots and hurried to discover the cause. They could hardly believe their eyes when they saw the lion lying dead; and, upon entering the jungle, they found the remains of the giraffe, which had been partially devoured. They now took possession of the prize; and, having skinned the lion and cut his flesh from the bones, they severed his head from the body, together with the skin, and returned to their party, who were busily engaged in taking the meat of the elephants.

The whole day was occupied by the natives in cutting up the elephants, and transporting them to the place of bivouac. In the meantime, Ned, who had no taste for that branch of the expedition, took possession of one of the canoes, with the assistance of Tim, and determined, if possible, to procure some fresh fish for dinner. Many drift bamboos were lying upon the beach, from which he selected one about sixteen feet long and tapered; he then lashed a thong of elephant's hide to the point, so as to form a stiff loop in the place of a ring, through which he passed a strong line made of the aloe fibre; to this he attached a large hook, and a piece of light wood as a float. With a coil of about a hundred yards of line wound upon two pegs a foot asunder, that he drove into the butt of his rod in the place of a reel, Ned was ready for a day's fishing, with the exception of the bait. Tim quickly secured the latter necessary article by forming a line with half a dozen single hairs of the giraffe's tail, to which he attached a small hook baited with a minute piece of elephant's fat. The small fish of about half a pound weight bit greedily, and, having caught five or six, Tim kept them alive in a large gourd-shell of water, and Ned pushed the canoe from the shore. The small fish were bright and silvery, but they had a tough skin like that of an eel instead of scales; through this, just beneath the back fin, Ned inserted the large hook, and throwing his lively and alluring bait into deep water within a few yards of a bank of tall reeds, he patiently awaited the result.

About half an hour had passed in perfect

NATIVES BINDING A WILD ELEPHANT TO A TREE

TWO TAME ELEPHANTS CAJOLING A WILD SISTER

F C C.

Courtesy The Century Co.

silence when Ned was startled by a tremendous snort, accompanied by a splash in the water close to the canoe; in another instant he felt a severe shock as the head of a hippopotamus struck the bottom, and lifted the canoe several inches above the surface. As though proud of his performance, the angry old bull now raised his head above the water, and again snorted loudly. Tim snatched up his gun, and, taking a good aim, he fired into the middle of its head in a line from between the eyes. With a splash the animal disappeared. Several other hippopotami now showed their heads, but at a more respectful distance, as they were alarmed at the report of the gun.

"Dat 's what I call a ugly feller," remarked Tim; "he got a pair of lips same like de nigger, got a flat nose like de nigger, he 's de reg'lar water nigger — dat 's a fact 'xactly."

Having expressed this opinion upon the natural history of the hippopotamus, Tim reloaded his gun, and Ned was about to make some remark, when his float darted off, and the rod was nearly jerked out of his hand; fortunately he held a loose coil that was not wound round the pegs, and allowing this to fall upon the ground, he grasped the line with one hand, and struck hard to fasten the fish. It was impossible to check the rush, and for the moment Ned feared that a crocodile had seized his bait, and that he should lose the tackle, but he was presently undeceived, as an immense fish sprang high out of the water, at about eighty yards distant, firmly hooked.

For about twenty minutes the struggle continued between Ned and the fish, which constantly leapt from the water, and, shaking its head violently, endeavored to free itself from the hook. At length, as Ned had kept a severe strain upon the line, the fish showed signs of exhaustion, and Tim paddled the canoe towards a sandbank for the purpose of landing their prize in shallow water. Jumping out of the canoe, Ned ran backwards upon the bank, and keeping a tight line, he presently succeeded in leading the fish into the shallows, where it struggled helplessly upon its side: Tim got behind it, and falling bodily upon it, he grasped the gills with both hands, and dragged it to the shore. The scales were as bright as silver, except upon the back, where they were a dark slaty blue; it was a species of perch that weighed about eighty pounds, and both Ned and Tim rejoiced in their beautiful prize. To preserve it fresh, Ned fastened a piece of strong line around the tail, and then placed it in deep water secured to a peg upon the bank: thus it quickly recovered from its fatigue.

In about an hour Ned had another run, and captured a fish of the same species that weighed nearly forty pounds, which he landed upon the sandbank in a similar manner to the first. They had again pushed off in the canoe, when Tim perceived something like the back of a large turtle above the surface of the water, and upon quietly paddling towards it, he discovered that it was the flank of the hippopotamus at which he had fired, which now floated. This animal always sinks to the bottom when first killed, but in about an hour and a half, when the gas has distended the body, it rises to the surface. Here was an additional supply of food; and returning to the shore, Ned procured a rope, which they made fast to one of the hind legs, and towed the carcass to the bank, where it awaited the arrival of the natives.

In the evening the hunters returned, having completed their task, and upon hearing of the fresh supply, they immediately set to work upon the hippopotamus.

As the labor of preparing the store of meat was completed, the natives wished to return home, as the canoes would be nearly filled: they accordingly launched their vessels, and loaded them with dried flesh, fat, and elephants' tusks, together with pieces of giraffe-hide cut into oblong shapes, that were to be manufactured into shields. Everything was ready for a start on the morrow, and Ned strolled about half a mile from the camp before sunset, and climbed a high rock to enjoy a more extensive view of the landscape. From this position he looked down upon the camp; at the same time he commanded a view of the pass in which he had killed so many elephants. As his eyes instinctively wandered to the scene of his first night's sport, he was astonished to see issuing stealthily from the gorge into the low ground a long string of blacks in single file, all armed with bows and spears. For about ten minutes he watched them attentively. Some were painted a bright red: these Ned supposed to be chiefs,

as they were at regular intervals in the file of men, which still continued to pour from the ravine. Marching directly for a small thicket that was near the edge of the lake, the entire party of about five hundred men was suddenly concealed. This had taken place so suddenly and quietly that Ned could hardly believe his eyes: there could be no doubt that the large armed force was lying in ambush for some hostile purpose, and as Ned would be forced to pass within a few hundred yards of the thicket to regain the camp, he felt that his position was extremely hazardous. It was necessary to give an immediate alarm to his party, but the great difficulty lay in effecting a junction. There was a small dry watercourse that led from the hill to the lake, and Ned immediately determined to crawl along the bottom until he should gain the rushes that bordered the water, after which he would have no difficulty in reaching the canoes, where the men were still engaged. There was no time to lose: sliding upon his back down the steep hill-side, Ned reached the watercourse: this was tolerably deep in parts, so that he could cover his advance by simply stooping; but in the more rocky portions of the trench it was shallow, and he was forced to crawl upon his hands and knees. He had gained one of these exposed positions when he turned his head towards the thicket, and he distinctly observed two natives peering out from the place of ambush. Ned lay flat upon the ground, and did not move for several minutes. Again he slowly raised his head: he could see no one, and once more he crawled along the ground until he arrived in a deeper portion of the watercourse: he then hurried along in a stooping position, and at length gained the reeds at the water's edge. Under cover of the reeds, he splashed through mud and water until he at length reached the canoes. Tim was the first person whom he met, as he had been fishing in the lake, and had just returned with several natives. Upon hearing Ned's account, rapidly delivered, Tim immediately informed his native companions. In an instant they rushed to the camp for their arms, followed by Ned and Tim. Upon arrival, the entire party would have been seized with a panic, had not Ned at once assumed the command.

Upon order being restored, the natives explained that the people whom Ned had seen must be men of a hostile tribe who had, upon a former occasion, massacred a hunting party similar to the present expedition; they had no doubt been informed by spies of their presence, and they would attack from their ambush during the night. It would be impossible to resist them, as they were warriors renowned for the impetuosity of their onset: thus a force of five hundred men would annihilate a small party at the first rush.

As the canoes were loaded, Ned proposed that they should embark at once and push off from the shore. It was growing dusk, and they would avoid the confusion of a night attack, should they be assailed when the enemy perceived their retreat to the boats. Not a moment was lost. Ned ordered the natives to march in a compact body to the canoes, while he and Tim would bring up the rear. Drawing the bullets from their guns, the two lads recharged them with buckshot, which, in the event of a fight, would take a greater effect upon a mass of men. Ned had the brace of pistols in his belt that he had found in Stevens's chest, and he felt no doubt that the report and effect of fire-arms would paralyze the attack sufficiently to allow them to push off in their canoes. He gave the word "forward," and his little body of fifty men, with their arrows ready fixed upon their bows, advanced steadily forward, while he and Tim followed a few paces in the rear.

Hardly had they quitted the screen of jungle which protected their camp, than their retreat was observed by the party in ambush in the thicket some hundred yards on their right. In an instant a wild yell was raised by an invisible enemy, who almost at the same moment burst from the wood, and with savage screams and shouts came rushing across the open ground to intercept the route, and to cut off the canoes.

"Steady!" cried Ned; "keep together, my men!" which Tim interpreted immediately, and the party continued their course at a quick walk.

They were much nearer to the canoes than the enemy, and Ned, with cool judgment, calculated that they would reach them at a walk before the hostile party could gain them at full speed. They would accordingly have time to push off from the shore, provided that the

embarkation were conducted without confusion. They were within a hundred yards of the boats that were afloat in the little bay among the rushes, while the enemy was about three times that distance from them, advancing at full speed, in a confused mass of yelling, naked savages. Ned quickly gave the order that every man should run to his own boat in which he had arrived. In an instant his fifty blacks rushed forward, and dividing into tens, the individual crews of the five canoes leapt on board and took their places with the paddles in their hands by the time that Ned and Tim had reached the bank. A flight of arrows now fell around them as the enemy, already within eighty yards of their expected prey, shot wildly at full speed and happily missed all but the canoes, in the sides of which several arrows remained fixed. Ned and Tim now jumped on board two canoes, and as the paddles struck the water with the powerful stroke of ten men, both opened fire from the stern upon the crowd of savages at about fifty paces distant. Thirty buckshot rattled among them like hail, and five or six men fell, while others were wounded. This unexpected volley for the instant checked their advance, and before they could recover from their confusion, the left-hand barrels opened and scattered destruction among their ranks. Ned now loaded with ball as the canoes increased the distance between them, and two or three shots fired into the baffled crowd sent them scampering off in all directions, leaving several dead and wounded upon the ground. A loud cheer was now raised by the crews of the canoes, who ceased paddling, and waved their paddles in the air in defiance of their beaten enemy. So excited had they become, and so thoroughly confident in their leader, that they besought Ned to allow them to return to shore for the purpose of attacking their crestfallen antagonists.

Ned was unwilling to shed blood except in self-defence, therefore he restrained their exuberant valor, and desired them to pull steadily along the coast towards their own home, where they would be received with a hearty welcome, as they were heavily laden with hunting spoils. For some hours, they paddled in silence, as the night was dark and they were obliged to keep a good lookout ahead; but when at length the moon rose and shone brilliantly over the calm surface of the lake, they burst out into songs that lasted until sunrise. The substance of their minstrelsy was a description of all that had taken place during their expedition; this was generally improvised by one man, who sang in a kind of recitative, and at the end of each verse a wild chorus was joined in by the whole crew. Thus were Ned's praises sung; neither was Tim nor even Nero omitted from the ode, but all the principal performers were introduced, and the various scenes described, even to the yells and shouts of the attacking enemy, and the reports of the fire-arms in the defence.

In spite of the savagery of the music, there was an indescribable enthusiasm and an energy in the chorus that was contagious, and in the pale moonlight, with the regular splash of the paddles, that kept an even accompaniment, Ned found himself joining with the wild voices around him; while Tim, not content with forming one of the chorus, improvised several verses in his native tongue in honor of "Massa Ned" that produced roars of applause.

The rowers had worked well during the night, and at about ten o'clock the canoes were within sight of the village to which they belonged. Their approach was quickly observed, and crowds of people assembled on the shore to welcome them on landing. Hardly had the canoes touched the sandy beach than they were dragged in triumph to the land, while the women yelled in honor of their arrival. The cargo was discharged with great rapidity by a numerous band, and was transported to the village, where Ned was quickly brought into the presence of the king. Drums were beaten, horns blown, and great rejoicing accompanied their return. The king was seated upon his leopard-skins, and he received Ned with great courtesy, while the principal man of the hunting party recounted the incidents of the expedition. Loud shouts of applause were raised at various portions of the narrative when Ned's hunting exploits were described; but when the attack and defeat of their old enemies were told with extreme energy, the crowd could no longer restrain their enthusiasm, but broke out into wild yells of approbation, and crowded around Ned to kiss his hands after their peculiar fashion, by touching the palms with the tip of their tongues.

WE USED TO MAKE REGULAR EXPEDITIONS . . . EVERY NIGHT

CONSTERNATION IN CRANFORD

[This selection is from *Cranford*, Mrs. Gaskell's delightful study of life in a sleepy old English town where the ladies are in a large majority. Like *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *Cranford* is the kind of book that one is often glad to turn back to. It is one of the gentlest, best-natured books in the English language.]

ALL at once all sorts of uncomfortable rumors got afloat in the town. There were one or two robberies — real *bona fide* robberies; men had up before the magistrates and committed for trial — and that seemed to make us all afraid of being robbed; and for a long time, at Miss Matty's, I know, we used to make a regular expedition all round the kitchens and cellars every night, Miss Matty leading the way, armed with the poker, I following with the hearth-brush, and Martha carrying the shovel and fire-irons with which to sound the alarm; and by the accidental hitting together of them she often frightened us so much that we bolted ourselves up, all three together, in the back-kitchen, or storeroom, or wherever we happened to be, till, when our affright was over, we recollected ourselves and set out afresh with double valiance. By day we heard strange stories from the shopkeepers and cottagers, of carts that went about in the dead of night, drawn by horses shod with felt, and guarded by men in dark clothes, going round the town, no doubt in search of some unwatched house or some unfastened door.

Miss Pole, who affected great bravery herself, was the principal person to collect and arrange these reports so as to make them assume their most fearful aspect. But we discovered that she had begged one of Mr. Hoggins's worn-out hats to hang up in her lobby, and we (at least I) had doubts as to whether she really would enjoy the little adventure of having her house broken into, as she protested she should. Miss Matty made no secret of being an arrant coward, but she went regularly through her housekeeper's duty of inspection — only the hour for this became earlier and earlier, till at last we went the rounds at half-past six, and Miss Matty adjourned to bed soon after seven, "in order to get the night over the sooner."

Cranford had so long piqued itself on being an honest and moral town that it had grown to fancy itself too genteel and well-bred to be otherwise, and felt the stain upon its character at this time doubly. But we comforted ourselves with the assurance which we gave to each other that the robberies could never have been committed by any Cranford person; it must have been a stranger or strangers who brought this disgrace upon the town, and occasioned as many precautions as if we were living among the Red Indians or the French.

This last comparison of our nightly state of defence and fortification was made by Mrs. Forrester, whose father had served under General Burgoyne in the American war, and whose husband had fought the French in Spain. She indeed inclined to the idea that, in some way, the French were connected with the small thefts, which were ascertained facts, and the burglaries and highway robberies, which were rumors. She had been deeply impressed with the idea of French spies at some time in her life; and the notion could never be fairly eradicated, but sprang up again from time to time. And now her theory was this: The Cranford people respected themselves too much, and were too grateful to the aristocracy who were so kind as to live near the town, ever to disgrace their

bringing up by being dishonest or immoral; therefore, we must believe that the robbers were strangers, — if strangers, why not foreigners? — if foreigners, who so likely as the French? Signor Brunoni spoke broken English like a Frenchman; and, though he wore a turban like a Turk, Mrs. Forrester had seen a print of Madame de Staël with a turban on, and another of Mr. Denon in just such a dress as that in which the conjuror had made his appearance, showing clearly that the French, as well as the Turks, wore turbans. There could be no doubt Signor Brunoni was a Frenchman — a French spy come to discover the weak and undefended places of England, and doubtless he had his accomplices. For her part, she, Mrs. Forrester, had always had her own opinion of Miss Pole's adventure at the "George Inn" — seeing two men where only one was believed to be.

French people had ways and means which, she was thankful to say, the English people knew nothing about; and she had never felt quite easy in her mind about going to see that conjuror — it was rather too much like a forbidden thing, though the rector was there. In short, Mrs. Forrester grew more excited than we had ever known her before, and, being an officer's daughter and widow, we looked up to her opinion, of course.

Really I do not know how much was true or false in the reports which flew about like wildfire just at this time; but it seemed to me then that there was every reason to believe that at Mardon (a small town about eight miles from Cranford) houses and shops were entered by holes made in the walls, the bricks being silently carried away in the dead of the night, and all done so quietly that no sound was heard either in or out of the house. Miss Matty gave it up in despair when she heard of this. "What was the use," said she, "of locks and bolts, and bells to the windows, and going round the house every night? That last trick was fit for a conjuror. Now she did believe that Signor Brunoni was at the bottom of it."

One afternoon, about five o'clock, we were startled by a hasty knock at the door. Miss Matty bade me run and tell Martha on no account to open the door till she (Miss Matty) had reconnoitred through the window; and she armed herself with a footstool to drop down on the head of the visitor, in case he should show a face covered with black crape, as he looked up in answer to her inquiry of who was there. But it was nobody but Miss Pole and Betty. The former came upstairs, carrying a little handbasket, and she was evidently in a state of great agitation.

"Take care of that!" said she to me, as I offered to relieve her of her basket. "It 's my plate. I am sure there is a plan to rob my house to-night. I am come to throw myself on your hospitality, Miss Matty. Betty is going to sleep with her cousin at the 'George.' I can sit up here all night if you will allow me; but my house is so far from any neighbors, and I don't believe we could be heard if we screamed ever so!"

"But," said Miss Matty, "what has alarmed you so much? Have you seen any men lurking about the house?"

"Oh, yes!" answered Miss Pole. "Two very bad-looking men have gone three times past the house, very slowly; and an Irish beggar-woman came not half-an-hour ago, and all but forced herself in past Betty, saying her children were starving, and she must speak to the mistress. You see, she said 'mistress,' though there was a hat hanging up in the hall, and it would have been more natural to have said 'master.' But Betty shut the door in her face, and came up to me, and we got the spoons together, and sat in the parlor-window watching till we saw Thomas Jones going from his work, when we called to him and asked him to take care of us into the town."

We might have triumphed over Miss Pole, who had professed such bravery until she was frightened; but we were too glad to perceive that she shared in the weaknesses of humanity to exult over her; and I gave up my room to her very willingly, and shared Miss Matty's bed for the night. But before we retired, the two ladies rummaged up, out of the recesses of their memory, such horrid stories of robbery and murder that I quite quaked in my shoes. Miss Pole was evidently anxious to prove that such terrible events had occurred within her experience that she was justified in her sudden panic; and Miss Matty did not like to be outdone, and capped every story with one yet more

horrible, till it reminded me, oddly enough, of an old story I had read somewhere, of a nightingale and a musician, who strove one against the other which could produce the most admirable music, till poor Philomel dropped down dead.

One of the stories that haunted me for a long time afterwards was of a girl who was left in charge of a great house in Cumberland on some particular fair-day, when the other servants all went off to the gaieties. The family were away in London, and a pedlar came by, and asked to leave his large and heavy pack in the kitchen, saying he would call for it again at night; and the girl (a gamekeeper's daughter), roaming about in search of amusement, chanced to hit upon a gun hanging up in the hall, and took it down to look at the chasing; and it went off through the open kitchen door, hit the pack, and a slow dark thread of blood came oozing out. (How Miss Pole enjoyed this part of the story, dwelling on each word as if she loved it!) She rather hurried over the further account of the girl's bravery, and I have but a confused idea that, somehow, she baffled the robbers with Italian irons, heated red-hot, and then restored to blackness by being dipped in grease.

We parted for the night with an awe-stricken wonder as to what we should hear of in the morning — and, on my part, with a vehement desire for the night to be over and gone: I was so afraid lest the robbers should have seen, from some dark lurking-place, that Miss Pole had carried off her plate, and thus have a double motive for attacking our house.

But until Lady Glenmire came to call next day we heard of nothing unusual. The kitchen fire-irons were in exactly the same position against the back door as when Martha and I had skilfully piled them up, like spillikins, ready to fall with an awful clatter if only a cat had touched the outside panels. I had wondered what we should all do if thus awakened and alarmed, and had proposed to Miss Matty that we should cover up our faces under the bedclothes, so that there should be no danger of the robbers thinking that we could identify them; but Miss Matty, who was trembling very much, scouted this idea, and said we owed it to society to apprehend them, and that she should certainly do her best to lay hold of them and lock them up in the garret till morning.

When Lady Glenmire came, we almost felt jealous of her. Mrs. Jamieson's house had really been attacked; at least there were men's footsteps to be seen on the flower borders, underneath the kitchen windows, "where nae men should be"; and Carlo had barked all through the night as if strangers were abroad. Mrs. Jamieson had been awakened by Lady Glenmire, and they had rung the bell which communicated with Mr. Mulliner's room in the third story, and when his night-capped head had appeared over the bannisters, in answer to the summons, they had told him of their alarm, and the reasons for it; whereupon he retreated into his bedroom, and locked the door (for fear of draughts, as he informed them in the morning), and opened the window, and called out valiantly to say, if the supposed robbers would come to him he would fight them; but, as Lady Glenmire observed, that was but poor comfort, since they would have to pass by Mrs. Jamieson's room and her own before they could reach him, and must be of a very pugnacious disposition indeed if they neglected the opportunities of robbery presented by the unguarded lower storeys, to go up to a garret, and there force a door in order to get at the champion of the house. Lady Glenmire, after waiting and listening for some time in the drawing-room, had proposed to Mrs. Jamieson that they should go to bed; but that lady said she should not feel comfortable unless she sat up and watched; and, accordingly, she packed herself warmly up on the sofa, where she was found by the housemaid, when she came into the room at six o'clock, fast asleep; but Lady Glenmire went to bed, and kept awake all night.

When Miss Pole heard of this, she nodded her head in great satisfaction. She had been sure we should hear of something happening in Cranford that night; and we had heard. It was clear enough they had first proposed to attack her house; but when they saw that she and Betty were on their guard, and had carried off the plate, they had changed their tactics and gone to Mrs. Jamieson's, and no one knew what might have happened if Carlo had not barked, like a good dog as he was!

Poor Carlo! his barking days were nearly

over. Whether the gang who infested the neighborhood were afraid of him, or whether they were revengeful enough, for the way in which he had baffled them on the night in question, to poison him; or whether, as some among the more uneducated people thought, he died of apoplexy, brought on by too much feeding and too little exercise; at any rate, it is certain that, two days after this eventful night, Carlo was found dead, with his poor legs stretched out stiff in the attitude of running, as if by such unusual exertion he could escape the sure pursuer, Death.

We were all sorry for Carlo, the old familiar friend who had snapped at us for so many years; and the mysterious mode of his death made us very uncomfortable. Could Signor Brunoni be at the bottom of this? He had apparently killed a canary with only a word of command; his will seemed of deadly force; who knew but what he might yet be lingering in the neighborhood willing all sorts of awful things!

We whispered these fancies among ourselves in the evenings; but in the mornings our courage came back with the daylight, and in a week's time we had got over the shock of Carlo's death; all but Mrs. Jamieson. She, poor thing, felt it as she had felt no event since her husband's death; indeed, Miss Pole said, that as the Honorable Mr. Jamieson drank a good deal, and occasioned her much uneasiness, it was possible that Carlo's death might be the greater affliction. But there was always a tinge of cynicism in Miss Pole's remarks. However, one thing was clear and certain — it was necessary for Mrs. Jamieson to have some change of scene; and Mr. Mulliner was very impressive on this point, shaking his head whenever we inquired after his mistress, and speaking of her loss of appetite and bad nights very ominously; and with justice too, for if she had two characteristics in her natural state of health they were a facility of eating and sleeping. If she could neither eat nor sleep, she must be indeed out of spirits and out of health.

Lady Glenmire (who had evidently taken very kindly to Cranford) did not like the idea of Mrs. Jamieson's going to Cheltenham, and more than once insinuated pretty plainly that it was Mr. Mulliner's doing, who had been much alarmed on the occasion of the house being attacked, and since had said, more than once, that he felt it a very responsible charge to have to defend so many women. Be that as it might, Mrs. Jamieson went to Cheltenham, escorted by Mr. Mulliner; and Lady Glenmire remained in possession of the house, her ostensible office being to take care that the maid-servants did not pick up followers. She made a very pleasant looking dragon; and, as soon as it was arranged for her stay in Cranford, she found out that Mrs. Jamieson's visit to Cheltenham was just the best thing in the world. She had let her house in Edinburgh, and was for the time houseless, so the charge of her sister-in-law's comfortable abode was very convenient and acceptable.

Miss Pole was very much inclined to instal herself as a heroine, because of the decided steps she had taken in flying from the two men and one woman, whom she entitled "that murderous gang." She described their appearance in glowing colors, and I noticed that every time she went over the story some fresh trait of villainy was added to their appearance. One was tall — he grew to be gigantic in height before we had done with him; he of course had black hair — and by-and-by it hung in elf-locks over his forehead and down his back. The other was short and broad — and a hump sprouted out on his shoulder before we heard the last of him; he had red hair — which deepened into carroty; and she was almost sure he had a cast in the eye — a decided squint. As for the woman, her eyes glared, and she was masculine-looking — a perfect virago; most probably a man dressed in woman's clothes; afterwards, we heard of a beard on her chin, and a manly voice and a stride.

If Miss Pole was delighted to recount the events of that afternoon to all inquirers, others were not so proud of their adventures in the robbery line. Mr. Hoggins, the surgeon, had been attacked at his own door by two ruffians, who were concealed in the shadow of the porch, and so effectually silenced him that he was robbed in the interval between ringing his bell and the servant's answering it. Miss Pole was sure it would turn out that this robbery had been committed by "her men," and went the very day she heard the report to have her teeth examined, and to question Mr. Hoggins.

She came to us afterwards; so we heard what she had heard, straight and direct from the source, while we were yet in the excitement and flutter of the agitation caused by the first intelligence; for the event had only occurred the night before.

"Well!" said Miss Pole, sitting down with the decision of a person who has made up her mind as to the nature of life and the world (and such people never tread lightly, or seat themselves without a bump), "well, Miss Matty! men will be men. Every mother's son of them wishes to be considered Samson and Solomon rolled into one — too strong ever to be beaten or discomfited — too wise ever to be outwitted. If you will notice, they have always foreseen events, though they never tell one for one's warning before the events happen. My father was a man, and I know the sex pretty well."

She had talked herself out of breath, and we should have been very glad to fill up the necessary pause as chorus, but we did not exactly know what to say, or which man had suggested this diatribe against the sex; so we only joined in generally, with a grave shake of the head, and a soft murmur of "They are very incomprehensible, certainly!"

"Now, only think," said she. "There, I have undergone the risk of having one of my remaining teeth drawn (for one is terribly at the mercy of any surgeon-dentist; and I, for one, always speak them fair till I have got my mouth out of their clutches), and, after all, Mr. Hoggins is too much of a man to own that he was robbed last night."

"Not robbed!" exclaimed the chorus.

"Don't tell me!" Miss Pole exclaimed, angry that we could be for a moment imposed upon. "I believe he was robbed, just as Betty told me, and he is ashamed to own it; and, to be sure, it was very silly of him to be robbed just at his own door; I daresay he feels that such a thing won't raise him in the eyes of Cranford society, and is anxious to conceal it — but he need not have tried to impose upon me, by saying I must have heard an exaggerated account of some petty theft of a neck of mutton, which, it seems, was stolen out of the safe in his yard last week; he had the impertinence to add, he believed that that was taken by the cat. I have no doubt, if I could get at the bottom of it, it was that Irishman dressed up in woman's clothes, who came spying about my house, with the story about the starving children."

After we had duly condemned the want of candor which Mr. Hoggins had evinced, and abused men in general, taking him for the representative and type, we got round to the subject about which we had been talking when Miss Pole came in; namely, how far, in the present disturbed state of the country, we could venture

SHE BORROWED A BOY FROM ONE OF THE NEIGHBORING COTTAGES

to accept an invitation which Miss Matty had just received from Mrs. Forrester, to come as usual and keep the anniversary of her wedding-day by drinking tea with her at five o'clock, and playing a quiet pool afterwards. Mrs. Forrester had said that she asked us with some diffidence, because the roads were, she feared, very unsafe. But she suggested that perhaps one of us would not object to take the sedan, and that the others, by walking briskly, might keep up with the long trot of the chairmen, and so we might all arrive safely at Over Place, a suburb of the town. (No; that is too large an expression: a small cluster of houses separated from Cranford by about two hundred

yards of a dark and lonely lane.) There was no doubt but that a similar note was awaiting Miss Pole at home; so her call was a very fortunate affair, as it enabled us to consult together. . . . We would all much rather have declined this invitation; but we felt that it would not be quite kind to Mrs. Forrester, who would otherwise be left to a solitary retrospect of her not very happy or fortunate life. Miss Matty and Miss Pole had been visitors on this occasion for many years, and now they gallantly determined to nail their colors to the mast, and to go through Darkness Lane rather than fail in loyalty to their friend.

But when the evening came, Miss Matty (for it was she who was voted into the chair, as she had a cold), before being shut down in the sedan, like jack-in-a-box, implored the chairmen, whatever might befall, not to run away and leave her fastened up there, to be murdered; and even after they had promised, I saw her tighten her features into the stern determination of a martyr, and she gave me a melancholy and ominous shake of the head through the glass. However, we got there safely, only rather out of breath, for it was who could trot hardest through Darkness Lane, and I am afraid poor Miss Matty was sadly jolted.

Mrs. Forrester had made extra preparations, in acknowledgment of our exertion in coming to see her through such dangers. The usual forms of genteel ignorance as to what her servants might send up were all gone through; and Harmony and Preference seemed likely to be the order of the evening, but for an interesting conversation that began I don't know how, but which had relation, of course, to the robbers who infested the neighborhood of Cranford.

Having braved the dangers of Darkness Lane, and thus having a little stock of reputation for courage to fall back upon; and also, I daresay, desirous of proving ourselves superior to men (*videlicet* Mr. Hoggins) in the article of candor, we began to relate our individual fears and the private precautions we each of us took. I owned that my pet apprehension was eyes — eyes looking at me, and watching me, glittering out from some dull, flat, wooden surface; and that if I dared to go up to my looking-glass when I was panic-stricken, I should certainly turn it round, with its back towards me, for fear of seeing eyes behind me looking out of the darkness. I saw Miss Matty nerving herself up for a confession; and at last out it came. She owned that, ever since she had been a girl, she had dreaded being caught by her last leg, just as she was getting into bed, by some one concealed under it. She said, when she was younger and more active, she used to take a flying leap from a distance, and so bring both her legs up safely into bed at once; but that this had always annoyed Deborah, who piqued herself upon getting into bed gracefully, and she had given it up in consequence. But now the old terror would often come over her, especially since Miss Pole's house had been attacked (we had got quite to believe in the fact of the attack having taken place), and yet it was very unpleasant to think of looking under a bed, and seeing a man concealed, with a great, fierce face staring out at you; so she had bethought herself of something — perhaps I had noticed that she had told Martha to buy her a penny ball, such as children play with — and now she rolled this ball under the bed every night: if it came out on the other side, well and good; if not, she always took care to have her hand on the bell-rope, and meant to call out John and Harry, just as if she expected men-servants to answer her ring.

We all applauded this ingenious contrivance, and Miss Matty sank back into satisfied silence, with a look at Mrs. Forrester as if to ask for *her* private weakness.

Mrs. Forrester looked askance at Miss Pole, and tried to change the subject a little by telling us that she had borrowed a boy from one of the neighboring cottages and promised his parents a hundredweight of coals at Christmas, and his supper every evening, for the loan of him at nights. She had instructed him in his possible duties when he first came; and, finding him sensible, she had given him the Major's sword (the Major was her late husband), and desired him to put it very carefully behind his pillow at night, turning the edge towards the head of the pillow. He was a sharp lad, she was sure; for, spying out the Major's cocked hat, he had said, if he might have that to wear, he was sure he could frighten two Englishmen, or four Frenchmen, any day. But she had impressed

upon him anew that he was to lose no time in putting on hats or anything else; but, if he heard any noise, he was to run at it with his drawn sword. On my suggesting that some accident might occur from such slaughterous and indiscriminate directions, and that he might rush on Jenny getting up to wash, and have spitted her before he had discovered that she was not a Frenchman, Mrs. Forrester said she did not think that that was likely, for he was a very sound sleeper, and generally had to be well shaken or cold-pigged in a morning before they could rouse him. She sometimes thought such dead sleep must be owing to the hearty suppers the poor lad ate, for he was half-starved at home, and she told Jenny to see that he got a good meal at night.

Still this was no confession of Mrs. Forrester's peculiar timidity, and we urged her to tell us what she thought would frighten her more than anything. She paused, and stirred the fire, and snuffed the candles, and then she said, in a sounding whisper —

"Ghosts!"

She looked at Miss Pole, as much as to say, she had declared it, and would stand by it. Such a look was a challenge in itself. Miss Pole came down upon her with indigestion, spectral illusions, optical delusions, and a great deal out of Dr. Ferrier and Dr. Hibbert besides. Miss Matty had rather a leaning to ghosts, as I have mentioned before, and what little she did say was all on Mrs. Forrester's side, who, emboldened by sympathy, protested that ghosts were a part of her religion; that surely she, the widow of a major in the army, knew what to be frightened at, and what not; in short, I never saw Mrs. Forrester so warm either before or since, for she was a gentle, meek, enduring old lady in most things. Not all the elder-wine that ever was mulled could this night wash out the remembrance of this difference between Miss Pole and her hostess. Indeed, when the elder-wine was brought in, it gave rise to a new burst of discussion; for Jenny, the little maiden who staggered under the tray, had to give evidence of having seen a ghost with her own eyes, not so many nights ago, in Darkness Lane, the very lane we were to go through on our way home.

In spite of the uncomfortable feeling which this last consideration gave me, I could not help being amused at Jenny's position, which was exceedingly like that of a witness being examined and cross-examined by two counsel who are not at all scrupulous about asking leading questions. The conclusion I arrived at was, that Jenny had certainly seen something beyond what a fit of indigestion would have caused. A lady all in white, and without her head, was what she deposed and adhered to, supported by a consciousness of the secret sympathy of her mistress under the withering

A SMOTHERED VOICE WAS HEARD FROM THE INSIDE OF THE CHAIR

scorn with which Miss Pole regarded her. And not only she, but many others, had seen this headless lady, who sat by the roadside wringing her hands as in deep grief. Mrs. Forrester looked at us from time to time with an air of conscious triumph; but then she had not to pass through Darkness Lane before she could bury herself beneath her own familiar bedclothes.

We preserved a discreet silence as to the headless lady while we were putting on our things to go home, for there was no knowing how near the ghostly head and ears might be, or what spiritual connection they might be keeping up with the unhappy body in Darkness Lane; and, therefore, even Miss Pole felt that

it was as well not to speak lightly on such subjects, for fear of vexing or insulting that woebegone trunk. At least, so I conjecture; for, instead of the busy clatter usual in the operation, we tried on our cloaks as sadly as mutes at a funeral. Miss Matty drew the curtains round the windows of the chair to shut out disagreeable sights, and the men (either because they were in spirits that their labors were so nearly ended, or because they were going down hill), set off at such a round and merry pace, that it was all Miss Pole and I could do to keep up with them. She had breath for nothing beyond an imploring "Don't leave me!" uttered as she clutched my arm so tightly that I could not have quitted her, ghost or no ghost.

What a relief it was when the men, weary of their burden and their quick trot, stopped just where Headingley Causeway

IT WAS ALL MISS POLE AND I COULD DO TO KEEP UP

branches off from Darkness Lane! Miss Pole unloosed me and caught at one of the men —

"Could not you — could not you take Miss Matty round by Headingley Causeway? — the pavement in Darkness Lane jolts so, and she is not very strong."

A smothered voice was heard from the inside of the chair —

"Oh! pray go on! What is the matter? What is the matter? I will give you sixpence more to go on very fast; pray don't stop here."

"And I'll give you a shilling," said Miss Pole, with tremulous dignity, "if you'll go by Headingley Causeway."

The two men grunted acquiescence and took up the chair, and went along the causeway, which certainly answered Miss Pole's kind purpose of saving Miss Matty's bones; for it was covered with soft, thick mud, and even a fall there would have been easy till the getting-up came, when there might have been some difficulty in extrication.

AN ADVENTURE BEFORE BREAKFAST

[This story is taken from *The Boy Hunters of the Mississippi*, by Captain Mayne Reid. It tells one the adventures that befell three brothers who were on a hunting trip together away back in the days before the Civil War, when game was common in the lands west of the Mississippi River. The list of Captain Reid's books for young people is a long one. They are full of interesting incidents and exciting adventures.]

THEY had plenty of meat for their breakfast, though — such as it was — and came nigh paying dearly enough for it.

The three brothers slept lying along the ground within a few feet of one another. Their tent was gone, and, of course, they were in the open air. They were under a large spreading tree, and, wrapped in their blankets, had been sleeping soundly through the night. Day was just beginning to break, when something touched François on the forehead. It was a cold, clammy object; and, pressing upon his hot skin, woke him at once. He started as if a pin had been thrust into him; and the cry which he uttered awoke also his companions. Was it a snake that had touched him? François thought so at the moment, and continued to think so while he was rubbing his eyes open. When

this feat was accomplished, however, he caught a glimpse of some object running off, that could not be a snake.

"What do you think it was?" inquired Basil and Lucien, in the same breath.

"A wolf, I think," replied François. "It was his cold nose I felt. See! yonder it goes. See — see — there are two of them!"

François pointed in the direction in which the two animals were seen to run. Basil and Lucien looked, and saw them as well. They were about the size of wolves, but appeared to be quite black, and not like wolves at all. What could they be? They had suddenly passed into a darker aisle among the trees, and the boys had only caught a glimpse of them as they went in. They could still distinguish their two bodies in the shade, but nothing more. What could they be? Perhaps javalies? This thought, no doubt, occurred to the brothers, because of their late adventure with these animals.

"They are too large, and run too clumsily, for javalies," said Lucien.

"Bears?" suggested François.

"No, no; they are not large enough for bears."

All three were puzzled.

They had risen upon their hands and knees, disencumbered themselves of their blankets, and each had grasped his gun, which they always kept close by them when asleep.

They remained in this position, straining their eyes up the gloomy alley after the two black objects that had stopped about fifty yards distant. All at once the form of a man rose up before them, and directly in front of the animals. Instead of retreating from the latter, as the boys expected, the upright figure stood still. To their further astonishment, the two animals ran up to it, and appeared to leap against it, as if making an attack upon it! But this could not be — since the figure did not move from its place, as one would have done who had been attacked. On the contrary, after a while, it stooped down, and appeared to be caressing them!

"A man and two dogs," whispered François; "perhaps an Indian!"

"It may be a man," returned Lucien, also speaking in a whisper. "I know not what else it could be; but those *are no dogs*, or *I* never saw such."

This Lucien uttered with emphasis and in a serious tone, that caused the brothers to draw closer to each other.

During all this time Marengo stood by, restrained by them from rushing forward. The dog had not awaked until the first cry of François roused him. He was wearied with the long gallop of the preceding days; and, like his masters, had been sleeping soundly. As all started almost simultaneously, a word from Basil had kept him in — for to this he had been well trained — and without a signal from him he was not used to attack any creature, not even his natural enemies. He therefore stood still, looking steadily in the same direction as they, and at intervals uttering a low growl that was almost inaudible. There was a fierceness about it, however, that showed he did not regard the strange objects as friends. Perhaps he knew what they were better than any of the party.

The three mysterious creatures still remained near the same spot, and about fifty yards from the boys. They did not remain motionless, though. The two smaller ones ran over the ground — now separating from the upright figure and then returning again, and appearing to caress it as before. The latter now and then stooped, as if to receive their caresses, and — when they were not by — as though it was gathering something from the ground. It would then rise into an upright position, and remain motionless as before. All their manœuvres were performed in perfect silence.

There was something mysterious — awe-inspiring in these movements; and our young hunters observed them, not without feelings of terror. They were both puzzled and awed. They scarcely knew what course to adopt. They talked in whispers, giving their counsels to each other. Should they creep to their horses, mount, and ride off? That would be of no use; for if what they saw was an Indian, there were, no doubt, others near; and they could easily track and overtake them. They felt certain that the strange creatures knew they were there — for indeed their horses, some thirty yards off, could be plainly heard stamping the ground and cropping the grass. Moreover,

one of the two animals had touched and smelt François; so there could be no mistake about *it* being aware of their presence. It would be idle, therefore, to attempt getting off unawares. What then? Should they climb into a tree? That, thought they, would be of just as little use; and they gave up the idea. They resolved, at length, to remain where they were, until they should either be assailed by their mysterious neighbors, or the clearer light might enable them to make out who and what these were.

As it grew clearer, however, their awe was not diminished; for they now saw that the upright figure had two thick strong-looking arms, which it held out horizontally, manœuvring with them in a singular manner. Its color, too, appeared reddish, while that of the small animals was deep black! Had they been in the forests of Africa, or *South* instead of *North* America, they would have taken the larger figure for that of a gigantic ape. As it was, they knew it could not be that.

The light suddenly became brighter — a cloud having passed off the eastern sky. Objects could be seen more distinctly, and then the mystery, that had so long held the young hunters in torturing suspense, was solved. The large animal reared up and stood with its side towards them; and its long-pointed snout, its short erect ears, its thick body and shaggy coat of hair, showed that it was no Indian nor human creature of any sort, but a *huge bear standing upright on its hams.*

"A she-bear and her cubs!" exclaimed François; "but see!" he continued, "*she* is red, while the cubs are jet-black!"

Basil did not stop for any observation of that kind. He had sprung to his feet and levelled his rifle, the moment he saw what the animal was.

"For your life do not fire!" cried Lucien. "It *may be a grizzly bear!*"

His advice came too late. The crack of Basil's rifle was heard; and the bear, dropping upon all fours, danced over the ground shaking her head and snorting furiously. The light had deceived Basil; and instead of hitting her in the head as he had intended, his bullet glanced from her snout, doing her but little harm. Now, the snout of a bear is its most precious and tender organ, and a blow upon that will rouse even the most timid species of them to fury. So it was with this one. She saw whence the shot came; and, as soon as she had given her head a few shakes, she came in a shuffling gallop towards the boys.

Basil now saw how rashly he had acted, but there was no time for expressing regrets. There was not even time for them to get to their horses. Before they could reach these and draw the pickets, the bear would overtake them. Some one of them would become a victim.

"Take to the trees!" shouted Lucien; "if it be a grizzly bear, she cannot climb."

As Lucien said this, he levelled his short rifle and fired at the advancing animal. The bullet seemed to strike her on the flank, as she turned with a growl and bit the part. This delayed her for a moment, and allowed Lucien time to swing himself to a tree. Basil had thrown away his rifle, not having time to reload. François, when he saw the great monster so near, dropped his gun without firing.

All three in their haste climbed separate trees. It was a grove of white oaks, as we have already stated; and these trees, unlike the pines, or magnolias, or cypress trees, have usually great limbs growing low down and spreading out horizontally. These limbs are often as many feet in length as the tree itself is in height.

It was upon these that they had climbed — Basil having taken to that one under which they had slept, and which was much larger than the others around. At the foot of this tree the bear stopped. The robes and blankets drew her attention for the moment. She tossed them over with her great paws, and then left them, and walked round the trunk, looking upward, at intervals uttering loud "sniffs," that sounded like the "'scape" of a steam-pipe. By this time Basil had reached the third or fourth branch from the ground. He might have gone much higher; but, from what Lucien had suggested, he believed the animal to be a grizzly bear. Her color, which was of a fern or fulvous brown, confirmed him in that belief — as he knew that grizzly bears are met with of a great variety of colors. He had nothing to fear, then, even on the lowest branch, and he thought it was no use going higher. So he stopped and looked down. He had a good view of the animal below; and to his consternation he saw at a glance that it was *not* a grizzly, but a

MOLIÈRE, FRENCH DRAMATIST; CERVANTES, AUTHOR OF "DON QUIXOTE"; GOETHE AND SCHILLER, GERMANY'S GREATEST POETS

different species. Her shape, as well as general appearance, convinced him it was the "cinnamon" bear — a variety of the black, and one of the best tree-climbers of the kind. This was soon put beyond dispute, as Basil saw the animal throw her great paws around the trunk, and commence crawling upward!

It was a fearful moment. Lucien and François both leaped back to the ground, uttering shouts of warning and despair. François picked up his gun, and without hesitating a moment ran to the foot of the tree, and fired both barrels into the hips of the bear. The small shot hardly could have penetrated her thick shaggy hide. It only served to irritate her afresh, causing her to growl fiercely; and she paused for some moments, as if considering whether she would descend and punish the "enemy in the rear," or keep on after Basil. The rattling of the latter among the branches above decided her, and on she crawled upward.

Basil was almost as active among the branches of a tree as a squirrel or a monkey. When about sixty feet from the ground, he crawled out upon a long limb that grew horizontally. He chose this one, because he saw another growing above it, which he thought he might reach as soon as the bear followed him out upon the first; and by this means get back to the main trunk before the bear, and down to the ground again. After getting out upon the limb, however, he saw that he had miscalculated. The branch upon which he was, bending down under his weight, so widened the distance between it and the one above, that he could not reach the latter, even with the tips of his fingers. He turned to go back. To his horror, the bear was at the other end in the fork, and *preparing to follow him along the limb!*

He could not go back without meeting the fierce brute in the teeth. There was no branch below within his reach, and none above, and he was fifty feet from the ground. To leap down appeared the only alternative to escape the clutches of the bear, and that alternative was certain death!

The bear advanced along the limb. François and Lucien screamed below, loading their pieces as rapidly as they could; but they feared they would be too late.

It was a terrible situation; but it was in such emergencies that the strong mind of Basil best displayed itself; and, instead of yielding to despair, he appeared cool and collected. His mind was busy examining every chance that offered.

All at once a thought struck him; and, obedient to its impulse, he called to his brothers below —

"A rope! a rope! Fling me a rope! Haste! for heaven's sake haste! a rope, or I am lost!"

Fortunately, there lay a rope under the tree. It was a rawhide lasso, used in packing Jeanette. It lay by the spot where they had slept.

Lucien dropped his half-loaded rifle, and sprang towards it, coiling it as he took it up. Lucien could throw a lasso almost as well as Basil himself; and that was equal to a Mexican "vaquero" or a "gaucho" of the Pampas. He ran nearly under the limb, twirled the lasso around his head, and launched it upwards.

Basil, to gain time, had crept out upon the limb as far as it would bear him, while his fierce pursuer followed after. The branch, under their united weight, bent downward like a bow. Fortunately, it was oak, and did not break.

Basil was astride, his face turned to the tree and towards his pursuer. The long snout of the latter was within three feet of his head, and he could feel her warm breath, as with open jaws she stretched forward, snorting fiercely.

At this moment the ring-end of the lasso struck the branch directly between them, passing a few feet over it. Before it could slip back again, and fall off, the young hunter had grasped it; and with the dexterity of a packer, double-knotted it around the limb. The next moment, and just as the great claws of the bear were stretched forth to clutch him, he slipped off the branch, and glided down the lasso.

The rope did not reach the ground by at least twenty feet! It was a short one, and part of it had been taken up in the hasty knotting. Lucien and François, in consternation, had observed this from below, as soon as it first hung down. They had observed it, and prepared themselves accordingly; so that, when Basil reached the end of the rope, he saw his brothers standing below, and holding a large buffalo-skin stretched out between them. Into this he dropped; and the next moment stood upon the ground unhurt.

And now came the moment of triumph. The tough limb, that had been held retent by Basil's weight, becoming so suddenly released, flew upward with a jerk.

The unexpected violence of that jerk was too much for the bear. Her hold gave way; she was shot into the air several feet upwards, and falling with a dull heavy sound to the earth, lay for a moment motionless! She was only stunned, however, and would soon have struggled up again to renew the attack; but, before she could regain her feet Basil had laid hold of François' half-loaded gun; and, hurriedly pouring down a handful of bullets, ran forward and fired them into her head, killing her upon the spot!

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the gerfalcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grizzly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail
Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,

Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frighted.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight?
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me, —
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen! —
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armèd hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
'Death!' was the helmsman's hail,
'Death without quarter!'
Midships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward:
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower
Which to this very hour
Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes;
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another.

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
Oh, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! *skoal!*"
Thus the tale ended.

LIFE ON A WHALER

[Peter Lefroy, the hero of the story, and his two companions, Terence and Andrew, were shipwrecked on an iceberg, from which they were rescued by the captain of a whaling vessel. The following selection tells something of their life on board her. It is taken from *Peter the Whaler*, a famous old sea story written by W. H. G. Kingston, who was also the author of *From Powder Monkey to Admiral* and *Dick Chiverly*.]

THE vessel, on board which we so happily found ourselves, was called "The Shetland Maid," her master, Captain John Rendall. She measured three hundred and fifty tons, was barque-rigged, and perfectly fitted as a whaler, being also strengthened by every means which science could devise, to enable her to resist the pressure of the ice to which such vessels must inevitably be exposed in their progress through the Arctic seas. She had forty-two souls on board, including officers, being some few short of her complement, as two fell sick in Orkney before leaving, and two were unhappily lost overboard in a furious gale she encountered soon after sailing.

Andrew, Terence, and I remained two days below under the doctor's care, and by the third had completely recovered our usual strength. Tom Stokes, who had suffered most, and was not naturally so strong, took a week before he came round.

As soon as we appeared on deck, the captain called us aft, and desired to know our adventures. Andrew was the spokesman; and the captain expressed himself much pleased with our messmate's mode of narrating them.

"Well, my men," he said, "I have lost some of my crew; and I suppose you 'll have no objection to entering regularly for the voyage in their place. You 'll share with the other able seamen eighteen pence for each ton of oil, you know, besides monthly wages."

We told him that we should be glad to enter, and would sign articles when he pleased; and that we would answer for Tom Stokes, that he would do the same.

Behold me at last, then, as I have styled myself, Peter the Whaler. We were now standing to the northward, and rapidly approaching the ice. Before, however, I proceed with an account of my adventures, I will describe the ship, and the peculiar arrangements made to fit her for the special service in which she was employed.

A whaler, in order to withstand the shock of the ice, is strengthened inside, both at the stem and stern, by stout timbers placed in various directions, and fastened securely together; while on the outside she is in parts covered with a double, and even a treble planking, besides other thick pieces, which serve to ward off the blows from the parts most likely to receive them. How little all the strengthening which the art and ingenuity of man can devise is of avail against the mighty power of the ice, I shall have hereafter to describe. The masts of a whaler are lower than in a common merchantman, and her sails are smaller, and cut in a different shape, the courses, or lower sails, decreasing towards the foot, so as to be worked with slight strength. Sometimes this is of importance, as when all the boats are away together in chase of whales, three or four men alone remain on board to take care of the ship.

A whale-ship, therefore, though she has great care and expense bestowed on her, has not, in port, the graceful and elegant appearance possessed by some other ships, bound to more genial climes. The crew do not sleep in hammocks, as on board men-of-war; but in berths, or standing bed-places, erected on the half-deck, forward. It is a dark retreat; and not scented with sweet odors, especially after a ship has begun to take in her cargo; but the weary seaman cares little where he lays his head, provided it is in a dry and warm place.

We next come to the boats; a very important part of the outfit. The bow and stern of a whale-boat are both sharp, rise considerably, and are nearly alike. It has great beam, or breadth, to prevent its being dragged, when towed by a whale, completely under the water. The keel is convex in the center to enable it to be turned more easily; and, for the same reason, it is steered by an oar instead of a rudder. The oar can also turn a boat, when she is at rest; and can scull her, in calm weather, up to a whale, without noise. A large-size boat is pulled by five oars, and one to steer; and a small

one, by four oars; the first being from twenty-six to twenty-eight feet long, and the last from twenty-three to twenty-four. A large one is five feet five inches in breadth; and a small one, five feet three inches.

The rowers include the harpooner and the line-manager. They are carver-built — that is, the planks are placed as in a ship. Boats, in general, are clinker-built — that is, the planks overlap each other; but, as they are difficult to repair, the other simpler method is employed. A ship generally carries seven boats — two or more large, and the rest small. They are suspended by cranes, or davits, in a row, outside the rigging, on either side of the ship, and another astern, so that they can be directly lowered into the water. A smart crew will man and lower a boat in the space of a minute, and be away in chase of a whale.

When we got on board, the boats' crews were busily employed in getting their respective boats and gear ready for action. Each boat had a harpooner, who pulled the bow oar — a steersman, next to him in rank, who steered — and a line-manager, who pulled the after, or stroke-oar; and, besides them, were two or three seamen, who pulled the other oars.

The first operation, after cleaning the boats, was, to get the lines spliced and coiled away; and when it is remembered, that each whale may be worth from five hundred to eight hundred pounds, and that, if the lines are in any way damaged, the fish may be lost, it will be acknowledged, that they have good reason to be careful. Each line is about one hundred and twenty fathoms long; so that, when the six lines, with which each boat is supplied, are spliced together, the united length is seven hundred and twenty fathoms, or four thousand three hundred and twenty feet.

A few fathoms of the line is left uncovered, with an eye at the end, in order to connect the lines of another boat to it; for sometimes, when a whale swims far, or dives deep, the lines of several boats are joined together. The rest of the line is neatly and carefully coiled away, in the stern of the boat.

As the crew of each boat accomplished the work of coiling away their lines, they gave three cheers, to which we all responded; so we had as much cheering as at a sailing match.

I must try to describe a harpoon, for the benefit of those who have never seen one. It is the whaler's especial weapon — the important instrument of his success. It consists of a "socket," "shank," and "mouth." The shank, which is made of the most pliable iron, is about two feet long; the socket is about six inches long, and swells from the shank to nearly two inches in diameter; and the mouth is of a barbed shape, each barb or wither being eight inches long and six broad, with a smaller barb reversed in the inside. The object of the barb, of course, is to prevent the harpoon being drawn out of the whale after it has been fixed.

The hand harpoon is projected by aid of a stock or handle of wood, seven feet in length, fixed in the socket. After the whale is struck, this handle falls out; but it is not lost, as it is secured to the line by a loop. The line, it must be remembered, is fastened to the iron part of the harpoon.

Each boat is furnished with two harpoons, eight lances, and some spare oars; a flag, with its staff, to serve as a signal; a "mik," as a rest for the harpoon, when ready for instant service; an axe, ready for cutting the line when necessary; a "pigging," a small bucket, for bailing out the boat; two boat-hooks, and many other things which I need scarcely name.

A most important contrivance belonging to a whaler is the crow's-nest, which I may describe as a sentry-box at the masthead. It is, perhaps, more like a deep tub, formed of laths and canvas, with a seat in it, and a movable screen, which traverses on an iron rod, so that it can instantly be brought round on the weather side. In the bottom is a trap-door, by which it is entered. Here the master takes up his post, to pilot his ship among the ice; and here, also, a look-out is kept when whales are expected to appear in the distance.

I must not forget to mention the means taken for preserving the cargo of blubber. This is done in casks, in which the blubber is placed after it has been cut up into very small portions. The casks are stowed in the hold, and some are placed between decks; and when there has been unusual success, so that there are not casks enough, the blubber is stowed away in bulk among them.

The mode of fishing, and the remainder of the

operations, will be described in the course of my narrative. In three more days we were all ready. The crow's-nest had been got up to the maintop-gallant-masthead; and in the afternoon we were ready, and eager to attack the first whale which should appear. In the evening the harpooners were invited down into the cabin to receive their instructions for the season; and afterwards the steward served out a glass of grog to all hands, to drink, "a good voyage and a full ship."

I had fully expected to see whales in such numbers, that we should have nothing to do but to chase and capture them; but in this I was disappointed, for not a whale did we meet; indeed, with the heavy sea then running, had we got hold of one, we could not have secured it.

It was, I ought to say, towards the end of April, and we were in hourly expectation of being among the ice through which, at that time of the year, it was expected a passage would easily be found to the northward.

It was night, and blowing very hard from the southwest. It was my watch on deck, and Mr. Todd, the first mate, was officer of the watch. We were standing on a bowline under our topsails, a sharp look-out being kept ahead for danger. O'Connor and I were together, leaning against the bulwarks and talking. "Well, Terence," I said, "I would rather find myself homeward bound after all that has occurred, than to be running into a sea in which we shall all the time be obliged to be cruising among ice."

"Oh, I don't consider much of that," he answered; "it 's only a summer cruise, you know; and when we get back, we shall have our pockets stuffed with gold, and be able to talk of all the wonders we have seen."

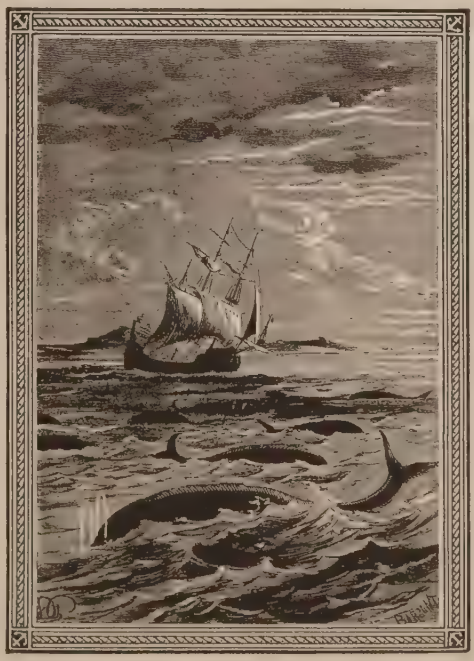
"I hope we may get back. I have no fancy to spend a winter on the ice," I said.

"There are pleasanter places to live in, no doubt, Peter; but people have lived not only one year, but several years running, in those regions, and have not been the worse for it," replied Terence.

Just then we were startled by the loud cry of "breakers ahead." Mr. Todd in a moment saw what was to be done. "Wear ship," he exclaimed. "Up with the helm. Gafftopsail-sheets let fly. Drop the peak. Square away the after yards."

While these and other orders were given and executed, in order to take the pressure of the wind off the after part of the ship, and to make her head turn from it, I glanced in the direction towards which we were running. A pale light seemed to be playing over it; and I could distinguish amid the foaming breakers huge masses of ice, dashing about and heaving one upon another, any one of which I thought would be sufficient to stave in the sides of the ship, if not to overwhelm her completely.

At the same time a loud, crashing, grinding noise was heard, sufficient to strike terror into



SHIP ALMOST STOPPED BY WHALES

the stoutest hearts. But it must be remembered, that we were all so busily engaged in flying here and there in the performance of our duty, that we had no time for fear. This is a great secret to enable men to go through dangers unappalled. Had we been compelled to stand inactive, our feelings might have been very different.

The ship wore slowly round; but still she seemed approaching the threatening mass. She plunged more violently than before amid the raging sea, and in another moment I felt certain, we must be among the upheaving masses. Just then her head seemed to turn from them; but a sea struck her on the quarter and came rolling on board; a tremendous blow was felt forward, another followed. Cries arose from some of the men that all was lost, and I expected to find the ship instantly dashed to pieces.

Our good captain rushed on deck. He cast one glance aloft and another at the ice. "She 's clear, my lads," he shouted. The ship came round, and in another instant we were on the eastern or lee side of the floe, and gliding smoothly on in calm water through a broad passage, leading amid the main body of the polar ice.

Our ship made good progress, considering the impediments in her way, towards the fishing-grounds in the North, to which she was bound. Sometimes we had a clear sea; at other times we were sailing among patches of ice and icebergs, or through lanes penetrating into packs of many miles in extent, and from which it seemed impossible we should ever again be extricated. Our captain, or one of his mates, was always at this time in the crow's-nest, directing the course of the ship amid the dangers which surrounded her.

I shall not soon forget the first day of May, which I spent in the icy sea. It was as unlike May-day at home, as any day could well be, as far as the temperature went, though we were sailing through a sea tolerably free from ice.

"All play to-day, and no work, my boy; for we are going to have a visit from a king and queen," said an old whaler, David M'Gee, by name, as he gave me a slap on the shoulder, which would have warmed up my blood not a little, if anything could in that biting weather.

"He must be King Frost, then," I answered, laughing; "for we have plenty of his subjects around us, already."

"No; I mean a regular built king," said old M'Gee, winking at some of his chums standing around, who had made many a voyage before. "He boards every ship as comes into these parts, to ask them for tribute; and then he makes them free of the country, and welcome to come back as often as they like."

"Thank him for nothing, for that same," I answered, determined not to be quizzed by them. "But don't suppose, David, I 'm so jolly green as to believe what you 're telling me; no offence to you, though."

"You 'll see, youngster, that what I say is true, so look out for him," was old M'Gee's answer, as he turned on his heel.

I had observed, that, for a few days past, the old hands were busy about some work, which they kept concealed from the youngsters, or the green hands, to which class I belonged. Everything went on as usual till eight bells had been struck at noon; when an immense garland, formed of ribbons of all colors, bits of calico, bunting, and artificial flowers, or what were intended for them, was run up at the mizen-peak. On the top of the garlands was the model of a ship, full rigged, with sails set and colors flying. Scarcely had it gone aloft, when I was startled with a loud bellowing sound, which seemed to come from a piece of ice floating ahead of the ship.

"What 's that?" I asked of old David, who persevered in keeping close to me all the morning. "Is that a walrus, blowing?" I thought it might be; for I could not make it out.

"A walrus! no; I should think not," he answered, in an indignant tone. "My lad, that 's King Neptune's trumpeter, come to give notice, that the old boy 's coming aboard us directly. I 've heard him scores of times; so I 'm not likely to be wrong."

The answer I gave my shipmates was not very polite. One never likes to be quizzed; and I, of course, thought he was quizzing me.

"You 'll see, lad," he answered, giving me no gentle tap on the head, in return for my remark. "I 'm not one to impose on a bright green youth like you."

Again the bellow was heard. "That 's not a bit like the sound of a trumpet," I remarked.

"Not like your shore-going trumpets, may be," said old David, with a grin. "But, don't you know, youngster, the water gets into these trumpets, and makes them sound different."

A third bellow was followed by a loud hail, in a gruff voice, "What ship is that, ahoy?"

Old David ran forward, and answered,

"The Shetland Maid, Captain Rendall, of Hull."

"Heave to, while I come aboard, then; for you 've got some green hands among you, I'm pretty sure by the way your gafftop-sail stands."

"Aye, aye, your majesty. Down with the helm — back the maintop-sail," sang out old David, with as much authority as if he was captain of the ship.

His orders were not obeyed; for the gruff voice sung out, "Hold fast!" and a very curious group made their appearance over the bows, and stepped down on deck.

I was not left long in doubt as to whether or not there was anything supernatural about them. "There," exclaimed David, pointing with great satisfaction at them, "that big one, with the thing on his head which looks for all the world like a tin kettle, is King Neptune, and the thing is his helmet. T' other with the crown and the necklace of spikes under her chin, is Mrs. Neptune, his lawful wife, and the little chap with the big razor, and shaving dish, is his wally de sham and trumpeter extraordinary. He's plenty more people belonging to him, but they have n't come aboard this time."

Neptune's costume was certainly not what my father's school-books had taught me to expect his majesty to wear, and I had always supposed his wife to be Amphitrite; but I concluded that in those cold regions he found it convenient to alter his dress, while it might be expected the seamen should make some slight mistake about names.

Neptune himself had very large whiskers; and a red nightcap showed under his helmet. In one hand he held a speaking trumpet, in the other a trident surmounted by a red herring. A piece of canvas covered with bits of colored cloth made him a superb cloak, and a flag wound round his waist served him as a scarf. A huge pair of sea-boots encased his feet, and a pair of sealskin trousers the upper part of his legs. Mrs. Neptune, to show her feminine nature, had a frill round her face, a canvas petticoat, what looked very much like a pair of Flushing trousers round her neck, with the legs brought in front to serve as a tippet. The valet had on a paper cocked hat, a long pig-tail, and a pair of spectacles on a nose of unusual proportions.

"Come here, youngster, and make your bow to King Neptune," exclaimed David, seizing me; and with a number of other green hands I was dragged forward and obliged to bob my head several times to the deck before his marine majesty.

"Take 'em below. I 'll speak to 'em when I wants 'em," said the king in his gruff voice. And forthwith we were hauled off together, and shut down in the cable tier.

One by one we were picked out, just as the Ogre "Fi, fo, fum" in the story book picked out his prisoners to eat them. There was a considerable noise of shouting, and laughing, and thumping on the decks, all of which I understood when it came to my turn.

After three others had disappeared, I was dragged out of our dark prison and brought into the presence of Neptune, who was seated on a throne composed of a coil of ropes, with his court, a very motley assemblage, arranged round him. In front of him his valet sat on a bucket with two assistants on either side, who, the moment that I appeared, jumped up and pinioned my arms, and made me sit down on another bucket in front of their chief.

"Now, young un, you have n't got a beard, but you may have one some day or other, so it 's as well to begin to shave in time," exclaimed Neptune, nodding his head significantly to his valet.

The valet on this, jumping up, seized my head between his knees, and began in spite of my struggles, covering my face with tar. If I attempted to cry out, the tar-brush was instantly shoved into my mouth to the great amusement of all hands. When he had done what he called lathering my face, he began to scrape it unmercifully with his notched iron-hoop; and if I struggled, he would saw it backwards and forwards over my face.

When this process had continued for some time, Neptune offered me a box of his infallible ointment, to cure all the diseases of life. It was a lump of grease, and his valet seizing it rubbed my face all over with it. He then scrubbed me with a handful of oakum, which effectually took off the tar. Being now pronounced shaved and clean, to my great horror

Mrs. Neptune cried out in a voice so gruff, that one might have supposed she had attempted to swallow the best bower anchor, and that it had stuck in her throat, "Now, my pretty Master Green, let me give you a kiss, to welcome you to the Polar Seas. Don't be coy now, and run off."

This I was attempting to do, and with good reason, for Mrs. Neptune's cap-frill was stuck so full of iron spikes, that I should have had a good chance of having my eyes put out if she had succeeded in her intentions, so off I set, running round the deck, to the great amusement of the crew, with Mrs. Neptune after me. Luckily for me, she tripped up, and I was declared duly initiated as a North-sea whaler. The rest of my young shipmates had to undergo the same process; and as it was now my turn to look on and laugh, I thought it very good fun, and heartily joined in the shouts, to which the rest gave way.

I need scarcely say, that the representative of his marine majesty was no less a person than the red-whiskered cooper's mate, that his spouse was our boatswain, and the valet his mate. I had often heard of a similar ceremony being practised on crossing the line, but I had no idea that it was general on board all whale ships.

The fourth day of the month was a memorable one for me and the other green hands on board. The wind was from the westward, and we were sailing along to the eastward of a field of ice, about two miles distant, the water as smooth as in a harbor. Daylight had just broke, but the watch below were still in their berths. The sky was cloudy, though the lower atmosphere was clear; and Andrew, who was walking the deck with me, observed it was first-rate weather for fishing, if fish would but show themselves.

Not ten minutes after this, the first mate, who had gone aloft into the crow's-nest to take a lookout around, eagerly shouted, "A fish — a fish! See, she spouts!" and down on the deck he hurried with all dispatch.

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, before the crews of two boats had jumped into them, and were lowering them down, with their harpoons, lances, and everything else ready, not forgetting some provisions, for it was impossible to say how long they might be away. The chief mate jumped into one, and the second harpooner into the other, in which my friend, Andrew, went as a line-manager.

Away they pulled. I looked over the side and saw the whale, a mile off, floating, thoughtless of danger, on the surface of the ocean, and spouting out a fountain of water high into the air. I fancied that I could even hear the deep "roust" he made as he respired the air, without which he cannot exist any more than animals of the land or air. Every one on deck follows the boats with eager eyes. The boat makes a circuit, so as to approach the monster in the rear; for if he sees them, he will be off far down into the ocean, and may not rise for a long distance away. With rapid strokes they pull on, but as noiselessly as possible. The headmost boat is within ten fathoms of the fish — I am sure it will be ours. The harpooner stands up in the bows with harpoon in hand. Suddenly, with tail in air, down dives the monster; and the faces of all around me assume an expression of black disappointment. It must be remembered, that as all on board benefit by every fish which is caught, all are interested in the capture of one.

"It 's a loose fall, after all," said old David who was near. "I thought so. I should n't be surprised if we went home with a clean ship, after all."

However, the boats did not return. Mr. Todd was not a man to lose a chance. Far too experienced ever to take his eye off a fish, while it is in sight, he marks the way she headed, and is off after her to the eastward. With his strong arm he bends to the oar, and urges his men to put forth all their strength, till the boat seems truly to fly over the water. On they steadily pull, neither turning to the right hand nor to the left, for nearly half an hour. Were it not for the ice, their toil would be useless; but the boat-steerer looks out, and points eagerly ahead.

On they pull. Then, on a sudden, appears the mighty monster. She has risen to the surface to breathe, a "fair start" from the boat. The harpooner stands up, with his unerring weapon in his hand: when was it ever known to miss its aim? A few strong and steady strokes, and the boat is close to the whale. The harpoon

is launched from his hand, and sinks deep into the oily flesh.

The boat is enveloped in a cloud of spray — the whole sea around is one mass of foam. Has the monster struck her, and hurled her gallant crew to destruction? No: drawn rapidly along, her broad bow plowing up the sea, the boat is seen to emerge from the mist, with a jack flying, as a signal that she is fast; while the mighty fish is diving far below it, in a vain effort to escape.

Now arose, from the mouth of every seaman on deck, the joyful cry of "A fall, a fall!" at the same time that every one jumped and stamped on deck, to arouse the sleepers below to hasten to the assistance of their comrades. We all then rushed to the boat-falls. Never, apparently, were a set of men in such a desperate hurry. Had the ship been sinking, or even about to blow up, we could scarcely have made more haste.

The moment the fast boat displayed her jack, up went the jack on board the ship, at the mizen-peak, to show that assistance was coming. Away pulled the five boats, as fast as we could lay back to our oars. The whale had dived to an immense depth, and the second boat had fastened her line to that of the first, and had, consequently, now become the fast-boat; but her progress was not so rapid but that we had every prospect of overtaking her. To retard the progress of the whale, and to weary it as much as possible, the line had been passed round the "bollard," a piece of timber near the stern of the boat. We knew that the first boat wanted more line, by seeing an oar elevated and then a second, when the second boat pulled rapidly up to her. The language of signs, for such work, is very necessary, and every whaler comprehends them.

We now came up, and arranged ourselves on either side of the fast-boat, a little ahead, and at some distance, so as to be ready to pull in directly the whale should reappear at the surface. Away we all went, every nerve strained to the utmost — excitement and eagerness on every countenance — the water bubbling and hissing round the bows of the boats, as we clove our way onward.

"Hurrah, boys! see, she rises!" was the general shout. Up came the whale, more suddenly than we expected. A general dash was made at her by all the boats. "'Stern, for your lives; 'stern all," cried some of the most experienced harpooners. "See, she 's in a flurry."

First, the monster flapped the water violently with its fins; then its tail was elevated aloft, lashing the ocean around into a mass of foam. This was not its death-flurry; for, gaining strength before any more harpoons or lances could be struck into it, away it went again, heading towards the ice. Its course was now clearly discerned, by a small whirling eddy, which showed that it was at no great distance under the surface; while, in its wake, was seen a thin line of oil and blood, which had exuded from its wound.

Wearied, however, by its exertions, and its former deep dive, it was again obliged to come to the surface, to breathe. Again the eager boats dashed in, almost running on its back; and from every side it was plied with lances, while another harpoon was dashed deeply into it, to make it doubly secure. Our boat was the most incautious; for we were right over the tail of the whale. The chief harpooner warned us — "Back, my lads; back of all," he shouted out, his own boat pulling away. "Now she 's in her death-flurry truly."

The words were not out of his mouth, when I saw our harpooner leap from the boat, and swim, as fast as he could, towards one of the others. I was thinking of following his example, knowing he had good reasons for it; for I had seen the fins of the animal flap furiously, and which had warned him, when a violent blow, which I fancied must have not only dashed the boat to pieces, but have broken every bone in our bodies, was struck on the keel of the boat.

Up flew the boat in the air, some six or eight feet at least, with the remaining crew in her. Then, down we came, one flying on one side, one on the other, but none of us hurt even, all spluttering and striking out together; while the boat came down keel uppermost, not much the worse either. Fortunately, we all got clear of the furious blows the monster continued dealing with its tail.

"Never saw a whale in such a flurry," said old David, into whose boat I was taken. For upwards of two minutes the flurry continued, we all the while looking on, and no one daring

to approach it; at the same time, a spout of blood and mucus and oil ascended into the air from its blow-holes, and sprinkled us all over.

"Hurrah! my lads; she spouts blood," we shouted out to each other, though we all saw and felt it plain enough. There was a last lash of that tail, now faint, and scarce rising above the water, but which, a few minutes ago, would have sent every boat round it flying into splinters. Then all was quiet. The mighty mass, now almost inanimate, turned slowly round upon its side and then it floated belly-up, and dead.

Our triumph was complete. Loud shouts rent the air. "Hurrah, my lads, hurrah; we've killed our first fish well," shouted the excited chief mate, who had likewise had the honor of being the first to strike the first fish. "She 's above eleven feet if she 's an inch (speaking of the length of the longest lamina of whalebone); she 'll prove a good prize, that she will." He was right; I believe that one fish filled forty-seven butts with blubber: enough, in days of yore, I have heard, to have repaid the whole expense of the voyage.

Our ship was some way to leeward; and as the wind was light, she could not work up to us, so we had to tow the prize down to her. Our first operation was to free it from the lines. This was done by first lashing the tail, by means of holes cut through it, to the bows of a boat; and then two boats swept round it, each with the end of a line, the centre of which was allowed to sink under the fish. As the lines hung down perpendicularly, they were thus brought up and cut as close as possible down to the harpoons, which were left sticking in the back of the fish. Meantime the men of the other boats were engaged in lashing the fins together across the belly of the whale. This being done, we all formed in line, towing the fish by the tail; and never have I heard, or given, a more joyous shout than ours as we pulled cheerily away, at the rate of a mile an hour, towards the ship with our first fish.

A SKATING RACE IN HOLLAND

[This account of a skating race is taken from *Hans Brinker, or The Silver Skates*, by Mary Mapes Dodge, who was known to boys and girls all over the United States as the editor of *St. Nicholas Magazine*. *Hans Brinker* is an excellent book, for it not only tells an interesting story but gives a very good idea of the way boys and girls live in Holland, which is such a different country from ours. Mrs. Dodge wrote some other books, too, which are worth reading, such as *The Irvington Stories*, *A Few Friends and How They Amused Themselves*, *Theophilus and Others*, and *Donald and Dorothy*.]

THE Twentieth of December came at last, bringing with it the perfection of winter weather. All over the level landscape lay the warm sunlight. It tried its power on lake, canal, and river; but the ice flashed defiance and showed no sign of melting. The very weather-cocks stood still to enjoy the sight. This gave the windmills a holiday. Nearly all the past week they had been whirling briskly; now, being rather out of breath, they rocked lazily in the clear, still air. Catch a windmill working when the weathercocks have nothing to do!

There was an end to grinding, crushing, and sawing for that day. It was a good thing for the millers near Broek. Long before noon they concluded to take in their sails, and go to the race. Everybody would be there — already the north side of the frozen Y was bordered with eager spectators; the news of the great skating match had travelled far and wide. Men, women, and children in holiday attire were flocking toward the spot. Some wore furs, and wintry cloaks or shawls; but many, consulting their feelings rather than the almanac, were dressed as for an October day.

The site selected for the race was a faultless plain of ice near Amsterdam, on that great *arm* of the Zuider Zee which Dutchmen of course must call — the Eye. The townspeople turned out in large numbers. Strangers in the city deemed it a fine chance to see what was to be seen. Many a peasant from the northward had wisely chosen the Twentieth as the day for the next city-trading. It seemed that

everybody, young and old, who had wheels, skates, or feet at command, had hastened to the scene.

There were the gentry in their coaches, dressed like Parisians, fresh from the Boulevards; Amsterdam children in charity uniforms; girls from the Roman Catholic orphan house, in sable gowns and white headbands; boys from the Burgher Asylum, with their black tights and short-skirted, harlequin coats.[1] There were old-fashioned gentlemen in cocked hats and velvet knee breeches; old-fashioned ladies, too, in stiff, quilted skirts and bodices of dazzling brocade. These were accompanied by servants bearing foot-stoves and cloaks. There were the peasant folk arrayed in every possible Dutch costume. Shy young rustics in brazen buckles; simple village maidens concealing their flaxen hair under fillets of gold; women whose long, narrow aprons were stiff with embroidery; women with short, corkscrew curls hanging over their foreheads; women with shaved heads and close-fitting caps, and women in striped skirts and windmill bonnets. Men in leather, in homespun, in velvet and broadcloth; burghers in model European attire, and burghers in short jackets, wide trousers, and steeple-crowned hats.

There were beautiful Friesland girls in wooden shoes and coarse petticoats, with solid gold crescents encircling their heads, finished at each temple with a golden rosette, and hung with lace a century old. Some wore necklaces, pendants, and ear-rings of the purest gold. Many were content with gilt or even with brass, but it is not an uncommon thing for a Friesland woman to have all the family treasure in her headgear. More than one rustic lass displayed the value of two thousand guilders upon her head that day.

Scattered throughout the crowd were peasants from the Island of Marken, with sabots, black stockings, and the widest of breeches; also women from Marken with short blue petticoats, and black jackets, gaily figured in front. They wore red sleeves, white aprons, and a cap like a bishop's mitre over their golden hair.

The children often were as quaint and odd-looking as their elders. In short, one-third of the crowd seemed to have stepped bodily from a collection of Dutch paintings.

Everywhere could be seen tall women, and stumpy men, lively-faced girls, and youths whose expression never changed from sunrise to sunset.

There seemed to be at least one specimen from every known town in Holland. There were Utrecht water-bearers, Gouda cheese-makers, Delft pottery-men, Schiedam distillers, Amsterdam diamond-cutters, Rotterdam merchants, dried-up herring-packers, and two sleepy-eyed shepherds from Texel. Every man of them had his pipe and tobacco-pouch. Some carried what might be called the smoker's complete outfit — a pipe, tobacco, a pricker with which to clean the tube, a silver net for protecting the bowl, and a box of the strongest of brimstone matches.

A true Dutchman, you must remember, is rarely without his pipe on any possible occasion. He may for a moment neglect to breathe, but when the pipe is forgotten, he must be dying indeed. There were no such sad cases here. Wreaths of smoke were rising from every possible quarter. The more fantastic the smoke wreath, the more placid and solemn the smoker.

Look at those boys and girls on stilts! That is a good idea. They can see over the heads of the tallest. It is strange to see those little bodies high in the air, carried about on mysterious legs. They have such a resolute look on their round faces, what wonder that nervous old gentlemen, with tender feet, wince and tremble while the long-legged little monsters stride past them.

You will read in certain books that the Dutch are a quiet people — so they are generally — but listen; did ever you hear such a din? All made up of human voices — no, the horses are helping somewhat, and the fiddles are squeaking pitifully (how it must pain fiddles to be tuned!), but the mass of the sound comes from the great *vox humana* that belongs to a crowd.

That queer little dwarf going about with a heavy basket, winding in and out among the people, helps not a little. You can hear his

[1] This is not said in derision. Both the girls and boys of this institution wear garments quartered in red and black alternately. By making the dress thus conspicuous, the children are, in a measure, deterred from wrong-doing while going about the city. The Burgher Orphan Asylum affords a comfortable home to several hundred boys and girls. Holland is famous for its charitable institutions.

shrill cry above all the other sounds, "Pypen en tabac! Pypen en tabac!"

Another, his big brother, though evidently some years younger, is selling doughnuts and bonbons. He is calling on all pretty children far and near to come quickly or the cakes will be gone.

You know quite a number among the spectators. High up in yonder pavilion, erected upon the border of the ice, are some persons whom you have seen very lately. In the centre is Madame van Gleck. It is her birthday, you remember; she has the post of honor. There is Mynheer van Gleck, whose meerschaum has not really grown fast to his lips — it only appears so. There are grandfather and grandmother whom you met at the St. Nicholas *fête*. All the children are with them. It is so mild they have brought even the baby. The poor little creature is swaddled very much after the manner of an Egyptian mummy, but it can crow with delight, and when the band is playing, open and shut its animated mittens in perfect time to the music.

Grandfather, with his pipe and spectacles and fur cap, makes quite a picture as he holds baby upon his knee. Perched high upon their canopied platforms, the party can see all that is going on. No wonder the ladies look complacently at the glassy ice; with a stove for a footstool one might sit cozily beside the North Pole.

There is a gentleman with them who somewhat resembles St. Nicholas as he appeared to the young Van Glecks on the fifth of December. But the saint had a flowing white beard; and this face is as smooth as a pippin. His saintship was larger around the body, too, and (between ourselves) he had a pair of thimbles in his mouth, which this gentleman certainly has not. It cannot be St. Nicholas after all.

Near by, in the next pavilion, sit the Van Holps with their son and daughter (the Van Gends) from the Hague. Peter's sister is not one to forget her promises. She has brought bouquets of exquisite hot-house flowers for the winners.

These pavilions, and there are others beside, have all been erected since daylight. That semicircular one, containing Mynheer Korbes' family, is very pretty, and proves that the Hollanders are quite skilled at tent-making, but I like the Van Glecks' best — the centre one — striped red and white, and hung with evergreens.

The one with the blue flags contains the musicians. Those pagoda-like affairs, decked with sea-shells and streamers of every possible hue, are the judges' stands, and those columns and flag-staffs upon the ice mark the limit of the race-course. The two white columns twined with green, connected at the top by that long, floating strip of drapery, form the starting-point. Those flag-staffs, half a mile off, stand at each end of the boundary line, cut sufficiently deep to be distinct to the skaters, though not enough so to trip them when they turn to come back to the starting-point.

The air is so clear it seems scarcely possible that the columns and flag-staffs are so far apart. Of course the judges' stands are but little nearer together.

Half a mile on the ice, when the atmosphere is like this, is but a short distance after all, especially when fenced with a living chain of spectators.

The music has commenced. How melody seems to enjoy itself in the open air! The fiddles have forgotten their agony, and everything is harmonious. Until you look at the blue tent it seems that the music springs from the sunshine, it is so boundless, so joyous. Only when you see the staid-faced musicians you realize the truth.

Where are the racers? All assembled together near the white columns. It is a beautiful sight. Forty boys and girls in picturesque attire darting with electric swiftness in and out among each other, or sailing in pairs and triplets, beckoning, chatting, whispering in the fullness of youthful glee.

A few careful ones are soberly tightening their straps; others halting on one leg, with flushed, eager faces, suddenly cross the suspected skate over their knee, give it an examining shake, and dart off again. One and all are possessed with the spirit of motion. They cannot stand still. Their skates are a part of them, and every runner seems bewitched.

Holland is the place for skaters after all. Where else can nearly every boy and girl perform feats on the ice that would attract a

THE SKI RUNNER

The ski runner has reached the limit of his morning run on the ridges of the Wetterstein Range. Miles of sport lie between him and home.

crowd if seen in any park? Look at Ben! I did not see him before. He is really astonishing the natives; no easy thing to do in the Netherlands. Save your strength, Ben, you will need it soon. Now other boys are trying! Ben is surpassed already. Such jumping, such poising, such spinning, such india-rubber exploits generally! That boy with a red cap is the lion now; his back is a watchspring, his body is cork — no, it is iron, or it would snap at that! He's a bird, a top, a rabbit, a corkscrew, a sprite, a flesh-ball, all in an instant. When you think he's erect he is down; and when you think he is down he is up. He drops his glove on the ice and turns a somersault as he picks it up. Without stopping, he snatches the cap from Jacob Poot's astonished head and claps it back again, "hind side before." Lookers-on hurrah and laugh. Foolish boy! It is Arctic weather under your feet, but more than temperate overhead. Big drops already are rolling down your forehead. Superb skater as you are, you may lose the race.

A French traveller standing with a note-book in his hand, sees our English friend, Ben, buy a doughnut of the dwarf's brother, and eat it. Thereupon he writes in his note-book that the Dutch take enormous mouthfuls, and universally are fond of potatoes boiled in molasses.

There are some familiar faces near the white columns. Lambert, Ludwig, Peter, and Carl are all there, cool and in good skating order. Hans is not far off. Evidently he is going to join in the race, for his skates are on — the very pair that he sold for seven guilders! He had soon suspected that his fairy godmother was the mysterious "friend" who bought them. This settled, he had boldly charged her with the deed, and she, knowing well that all her little savings had been spent in the purchase, had not had the face to deny it. Through the fairy godmother, too, he had been rendered amply able to buy them back again. Therefore Hans is to be in the race. Carl is more indignant than ever about it, but as three other peasant boys have entered, Hans is not alone.

Twenty boys and twenty girls. The latter by this time are standing in front, braced for the start, for they are to have the first "run." Hilda, Rychie, and Katrinka are among them — two or three bend hastily to give a last pull at their skate-straps. It is pretty to see them stamp, to be sure that all is firm. Hilda is speaking pleasantly to a graceful little creature in a red jacket and a new brown petticoat. Why, it is Gretel! What a difference those pretty shoes make, and the skirt, and the new cap. Annie Bouman is there too. Even Janzoon Kolp's sister has been admitted — but Janzoon himself has been voted out by the directors, because he killed the stork, and only last summer was caught in the act of robbing a bird's nest, a legal offence in Holland.

This Janzoon Kolp, you see, was — there, I cannot tell the story just now. The race is about to commence.

Twenty girls are formed in a line. The music has ceased.

A man, whom we shall call the crier, stands between the columns and the first judges' stand. He reads the rules in a loud voice:

"The girls and boys are to race in turn, until one girl and one boy has beaten twice. They are to start in a line from the united columns — skate to the flag-staff line, turn, and then come back to the starting-point; thus making a mile at each run."

A flag is waved from the judges' stand. Madame van Gleck rises in her pavilion. She leans forward with a white handkerchief in her hand. When she drops it, a bugler is to give the signal for them to start.

The handkerchief is fluttering to the ground. Hark! They are off!

No. Back again. Their line was not true in passing the judges' stand.

The signal is repeated.

Off again. No mistake this time. Whew! how fast they go!

The multitude is quiet for an instant, absorbed in eager, breathless watching.

Cheers spring up along the line of spectators. Huzza! five girls are ahead. Who comes flying back from the boundary mark? We cannot tell. Something red, that is all. There is a blue spot flitting near it, and a dash of yellow nearer still. Spectators at this end of the line strain their eyes and wish they had taken their post nearer the flag-staff.

The wave of cheers is coming back again. Now we can see! Katrinka is ahead!

She passes the Van Holp pavilion. The next is Madame van Gleck's. That leaning figure gazing from it is a magnet. Hilda shoots past Katrinka, waving her hand to her mother as she passes. Two others are close now, whizzing on like arrows. What is that flash of red and gray? Hurrah, it is Gretel! She too waves her hand, but toward no gay pavilion. The crowd is cheering, but she hears only her father's voice, "Well done, little Gretel!" Soon Katrinka, with a quick merry laugh, shoots past Hilda. The girl in yellow is gaining now. She passes them all, all except Gretel. The judges lean forward without seeming to lift their eyes from their watches. Cheer after cheer fills the air; the very columns seem rocking. Gretel has passed them. She has won.

"Gretel Brinker — one mile!" shouts the crier.

The judges nod. They write something upon a tablet which each holds in his hand.

While the girls are resting — some crowding eagerly around our frightened little Gretel, some standing aside in high disdain — the boys form in a line.

Mynheer van Gleck drops the handkerchief this time. The buglers give a vigorous blast!

The boys have started.

Half-way already! Did ever you see the like!

Three hundred legs flashing by in an instant. But there are only twenty boys. No matter, there were hundreds of legs I am sure! Where are they now? There is such a noise one gets bewildered. What are the people laughing at? Oh, at that fat boy in the rear. See him go! See him! He 'll be down in an instant — no, he won't. I wonder if he knows he is all alone; the other boys are nearly at the boundary line. Yes, he knows it. He stops! He wipes his hot face. He takes off his cap and looks about him. Better to give up with a good grace. He has made a hundred friends by that hearty, astonished laugh. Good Jacob Poot!

The fine fellow is already among the spectators gazing as eagerly as the rest.

A cloud of feathery ice flies from the heels of the skaters as they "bring to" and turn at the flag-staffs.

Something black is coming now, one of the boys — it is all we know. He has touched the *vox humana* stop of the crowd, it fairly roars. Now they come nearer — we can see the red cap. There's Ben — there's Peter — there's Hans!

Hans is ahead! Young Madame van Gend almost crushes the flowers in her hand; she had been quite sure that Peter would be first. Carl Schummel is next, then Ben, and the youth with the red cap. The others are pressing close. A tall figure darts from among them. He passes the red cap, he passes Ben, then Carl. Now it is an even race between him and Hans. Madame van Gend catches her breath.

It is Peter! He is ahead! Hans shoots past him. Hilda's eyes fill with tears, Peter *must* beat. Annie's eyes flash proudly. Gretel gazes with clasped hands — four strokes more will take her brother to the columns.

He is there! Yes, but so was young Schummel just a second before. At the last instant, Carl, gathering his powers, had whizzed between them and passed the goal.

"Carl Schummel! one mile!" shouts the crier.

Soon Madame van Gleck rises again. The falling handkerchief starts the bugle; and the bugle, using its voice as a bow-string, shoots off twenty girls like so many arrows.

It is a beautiful sight, but one has not long to look; before we can fairly distinguish them they are far in the distance. This time they are close upon one another; it is hard to say as they come speeding back from the flag-staff which will reach the columns first. There are new faces among the foremost — eager, glowing faces, unnoticed before. Katrinka is there, and Hilda, but Gretel and Rychie are in the rear. Gretel is wavering, but when Rychie passes her, she starts forward afresh. Now they are nearly beside Katrinka. Hilda is still in advance, she is almost "home." She has not faltered since that bugle note sent her flying; like an arrow still she is speeding toward the goal. Cheer after cheer rises in the air. Peter is silent but his eyes shine like stars. "Huzza! Huzza!"

The crier's voice is heard again.

"Hilda van Gleck, one mile!"

A loud murmur of approval runs through the

crowd, catching the music in its course, till all seems one sound, with a glad rhythmic throbbing in its depths. When the flag waves all is still.

Once more the bugle blows a terrific blast. It sends off the boys like chaff before the wind — dark chaff I admit, and in big pieces.

It is whisked around at the flag-staff, driven faster yet by the cheers and shouts along the line. We begin to see what is coming. There are three boys in advance this time, and all abreast. Hans, Peter, and Lambert. Carl soon breaks the ranks, rushing through with a whiff!

Fly Hans, fly Peter, don't let Carl beat again. Carl the bitter, Carl the insolent. Van Mounen is flagging, but you are strong as ever. Hans and Peter, Peter and Hans; which is foremost? We love them both. We scarcely care which is the fleeter.

Hilda, Annie, and Gretel, seated upon the long crimson bench, can remain quiet no longer. They spring to their feet — so different, and yet one in eagerness. Hilda instantly reseats herself; none shall know how interested she is, none shall know how anxious, how filled with one hope. Shut your eyes then, Hilda — hide your face rippling with joy. Peter has beaten.

"Peter van Holp, one mile!" calls the crier.

The same buzz of excitement as before, while the judges take notes, the same throbbing of music through the din but something is different. A little crowd presses close about some object near the column. Carl has fallen. He is not hurt, though somewhat stunned. If he were less sullen he would find more sympathy in these warm young hearts. As it is they forget him as soon as he is fairly on his feet again.

The girls are to skate their third mile.

How resolute the little maidens look as they stand in a line! Some are solemn with a sense of responsibility, some wear a smile half bashful, half provoked, but one air of determination pervades them all.

This third mile may decide the race. Still if neither Gretel nor Hilda win, there is yet a chance among the rest for the Silver Skates.

Each girl feels sure that this time she will accomplish the distance in one half the time. How they stamp to try their runners, how nervously they examine each strap — how erect they stand at last, every eye upon Madame van Gleck!

The bugle thrills through them again. With quivering eagerness they spring forward, bending, but in perfect balance. Each flashing stroke seems longer than the last.

Now they are skimming off in the distance.

Again the eager straining of eyes — again the shouts and cheering, again the thrill of excitement as, after a few moments, four or five, in advance of the rest, come speeding back, nearer, nearer to the white columns.

Who is first? Not Rychie, Katrinka, Annie, nor Hilda, nor the girl in yellow — but Gretel — Gretel, the fleetest sprite of a girl that ever skated. She was but playing in the earlier race, *now* she is in earnest, or rather something within her has determined to win. That lithe little form makes no effort; but it cannot stop — not until the goal is passed!

In vain the crier lifts his voice — he cannot be heard. He has no news to tell — it is already ringing through the crowd. *Gretel has won the Silver Skates!*

Like a bird she has flown over the ice, like a bird she looks about her in a timid, startled way. She longs to dart to the sheltered nook where her father and mother stand. But Hans is beside her — the girls are crowding round. Hilda's kind, joyous voice breathes in her ear. From that hour, none will despise her. Goose-girl or not, Gretel stands acknowledged Queen of the Skaters!

With natural pride Hans turns to see if Peter van Holp is witnessing his sister's triumph. Peter is not looking toward them at all. He is kneeling, bending his troubled face low, and working hastily at his skate-strap. Hans is beside him at once.

"Are you in trouble, mynheer?"

"Ah, Hans! that you? Yes, my fun is over. I tried to tighten my strap — to make a new hole — and this botheration of a knife has cut it nearly in two."

"Mynheer," said Hans, at the same time pulling off one of his skates — "you must use my strap!"

"Not I, indeed, Hans Brinker," cried Peter, looking up, "though I thank you warmly. Go to your post, my friend, the bugle will sound in a minute."

"Mynheer," pleaded Hans in a husky voice. "You have called me your friend. Take this strap — quick! There is not an instant to lose. I shall not skate this time — indeed I am out of practice. Mynheer, you *must* take it," — and Hans, blind and deaf to any remonstrance, slipped his strap into Peter's skate and implored him to put it on.

"Come, Peter!" cried Lambert, from the line, "we are waiting for you."

"For madame's sake," pleaded Hans, "be quick. She is motioning to you to join the racers. There, the skate is almost on; quick, mynheer, fasten it. I could not possibly win. The race lies between Master Schummel and yourself."

"You are a noble fellow, Hans!" cried Peter, yielding at last. He sprang to his post just as the white handkerchief fell to the ground. The bugle sends forth its blast, loud, clear, and ringing.

Off go the boys!

"See them!" cries a tough old fellow from Delft. "They beat everything, these Amsterdam youngsters."

See them, indeed! They are winged Mercuries every one of them. What mad errand are they on? Ah, I know; they are hunting Peter van Holp. He is some fleet-footed runaway from Olympus. Mercury and his troop of winged cousins are in full chase. They will catch him! Now Carl is the runaway — the pursuit grows furious — Ben is foremost!

The chase turns in a cloud of mist. It is coming this way. Who is hunted now? Mercury himself. It is Peter, Peter van Holp; fly Peter — Hans is watching you. He is sending all his fleetness, all his strength into your feet. Your mother and sister are pale with eagerness. Hilda is trembling and dare not look up. Fly, Peter! the crowd has not gone deranged, it is only cheering. The pursuers are close upon you! Touch the white column! It beckons — it is reeling before you — it —

Huzza! Huzza! Peter has won the Silver Skates!

"Peter van Holp!" shouted the crier. But who heard him? "Peter van Holp!" shouted a hundred voices, for he was the favorite boy of the place. Huzza! Huzza!

Now the music was resolved to be heard. It struck up a lively air, then a tremendous march. The spectators, thinking something new was about to happen, deigned to listen and to look.

The racers formed in single file. Peter, being tallest, stood first. Gretel, the smallest of all, took her place at the end. Hans, who had borrowed a strap from the cake-boy, was near the head.

Three gaily twined arches were placed at intervals upon the river facing the Van Gleck pavilion.

Skating slowly, and in perfect time to the music, the boys and girls moved forward, led on by Peter. It was a beautiful sight to see the bright procession glide along like a living creature. It curved and doubled, and drew its graceful length in and out among the arches — whichever way Peter the head went, the body was sure to follow. Sometimes it steered direct for the centre arch, then, as if seized with a new impulse, turned away and curled itself about the first one; then unwound slowly and bending low, with quick, snakelike curvings, crossed the river, passing at length through the furthest arch.

When the music was slow, the procession seemed to crawl like a thing afraid; it grew livelier, and the creature darted forward with a spring, gliding rapidly among the arches, in and out, curling, twisting, turning, never losing form until, at the shrill call of the bugle rising above the music, it suddenly resolved itself into boys and girls standing in double semicircle before Madame van Gleck's pavilion.

Peter and Gretel stand in the centre in advance of the others. Madame van Gleck rises majestically. Gretel trembles, but feels that she must look at the beautiful lady. She cannot hear what is said, there is such a buzzing all around her. She is thinking that she ought to try and make a courtesy, such as her mother makes to the meester, when suddenly something so dazzling is placed in her hand that she gives a cry of joy.

Then she ventures to look about her. Peter, too, has something in his hands — "Oh! oh! how splendid!" she cries, and "Oh! how splendid!" is echoed as far as people can see.

Meantime the silver skates flash in the sun-

shine, throwing dashes of light upon those two happy faces.

Mevrouw van Gend sends a little messenger with her bouquets. One for Hilda, one for Carl, and others for Peter and Gretel.

At sight of the flowers the Queen of the Skaters becomes uncontrollable. With a bright stare of gratitude she gathers skates and bouquet in her apron — hugs them to her bosom, and darts off to search for her father and mother in the scattering crowd.

THE RESCUE OF LORNA DOONE

[Lorna Doone is the orphan daughter of a robber chieftain in the time of King James II. After the death of her grandfather, who had taken care of her, she is left in the robbers' stronghold quite unprotected and at the mercy of Carver Doone, her cousin, who is bound to marry her against her will. This selection tells how her lover, John Ridd, the strongest man in the county of Devonshire, rescues her from what would have been a wretched fate.

Lorna Doone, the story, written by R. D. Blackmore, is one of those books that young folks read with pleasure and then re-read with equal pleasure when they have grown up into men and women.]

WHEN I started on my road across the hills and valleys (which now were pretty much alike), the utmost I could hope to do was to gain the crest of hills, and look into the Doone Glen. Hence I might at least descry whether Lorna still was safe, by the six nests still remaining, and the view of the Captain's house. When I was come to the open country, far beyond the sheltered homestead, and in the full brunt of the wind, the keen blast of the cold broke on me, and the mighty breadth of snow. Moor and highland, field and common, cliff and vale, and watercourse, over all the rolling folds of misty white were hovering. There was nothing square or jagged left, there was nothing perpendicular; all the rugged lines were eased, and all the breaches smoothly filled. Curves, and mounds, and rounded heavings took the place of rock and stump; and all the country looked as if a woman's hand had been on it.

Through the sparkling breadth of white, which seemed to glance my eyes away, and past the humps of laden trees, bowing their backs like a woodman, I contrived to get along, half sliding and half walking, in places where a plain-shodden man must have sunk, and waited freezing, till the thaw should come to him. For although there had been such violent frost, every night, upon the snow, the snow itself, having never thawed, even for an hour, had never coated over. Hence it was as soft and light, as if all had fallen yesterday. In places where no drift had been, but rather off than on to them, three feet was the least of depth: but where the wind had chased it round, or any draught led like a funnel, or anything opposed it, there you might very safely say that it ran up to twenty feet, or thirty, or even fifty, and I believe sometimes a hundred.

At last I got to my spy-hill (as I had begun to call it), although I never should have known it, but for what it looked on. And even to know this last again required all the eyes of love, soever sharp and vigilant. For all the beautiful Glen Doone (shaped from out the mountains, as if on purpose for the Doones, and looking in the summer-time like a sharp-cut vase of green) now was besnowed half up the sides, and at either end so, that it was more like the white basins wherein we boil plum-pudding. Not a patch of grass was there, not a black branch of a tree; all was white; and the little river flowed beneath an arch of snow; if it managed to flow at all.

Now this was a great surprise to me; not only because I believed Glen Doone to be a place outside all frost, but also because I thought perhaps that it was quite impossible to be cold near Lorna. And now it struck me all at once that perhaps her ewer was frozen (as mine had been for the last three weeks, requiring embers around it), and perhaps her window would not shut, any more than mine would; and perhaps she wanted blankets. This idea worked me up to such a chill of sympathy, and seeing no Doones now about, and doubting if any guns

would go off, in this state of the weather, and knowing that no man could catch me up (except with shoes like mine), I even resolved to slide the cliffs, and brâvely go to Lorna.

It helped me much in this resolve, that the snow came on again, thick enough to blind a man who had not spent his time among it, as I had done now for days and days. Therefore I took my neatsfoot oil, which now was clogged like honey, and rubbed it hard into my leg-joints, so far as I could reach them. And then I set my back and elbows well against a snow-drift, hanging far down the cliff, and saying some of the Lord's Prayer, threw myself on Providence. Before there was time to think or dream, I landed very beautifully upon a ridge of run-up snow in a quiet corner. My good shoes, or boots, preserved me from going far beneath it; though one of them was sadly strained, where a grub had gnawed the ash, in the early summer-time. Having set myself aright, and being in good spirits, I made boldly across the valley (where the snow was furrowed hard), being now afraid of nobody.

If Lorna had looked out of the window, she would not have known me, with those boots upon my feet, and a well-cleaned sheepskin over me, bearing my own (J. R.) in red, just between my shoulders, but covered now in snow-flakes. The house was partly drifted up, though not so much as ours was; and I crossed the little stream almost without knowing that it was under me. At first, being pretty safe against interference from the other huts, by virtue of the blinding snow, and the difficulty of walking, I examined all the windows; but these were coated so with ice, like ferns and flowers and dazzling stars, that no one could so much as guess what might be inside of them. Moreover I was afraid of prying narrowly into them, as it was not a proper thing where a maiden might be: only I wanted to know just this, whether she were there, or not.

Taking nothing by this movement, I was forced, much against my will, to venture to the door and knock, in a hesitating manner, not being sure but what my answer might be the mouth of a carbine. However it was not so, for I heard a pattering of feet and a whispering going on, and then a thrill voice through the keyhole, asking, "Who 's there?"

"Only me, John Ridd," I answered; upon which I heard a little laughter, and a little sobbing, or something that was like it; and then the door was opened about a couple of inches, with a bar behind it still; and then the little voice went on, —

"Put thy finger in, young man, with the old ring on it. But mind thee, if it be the wrong one, thou shalt never draw it back again."

Laughing at Gwenny's mighty threat, I showed my finger in the opening: upon which she let me in, and barred the door again like lightning.

"What is the meaning of all this, Gwenny?" I asked, as I slipped about on the floor, for I could not stand there firmly with my great snow-shoes on.

"Maning enough, and bad maning too," the Cornish girl made answer. "Us be shut in here, and starving, and durst n't let anybody in upon us. I wish thou wer't good to ate, young man: I could manage most of thee."

I was so frightened by her eyes, full of wolfish hunger, that I could only say, "Good God!" having never seen the like before. Then drew I forth a large piece of bread, which I had brought in case of accidents, and placed it in her hands. She leaped at it, as a starving dog leaps at sight of his supper, and she set her teeth in it, and then withheld it from her lips, with something very like an oath at her own vile greediness; and then away round the corner with it, no doubt for her young mistress. I meanwhile was occupied, to the best of my ability, in taking my snow-shoes off, yet wondering much within myself, why Lorna did not come to me.

But presently I knew the cause; for Gwenny called me, and I ran, and found my darling quite unable to say so much as, "John, how are you?" Between the hunger, and the cold, and the excitement of my coming, she had fainted away, and lay back on a chair, as white as the snow around us. In betwixt her delicate lips, Gwenny was thrusting with all her strength the hard brown crust of the rye-bread, which she had snatched from me so.

"Get water, or get snow," I said; "don't you know what fainting is, you very stupid child?"

"Never heered on it, in Carnwall," she an-

swered, trusting still to the bread: "be un the same as bleeding?"

"It will be directly, if you go on squeezing away with that crust so. Eat a piece: I have got some more. Leave my darling now to me."

Hearing that I had some more, the starving girl could resist no longer, but tore it in two, and had swallowed half, before I had coaxed my Lorna back to sense, and hope, and joy, and love.

"I never expected to see you again. I had made up my mind to die, John; and to die without your knowing it."

As I repelled this fearful thought in a manner highly fortifying, the tender hue flowed back again into her famished cheeks and lips, and a softer brilliance glistened from the depth of her dark eyes. She gave me one little shrunken hand, and I could not help a tear for it.

"After all, Mistress Lorna," I said, pretending to be gay, for a smile might do her good; "you do not love me as Gwenny does; for she even wanted to eat me."

"And shall, afore I have done, young man," Gwenny answered laughing; "you come in here with they red chakes, and make us think o' sirloin."

"Eat up your bit of brown bread, Gwenny. It is not good enough for your mistress. Bless her heart, I have something here such as she never tasted the like of, being in such appetite. Look here, Lorna; smell it first. I have had it ever since Twelfth-day, and kept it all the time for you. Annie made it. That is enough to warrant it good cooking."

And then I showed my great mince-pie in a bag of tissue paper, and I told them how the mince-meat was made of golden pippins finely shred, with the undercut of the sirloin, and spice and fruit accordingly and far beyond my knowledge. But Lorna would not touch a morsel, until she had thanked God for it, and given me the kindest kiss, and put a piece in Gwenny's mouth.

I have eaten many things myself, with very great enjoyment, and keen perception of their merits, and some thanks to God for them. But I never did enjoy a thing, that had found its way between my own lips, half or even a quarter as much as I now enjoyed beholding Lorna, sitting proudly upwards (to show that she was faint no more) entering into that mince-pie, and moving all her pearls of teeth (inside her little mouth-place) exactly as I told her. For I was afraid lest she should be too fast in going through it, and cause herself more damage so, than she got of nourishment. But I had no need to fear at all, and Lorna could not help laughing at me, for thinking that she had no self-control.

Some creatures require a deal of food (I myself among the number), and some can do with a very little; making, no doubt, the best of it. And I have often noticed, that the plumpest and most perfect women never eat so hard, and fast, as the skinny and three-cornered ones. These last be often ashamed of it, and eat most when the men be absent. Hence it came to pass that Lorna, being the loveliest of all maidens, had as much as she could do to finish her own half of pie; whereas Gwenny Carfax (though generous more than greedy) ate up hers without winking, after finishing the brown loaf; and then I begged to know the meaning of this state of things.

"The meaning is sad enough," said Lorna; "and I see no way out of it. We are both to be starved until I let them do what they like with me."

"That is to say, until you choose to marry Carver Doone, and be slowly killed by him."

"Slowly! No, John, quickly. I hate him with such bitterness, that less than a week would kill me."

"Not a doubt of that," said Gwenny: "oh, she hates him nicely, then: but not half so much as I do."

I told them both that this state of things could be endured no longer; on which point they agreed with me, but saw no means to help it. For if even Lorna could make up her mind to come away with me, and live at Plover's Barrows farm, under my good mother's care, as I had urged so often, behold the snow was all around us, heaped as high as mountains, and how could any delicate maiden ever get across it?

Then I spoke, with a strange tingle upon both sides of my heart, knowing that this undertaking was a serious one for all, and might burn our farm down, —

"If I warrant to take you safe and without

much fright or hardship, Lorna, will you come with me?"

"To be sure I will, dear," said my beauty with a smile, and a glance to follow it; "I have small alternative, to starve, or go with you, John."

"Gwenny, have you courage for it? Will you come with your young mistress?"

"Will I stay behind?" cried Gwenny, in a voice that settled it. And so we began to arrange about it; and I was much excited. It was useless now to leave it longer: if it could be done at all, it could not be too quickly done. It was the Counsellor who had ordered, after all other schemes had failed, that his niece should have no food until she would obey him. He had strictly watched the house, taking turns with Carver, to insure that none came nigh it bearing food or comfort. But this evening, they had thought it needless to remain on guard; and it would have been impossible, because themselves were busy, offering high festival to all the valley, in right of their own commandership. And Gwenny said that nothing made her so nearly mad with appetite as the account she received, from a woman, of all the dishes preparing. Nevertheless she had answered bravely, —

"Go and tell the Counsellor, and go and tell the Carver, who sent you to spy upon us, that we shall have a finer dish than any set before them." And so in truth they did, although so little dreaming it; for no Doone that was ever born, however much of a Carver, might vie with our Annie for mince-meat.

Now while we sat, reflecting much, and talking a good deal more, in spite of all the cold, — for I never was in a hurry to go, when I had Lorna with me, — she said, in her silvery voice, which always led me so along, as if I were slave to a beautiful bell, —

"Now, John, we are wasting time, dear. You have praised my hair, till it curls with pride, and my eyes till you cannot see them, even if they are brown diamonds, which I have heard for the fiftieth time at least; though I never saw such a jewel. Don't you think that it is high time to put on your snow-shoes, John?"

"Certainly not," I answered, "till we have settled something more. I was so cold when I came in; and now I am as warm as a cricket. And so are you, you lively soul; though you are not upon my hearth yet."

"Remember, John," said Lorna, nestling for a moment to me; "the severity of the weather makes a great difference between us. And you must never take advantage."

"I quite understand all that, dear. And the harder it freezes the better, while that understanding continues. Now do try to be serious."

"I try to be serious! And I have been trying fifty times, and could not bring you to it, John! Although I am sure the situation, as the Counsellor always says, at the beginning of a speech, the situation, to say the least, is serious enough for anything. Come, Gwenny, imitate him."

Gwenny was famed for her imitation of the Counsellor making a speech; and she began to shake her hair, and mount upon a footstool; but I really could not have this, though even Lorna ordered it. The truth was that my darling maiden was in such wild spirits, at seeing me so unexpected, and at the prospect of release, and of what she had never known, quiet life, and happiness, that like all warm and loving natures, she could scarce control herself.

"Come to this frozen window, John, and see them light the stack-fire. They will little know who looks at them. Now be very good, John. You stay in that corner, dear, and I will stand on this side; and try to breathe yourself a peep-hole through the lovely spears and banners. Oh, you don't know how to do it. I must do it for you. Breathe three times, like that, and that; and then you rub it with your fingers, before it has time to freeze again."

All this she did so beautifully, with her lips put up like cherries, and her fingers bent half back, as only girls can bend them, and her little waist thrown out against the white of the snowed-up window, that I made her do it three times over; and I stopped her every time, and let it freeze again, that so she might be the longer. Now I knew that all her love was mine, every bit as much as mine was hers; yet I must have her to show it, dwelling upon every proof, lengthening out all certainty. Perhaps the jealous heart is loth to own a life worth twice its own. Be that as it may, I know that we thawed the window nicely.

THE FAMOUS POETS' CORNER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, LONDON

Shakespeare has the central place in the upper section.

And then I saw, far down the stream (or rather down the bed of it, for there was no stream visible), a little form of fire rising, red, and dark, and flickering. Presently it caught on something, and went upward boldly; and then it struck into many forks, and then it fell, and rose again.

"Do you know what all that is, John?" asked Lorna, smiling cleverly at the manner of my staring.

"How on earth should I know? Papists burn Protestants in the flesh; and Protestants burn Papists in effigy, as we mock them. Lorna, are they going to burn any one to-night?"

"No, you dear. I must rid you of these things. I see that you are bigoted. The Doones are firing Dunkery beacon, to celebrate their new captain."

"But how could they bring it here, through the snow? If they have sledges, I can do nothing."

"They brought it before the snow began. The moment poor grandfather was gone, even before his funeral, the young men, having none to check them, began at once upon it. They had always borne a grudge against it: not that it ever did them harm; but because it seemed so insolent. 'Can't a gentleman go home, without a smoke behind him?' I have often heard them saying. And though they have done it no great harm, since they threw the firemen on the fire, many, many years ago, they have often promised to bring it here for their candle; and now they have done it. Ah, now look! The tar is kindled."

Though Lorna took it so in joke, I looked upon it very gravely, knowing that this heavy outrage to the feelings of the neighborhood would cause more stir than a hundred sheep stolen, or a score of houses sacked. Not of course that the beacon was of the smallest use to any one, neither stopped anybody from stealing: nay, rather it was like the parish-knell, which begins when all is over, and depresses all the survivors; yet I knew that we valued it, and were proud, and spoke of it as a mighty institution; and even more than that, our vestry had voted, within the last two years, seven shillings and sixpence to pay for it, in proportion with other parishes. And one of the men who attended to it, or at least who was paid for doing so, was our Jem Slocombe's grandfather.

However, in spite of all my regrets, the fire went up very merrily, blazing red and white and yellow, as it leaped on different things. And the light danced on the snowdrifts with a misty lilac hue. I was astonished at its burning in such mighty depths of snow; but Gwenny said that the wicked men had been three days hard at work, clearing, as it were, a cock-pit for their fire to have its way. And now they had a mighty pile, which must have covered five landyards square, heaped up to a goodly height, and eager to take fire.

In this I saw great obstacle to what I wished to manage. For when this pyramid should be kindled thoroughly, and pouring light and blazes round, would not all the valley be like a white room full of candles? Thinking thus, I was half inclined to abide my time for another night; and then my second thoughts convinced me that I would be a fool in this. For lo, what an opportunity! All the Doones would be drunk of course, in about three hours' time, and getting more and more in drink, as the night went on. As for the fire, it must sink in about three hours or more, and only cast uncertain shadows friendly to my purpose. And then the outlaws must cower round it, as the cold increased on them, helping the weight of the liquor; and in their jollity any noise would be cheered as a false alarm. Most of all, and which decided once for all my action, — when these wild and reckless villains should be hot with ardent spirits, what was door, or wall, to stand betwixt them and my Lorna?

This thought quickened me so much that I touched my darling reverently, and told her in a few short words how I hoped to manage it.

"Sweetest, in two hours' time, I shall be again with you. Keep the bar up, and have Gwenny ready to answer any one. You are safe while they are dining, dear, and drinking healths, and all that stuff! and before they have done with that, I shall be again with you. Have everything you care to take in a very little compass; and Gwenny must have no baggage. I shall knock loud, and then wait a little; and then knock twice, very softly."

With this, I folded her in my arms; and she looked frightened at me; not having perceived

her danger: and then I told Gwenny over again what I had told her mistress: but she only nodded her head and said, "Young man, go and teach thy grandmother."

To my great delight, I found that the weather, not often friendly to lovers, and lately seeming so hostile, had in the most important matter done me a signal service. For when I had promised to take my love from the power of those wretches, the only way of escape apparent lay through the main Doone-gate. For though I might climb the cliffs myself, especially with the snow to aid me, I durst not try to fetch Lorna up them, even if she were not half-starved, as well as partly frozen; and as for Gwenny's door, as we called it (that is to say, the little entrance from the wooded hollow), it was snowed up long ago to the level of the hills around. Therefore I was at my wit's end, how to get them out; the passage by the Doone-gate being long, and dark, and difficult, and leading to such a weary circuit among the snowy moors and hills.

But now, being homeward-bound by the shortest possible track, I slipped along between the bonfire and the boundary cliffs, where I found a caved way of snow behind a sort of avalanche: so that if the Doones had been keeping watch (which they were not doing, but revelling) they could scarcely have discovered me. And when I came to my old ascent, where I had often scaled the cliff and made across the mountains, it struck me that I would just have a look at my first and painful entrance, to wit, the water-side. I never for a moment imagined that this could help me now; for I never had dared to descend it, even in the finest weather; still I had a curiosity to know what my old friend was like, with so much snow upon him. But, to my very great surprise, there was scarcely any snow there at all, though plenty curling high overhead from the cliff, like bolsters over it. Probably the sweeping of the north-east wind up the narrow chasm had kept the showers from locking it, although the water had no power under the bitter grip of frost. All my water-slide was now less a slide than path of ice; furrowed where the waters ran over fluted ridges; seamed where wind had tossed and combed them, even while congealing; and crossed with little steps wherever the freezing torrent lingered. And here and there the ice was fibred with the trail of sludgeweed, slanting from the side, and matted, so as to make resting-place.

Lo, it was easy track and channel, as if for the very purpose made, down which I could guide my sledge, with Lorna sitting in it. There were only two things to be feared; one lest the rolls of snow above should fall in and bury us; the other lest we should rush too fast, and so be carried headlong into the black whirlpool at the bottom, the middle of which was still unfrozen, and looking more horrible by the contrast. Against this danger I made provision, by fixing a stout bar across; but of the other we must take our chance, and trust ourselves to Providence.

I hastened home at my utmost speed, and told my mother for God's sake to keep the house up till my return, and to have plenty of fire blazing, and plenty of water boiling, and food enough hot for a dozen people, and the best bed aired with the warming-pan. Dear mother smiled softly at my excitement, though her own was not much less, I am sure, and enhanced by sore anxiety. Then I gave very strict directions to Annie, and praised her a little, and kissed her; and I even endeavored to flatter Eliza, lest she should be disagreeable.

After this I took some brandy, both within and about me; the former, because I had sharp work to do; and the latter in fear of whatever might happen, in such great cold, to my comrades. Also I carried some other provisions, grieving much at their coldness; and then I went to the upper linhay, and took our new light pony-sledd, which had been made almost as much for pleasure as for business; though God only knows how our girls could have found any pleasure in bumping along so. On the snow, however, it ran as sweetly as if it had been made for it; yet I durst not take the pony with it; in the first place, because his hoofs would break through the ever-shifting surface of the light and piling snow; and secondly, because those ponies, coming from the forest, have a dreadful trick of neighing, and most of all in frosty weather.

Therefore I girded my own body with a dozen turns of hayrope, twisting both the ends in under at the bottom of my breast, and winding

the hay on the skew a little, that the hempen thong might not slip between, and so cut me in the drawing. I put a good piece of spare rope in the sledd, and the cross-seat with the back to it, which was stuffed with our own wool, as well as two or three fur coats: and then just as I was starting, out came Annie, in spite of the cold, panting for fear of missing me, and with nothing on her head, but a lanthorn in one hand.

"Oh, John, here is the most wonderful thing! Mother has never shown it before; and I can't think how she could make up her mind. She had gotten it in a great well of a cupboard, with camphor, and spirits, and lavender. Lizzie says it is a most magnificent sealskin cloak, worth fifty pounds, or a farthing."

"At any rate it is soft and warm," said I, very calmly flinging it into the bottom of the sledd. "Tell mother I will put it over Lorna's feet."

"Lorna's feet! Oh, you great fool," cried Annie, for the first time reviling me: "over her shoulders; and be proud, you very stupid John."

"It is not good enough for her feet," I answered, with strong emphasis; "but don't tell mother I said so, Annie. Only thank her very kindly."

With that I drew my traces hard, and set my ashen staff into the snow, and struck out with my best foot foremost (the best one at snow-shoes, I mean), and the sledd came after me as lightly as a dob might follow; and Annie with the lanthorn seemed to be left behind and waiting, like a pretty lamp-post.

The full moon rose as bright behind me as a patin of pure silver, casting on the snow long shadows of the few things left above, burdened rock, and shaggy foreland, and the laboring trees.

In the great white desolation, distance was a mocking vision; hills looked nigh, and valleys far; when hills were far and valleys nigh. And the misty breath of frost, piercing through the ribs of rock, striking to the pith of trees, creeping to the heart of man, lay along the hollow places, like a serpent sloughing. Even as my own gaunt shadow (travestied as if I were the moonlight's daddy-longlegs) went before me down the slope; even I, the shadow's master, who had tried in vain to cough, when coughing brought good liquorice, felt a pressure on my bosom, and a husking in my throat.

However, I went on quietly, and at a very tidy speed; being only too thankful that the snow had ceased, and no wind as yet arisen. And from the ring of low white vapor girding all the verge of sky, and from the rosy blue above, and the shafts of starlight set upon a quivering bow, as well as from the moon itself and the light behind it, having learned the signs of frost from its bitter twinges, I knew that we should have a night as keen as ever England felt. Nevertheless, I had work enough to keep me warm if I managed it. The question was, could I contrive to save my darling from it?

Daring not to risk my sledd by any fall from the valley-cliffs, I dragged it very carefully up the steep incline of ice, through the narrow chasm, and so to the very brink and verge where first I had seen my Lorna, in the fishing-days of boyhood. As then I had a trident fork, for sticking of the loaches, so now I had a strong ash stake, to lay across from rock to rock, and break the speed of descending. With this I moored the sledd quite safe, at the very lip of the chasm, where all was now substantial ice, green and black in the moonlight; and then I set off up the valley, skirting along one side of it.

The stack-fire still was burning strongly, but with more of heat than blaze; and many of the younger Doones were playing on the verge of it, the children making rings of fire, and their mothers watching them. All the grave and reverend warriors, having heard of rheumatism, were inside of log and stone, in the two lowest houses, with enough of candles burning to make our list of sheep come short.

All these I passed, without the smallest risk or difficulty, walking up the channel of drift which I spoke of once before. And then I crossed, with more of care, and to the door of Lorna's house, and made the sign, and listened, after taking my snow-shoes off.

But no one came, as I expected, neither could I espy a light. And I seemed to hear a faint low sound, like the moaning of the snow-wind. Then I knocked again more loudly, with a knocking at my heart; and receiving no answer, set all my power at once against the door. In a moment it flew inwards, and I glided along

the passage with my feet still slippery. There in Lorna's room I saw, by the moonlight flowing in, a sight which drove me beyond sense.

Lorna was behind a chair, crouching in the corner, with her hands up, and a crucifix, or something that looked like it. In the middle of the room lay Gwenny Carfax, stupid, yet with one hand clutching the ankle of a struggling man. Another man stood above my Lorna, trying to draw the chair away. In a moment I had him round the waist, and he went out of the window with a mighty crash of glass; luckily for him that window had no bars like some of them. Then I took the other man by the neck; and he could not plead for mercy. I bore him out of the house as lightly as I would bear a baby, yet squeezing his throat a little more than I fain would do to an infant. By the bright moonlight I saw that I carried Marwood de Whichehalse. For his father's sake I spared him, and because he had been my school fellow: but with every muscle of my body strung with indignation, I cast him, like a skittle, from me into a snowdrift, which closed over him. Then I looked for the other fellow, tossed through Lorna's window; and found him lying stunned and bleeding, neither able to groan yet. Charleworth Doone, if his gushing blood did not much mislead me.

It was no time to linger now: I fastened my shoes in a moment, and caught up my own darling with her head upon my shoulder, where she whispered faintly; and telling Gwenny to follow me, or else I would come back for her, if she could not walk the snow, I ran the whole distance to my sledd, caring not who might follow me. Then by the time I had set up Lorna, beautiful and smiling, with the sealskin cloak all over her, sturdy Gwenny came along, having trudged in the track of my snow-shoes, although with two bags on her back. I set her in beside her mistress, to support her, and keep warm; and then with one look back at the glen, which had been so long my home of heart, I hung behind the sledd, and launched it down the steep and dangerous way.

Though the cliffs were black above us, and the road unseen in front, and a great white grave of snow might at a single word come down, Lorna was as calm and happy as an infant in its bed. She knew that I was with her; and when I told her not to speak, she touched my hand in silence. Gwenny was in a much greater fright, having never seen such a thing before, neither knowing what it is to yield to pure love's confidence. I could hardly keep her quiet, without making a noise myself. With my staff from rock to rock, and my weight thrown backward, I broke the sledd's too rapid way, and brought my grown love safely out, by the self-same road which first had led me to her girlish fancy, and my boyish slavery.

Unpursued, yet looking back as if some one must be after us, we skirted round the black whirling pool, and gained the meadows beyond it. Here there was hard collar work, the track being all uphill and rough; and Gwenny wanted to jump out, to lighten the sledd and to push behind. But I would not hear of it; because it was now so deadly cold, and I feared that Lorna might get frozen, without having Gwenny to keep her warm. And after all, it was the sweetest labor I had ever known in all my life, to be sure that I was pulling Lorna, and pulling her to our own farm-house.

Gwenny's nose was touched with frost, before we had gone much further, because she would not keep it quiet and snug beneath the sealskin. And here I had to stop in the moonlight (which was very dangerous) and rub it with a clove of snow, as Eliza had taught me; and Gwenny scolding all the time, as if myself had frozen it. Lorna was now so far oppressed with all the troubles of the evening, and the joy that followed them, as well as by the piercing cold and difficulty of breathing, that she lay quite motionless, like fairest wax in the moonlight — when we stole a glance at her, beneath the dark folds of the cloak; and I thought that she was falling into the heavy snow-sleep, whence there is no awaking.

Therefore I drew my traces tight, and set my whole strength to the business; and we slipped along at a merry pace, although with many joltings, which must have sent my darling out into the cold snow-drifts, but for the short strong arm of Gwenny. And so in about an hour's time, in spite of many hindrances, we came home to the old courtyard, and all the dogs saluted us. My heart was quivering, and my cheeks as hot as the Doones' bonfire, with wondering both what Lorna would think

of our farm-yard, and what my mother would think of her. Upon the former subject my anxiety was wasted, for Lorna neither saw a thing, nor even opened her heavy eyes. And as to what mother would think of her, she was certain not to think at all, until she had cried over her.

And so indeed it came to pass. Even at this length of time, I can hardly tell it, although so bright before my mind, because it moves my heart so. The sledd was at the open door, with only Lorna in it; for Gwenny Carfax had jumped out, and hung back in the clearing, giving any reason rather than the only true one — that she would not be intruding. At the door were all our people; first of course Betty Muxworthy, teaching me how to draw the sledd, as if she had been born in it, and flourishing with a great broom, wherever a speck of snow lay. Then dear Annie, and old Molly (who was very quiet, and counted almost for nobody), and behind them mother, looking as if she wanted to come first, but doubted how the manners lay. In the distance Lizzie stood, fearful of encouraging, but unable to keep out of it.

Betty was going to poke her broom right in under the sealskin cloak, where Lorna lay unconscious, and where her precious breath hung frozen, like a silver cobweb; but I caught up Betty's broom, and flung it clean away over the corn chamber; and then I put the others by, and fetched my mother forward.

"You shall see her first," I said; "is she not your daughter? Hold the light there, Annie."

Dear mother's hands were quick and trembling, as she opened the shining folds; and there she saw my Lorna sleeping, with her black hair all dishevelled, and she bent and kissed her forehead, and only said, "God bless her, John!" And then she was taken with violent weeping, and I was forced to hold her.

"Us may tich of her now, I rackon," said Betty in her most jealous way: "Annie, tak her by the head, and I'll tak her by the toesen. No taime to stand here like girt gawks. Don'ee tak on zo, missus. There be vainer vish in the zea — Lor, but her be a booty!"

With this, they carried her into the house, Betty chattering all the while, and going on now about Lorna's hands, and the others crowding round her, so that I thought I was not wanted among so many women, and should only get the worst of it, and perhaps do harm to my darling. Therefore I went and brought Gwenny in, and gave her a potful of bacon and peas, and an iron spoon to eat it with, which she did right heartily.

Then I asked her how she could have been such a fool as to let those two vile fellows enter the house where Lorna was; and she accounted for it so naturally, that I could only blame myself. For my agreement had been to give one loud knock (if you happen to remember) and after that two little knocks. Well, these two drunken rogues had come; and one, being very drunk indeed, had given a great thump; and then nothing more to do with it; and the other, being three-quarters drunk, had followed his leader (as one might say) but feebly, and making two of it. Whereupon up jumped Lorna, and declared that her John was there.

All this Gwenny told me shortly, between the whiles of eating, and even while she licked the spoon: and then there came a message for me, that my love was sensible, and was seeking all around for me. Then I told Gwenny to hold her tongue (whatever she did, among us), and not to trust to women's words; and she told me they all were liars, as she had found out long ago; and the only thing to believe in was an honest man, when found. Thereupon I could have kissed her, as a sort of tribute, liking to be appreciated; yet the peas upon her lips made me think about it; and thought is fatal to action. So I went to see my dear.

That sight I shall not forget; till my dying head falls back, and my breast can lift no more. I know not whether I were then more blessed or harrowed by it. For in the settle was my Lorna, propped with pillows round her, and her clear hands spread sometimes to the blazing fire-place. In her eyes no knowledge was of anything around her, neither in her neck the sense of leaning towards anything. Only both her lovely hands were entreating something, to spare her or to love her; and the lines of supplication quivered in her sad white face.

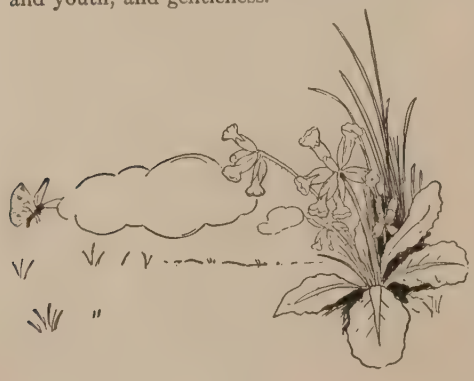
"All go away except my mother," I said very quietly, but so that I would be obeyed; and everybody knew it. Then mother came to me alone; and she said, "The frost is in her brain:

I have heard of this before, John." "Mother, I will have it out," was all that I could answer her; "leave her to me altogether: only you sit there and watch." For I felt that Lorna knew me, and no other soul but me; and that if not interfered with, she would soon come home to me. Therefore I sat gently by her, leaving nature, as it were, to her own good time and will. And presently the glance that watched me, as at distance and in doubt, began to flutter and to brighten, and to deepen into kindness, then to beam with trust and love, and then with gathering tears to falter, and in shame to turn away. But the small entreating hands found their way, as if by instinct, to my great protecting palms; and trembled and rested there.

For a little while we lingered thus, neither wishing to move away, neither caring to look beyond the presence of the other; both alike so full of hope, and comfort, and true happiness; if only the world would let us be. And then a little sob disturbed us, and mother tried to make believe that she was only coughing. But Lorna, guessing who she was, jumped up so very rashly that she almost set her frock on fire from the great ash-log; and away she ran to the old oak chair, where mother was by the clock-case pretending to be knitting, and she took the work from mother's hands, and laid them both upon her head, kneeling humbly, and looking up.

"God bless you, my fair mistress!" said mother, bending nearer, and then as Lorna's gaze prevailed, "God bless you, my sweet child!"

And so she went to mother's heart, by the very nearest road, even as she had come to mine; I mean the road of pity, smoothed by grace, and youth, and gentleness.



THE GOLD-BUG

[*The Gold-Bug* is a famous tale of finding buried pirate treasure by means of a mysterious cipher. It was written by Edgar Allan Poe, the poet who wrote *The Raven* and other well-known poems, and one of America's greatest story tellers. Poe was born in Boston, in 1809, and died in 1849 after a tragic but brilliant existence.]

What ho! what ho! this fellow is dancing mad!
He hath been bitten by the Tarantula.
All in the Wrong.

MANY years ago, I contracted an intimacy with a Mr. William Legrand. He was of an ancient Huguenot family, and had once been wealthy; but a series of misfortunes had reduced him to want. To avoid the mortification consequent upon his disasters, he left New Orleans, the city of his forefathers, and took up his residence at Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, South Carolina.

This island is a very singular one. It consists of little else than the sea sand, and is about three miles long. Its breadth at no point exceeds a quarter of a mile. It is separated from the mainland by a scarcely perceptible creek, oozing its way through a wilderness of reeds and slime, a favorite resort of the marsh-hen. The vegetation, as might be supposed, is scant, or at least dwarfish. No trees of any magnitude are to be seen. Near the western extremity, where Fort Moultrie stands, and where are some miserable frame buildings, tenanted, during summer, by the fugitives from Charleston dust and fever, may be found, indeed, the bristly palmetto; but the whole island, with the exception of this western point, and a line of hard, white beach on the sea-coast, is covered with a dense undergrowth of the sweet myrtle so much prized by the horticulturist of England. The shrub here often attains the height of fifteen or twenty feet, and forms an almost impenetrable coppice, burthening the air with its fragrance.

In the inmost recesses of this coppice, not far from the eastern or more remote end of the island, Legrand had built himself a small hut, which he occupied when I first, by mere accident, made his acquaintance. This soon ripened into friendship — for there was much in the recluse

to excite interest and esteem. I found him well educated, with unusual powers of mind, but infected with misanthropy, and subject to perverse moods of alternate enthusiasm and melancholy. He had with him many books, but rarely employed them. His chief amusements were gunning and fishing, or sauntering along the beach and through the myrtles, in quest of shells or entomological specimens — his collection of the latter might have been envied by a Swammerdamm. In these excursions he was usually accompanied by an old negro, called Jupiter, who had been manumitted before the reverses of the family, but who could be induced, neither by threats nor by promises, to abandon what he considered his right of attendance upon the footsteps of his young "Massa Will." It is not improbable that the relatives of Legrand, conceiving him to be somewhat unsettled in intellect, had contrived to instill this obstinacy into Jupiter, with a view to the supervision and guardianship of the wanderer.

The winters in the latitude of Sullivan's Island are seldom very severe, and in the fall of the year it is a rare event indeed when a fire is considered necessary. About the middle of October, 18—, there occurred, however, a day of remarkable chilliness. Just before sunset I scrambled my way through the evergreens to the hut of my friend, whom I had not visited for several weeks — my residence being, at that time, in Charleston, a distance of nine miles from the island, while the facilities of passage and re-passage were very far behind those of the present day. Upon reaching the hut I rapped, as was my custom, and getting no reply sought for the key where I knew it was secreted, unlocked the door, and went in. A fine fire was blazing upon the hearth. It was a novelty, and by no means an ungrateful one. I threw off an overcoat, took an arm-chair by the crackling logs, and awaited patiently the arrival of my hosts.

Soon after dark they arrived, and gave me a most cordial welcome. Jupiter, grinning from ear to ear, bustled about to prepare some marsh-hen for supper. Legrand was in one of his fits — how else shall I term them? — of enthusiasm. He had found an unknown bivalve, forming a new genus, and, more than this, he had hunted down and secured, with Jupiter's assistance, a *scarabæus* which he believed to be totally new, but in respect to which he wished to have my opinion on the morrow.

"And why not to-night?" I asked, rubbing my hands over the blaze, and wishing the whole tribe of *scarabæi* at the devil.

"Ah, if I had only known you were here!" said Legrand, "but it 's so long since I saw you; and how could I foresee that you would pay me a visit this very night of all others? As I was coming home I met Lieutenant G——, from the fort, and, very foolishly, I lent him the bug; so it will be impossible for you to see it until the morning. Stay here to-night, and I will send Jup down for it at sunrise. It is the loveliest thing in creation!"

"What? — sunrise?"

"Nonsense! no! — the bug. It is of a brilliant gold color — about the size of a large hickory-nut — with two jet black spots near one extremity of the back, and another, somewhat longer, at the other. The *antennæ* are —"

"Dey ain't *no* tin in him, Massa Will, I keep a tellin' on you," here interrupted Jupiter; "de bug is a goole-bug, solid, ebery bit of him, inside and all, sep him wing — neber feel half so hebby a bug in my life."

"Well, suppose it is, Jup," replied Legrand, somewhat more earnestly, it seemed to me, than the case demanded; "is that any reason for your letting the birds burn? The color" — here he turned to me — "is really almost enough to warrant Jupiter's idea. You never saw a more brilliant metallic lustre than the scales emit — but of this you cannot judge till to-morrow. In the meantime I can give you some idea of the shape." Saying this, he seated himself at a small table, on which were a pen and ink, but no paper. He looked for some in a drawer, but found none.

"Never mind," he said at length, "this will answer"; and he drew from his waistcoat pocket a scrap of what I took to be very dirty foolscap, and made upon it a rough drawing with the pen. While he did this, I retained my seat by the fire, for I was still chilly. When the design was complete, he handed it to me without rising. As I received it, a loud growl was heard, succeeded by scratching at the door. Jupiter opened it, and a large Newfoundland,

belonging to Legrand, rushed in, leaped upon my shoulders, and loaded me with caresses; for I had shown him much attention during previous visits. When his gambols were over, I looked at the paper, and, to speak the truth, found myself not a little puzzled at what my friend had depicted.

"Well!" I said, after contemplating it for some minutes, "this *is* a strange *scarabæus*, I must confess; new to me; never saw anything like it before — unless it was a skull, or a death's-head, which it more nearly resembles than anything else that has come under *my* observation."

"A death's-head!" echoed Legrand. "Oh — yes — well, it has something of that appearance upon paper, no doubt. The two upper black spots look like eyes, eh? and the longer one at the bottom like a mouth — and then the shape of the whole is oval."

"Perhaps so," said I; "but, Legrand, I fear you are no artist. I must wait until I see the beetle itself, if I am to form any idea of its personal appearance."

"Well, I don't know," said he, a little nettled, "I draw tolerably — *should* do it at least — have had good masters, and flatter myself that I am not quite a blockhead."

"But, my dear fellow, you are joking then," said I; "this is a very passable *skull* — indeed, I may say that it is a very *excellent* skull, according to the vulgar notions about such specimens of physiology — and your *scarabæus* must be the queerest *scarabæus* in the world if it resembles it. Why, we may get up a very thrilling bit of superstition upon this hint. I presume you will call the bug *scarabæus caput hominis*, or something of that kind — there are many similar titles in the Natural Histories. But where are the *antennæ* you spoke of?"

"The *antennæ!*" said Legrand, who seemed to be getting unaccountably warm upon the subject; "I am sure you must see the *antennæ*. I made them as distinct as they are in the original insect, and I presume that is sufficient."

"Well, well," I said, "perhaps you have — still I don't see them"; and I handed him the paper without additional remark, not wishing to ruffle his temper; but I was much surprised at the turn affairs had taken; his ill humor puzzled me — and, as for the drawing of the beetle, there were positively *no antennæ* visible, and the whole *did* bear a very close resemblance to the ordinary cuts of a death's-head.

He received the paper very peevishly, and was about to crumple it, apparently to throw it in the fire, when a casual glance at the design seemed suddenly to rivet his attention. In an instant his face grew violently red — in another as excessively pale. For some minutes he continued to scrutinize the drawing minutely where he sat. At length he arose, took a candle from the table, and proceeded to seat himself upon a sea-chest in the furthest corner of the room. Here again he made an anxious examination of the paper, turning it in all directions. He said nothing, however, and his conduct greatly astonished me; yet I thought it prudent not to exacerbate the growing moodiness of his temper by any comment. Presently he took from his coat-pocket a wallet, placed the paper carefully in it, and deposited both in a writing desk, which he locked. He now grew more composed in his demeanor; but his original air of enthusiasm had quite disappeared. Yet he seemed not so much sulky as abstracted. As the evening wore away he became more and more absorbed in reverie, from which no sallies of mine could arouse him. It had been my intention to pass the night at the hut, as I had frequently done before, but, seeing my host in this mood, I deemed it proper to take leave. He did not press me to remain, but, as I departed, he shook my hand with even more than his usual cordiality.

It was about a month after this (and during the interval I had seen nothing of Legrand) when I received a visit at Charleston, from his man, Jupiter. I had never seen the good old negro look so dispirited, and I feared that some serious disaster had befallen my friend.

"Well, Jup," said I, "what is the matter now? — how is your master?"

"Why, to speak de troof, massa, him not so berry well as mought be."

"Not well! I am truly sorry to hear it. What does he complain of?".

"Dar! dat's it! — he neber 'plain of notin' — but him berry sick for all dat."

"*Very* sick, Jupiter! — why didn't you say so at once? Is he confined to bed?"

"No, dat he ain't! — he ain't 'fin'd nowhar —

dat 's just whar de shoe pinch — my mind is got to be berry hebby 'bout poor Massa Will."

"Jupiter, I should like to understand what it is you are talking about. You say your master is sick. Hasn't he told you what ails him?"

"Why, massa, 't ain't worf while for to git mad about de matter — Massa Will say noffin' at all ain't de matter wid him — but den what make him go about looking dis here way, wid he head down and he soldiers up, and as white as a gose? And den he keeps a syphon all de time —"

"Keeps a what, Jupiter?"

"Keeps a syphon wid de figgurs on de slate — de queerest figgurs I ebber did see. Ise gettin' to be skeered, I tell you. Hab for to keep mighty tight eye 'pon him 'noovers. Todder day he gib me slip 'fore de sun up and was gone de whole ob de blessed day. I had a big stick ready cut for to gib him deuced good beating when he did come — but Ise sich a fool dat I hadn't de heart arter all — he looked so berry poorly."

"Eh? — what? — ah, yes! — upon the whole I think you had better not be too severe with the poor fellow — don't flog him, Jupiter — he can't very well stand it — but can you form no idea of what has occasioned this illness, or rather this change of conduct? Has anything unpleasant happened since I saw you?"

"No, massa, dey ain't bin noffin' onpleasant *since* den — 't was *'fore* den I 'm feared — 't was de berry day you was dare."

"How? what do you mean?"

"Why, massa, I mean de bug — dare now."

"The what?"

"De bug — I 'm berry sartain dat Massa Will bin bit somewhere 'bout de head by da goole-bug."

"And what cause have you, Jupiter, for such a supposition?"

"Claws enuff, massa, and mouff too. I never did see sich a deuced bug — he kick and he bite ebery ting what cum near him. Massa Will cotch him fuss, but had for to let him go 'gin mighty quick, I tell you — den was de time he must ha' got de bite. I didn't like de look ob de bug mouff, myself, nohow, so I would n't take hold ob him wid my finger, but I cotch him wid a piece ob paper dat I found. I rap him up in de paper and stuff a piece of it in he mouff dat was de way."

"And you think, then, that your master was really bitten by the beetle, and that the bite made him sick?"

"I don't think noffin' about it — I nose it. What make him dream 'bout de goole so much, if 't ain't 'cause he bit by the goole-bug? Ise heerd 'bout dem goole-bugs 'fore dis."

"But how do you know he dreams about gold?"

"How I know? why, 'cause he talk about it in he sleep — dat 's how I nose."

"Well, Jup, perhaps you are right; but to what fortunate circumstances am I to attribute the honor of a visit from you to-day?"

"What de matter, massa?"

"Did you bring any message from Mr. Legrand?"

"No, massa, I bring dis here pissel"; and here Jupiter handed me a note which ran thus:

"My Dear ——

"Why have I not seen you for so long a time? I hope you have not been so foolish as to take offence at any little *brusquerie* of mine; but no, that is improbable.

"Since I saw you I have had great cause for anxiety. I have something to tell you, yet scarcely know how to tell it, or whether I should tell it at all.

"I have not been quite well for some days past, and poor old Jup annoys me, almost beyond endurance, by his well-meant attentions. Would you believe it? — he had prepared a huge stick, the other day, with which to chastise me for giving him the slip, and spending the day, *solus*, among the hills on the mainland. I verily believe that my ill looks alone saved me a flogging.

"I have made no addition to my cabinet since we met.

"If you can, in any way, make it convenient, come over with Jupiter. *Do* come. I wish to see you *to-night*, upon business of importance. I assure you that it is of the *highest* importance. — Ever yours,

"William Legrand."

There was something in the tone of this note which gave me great uneasiness. Its whole style differed materially from that of Legrand. What could he be dreaming of? What new crotchet possessed his excitable brain? What "business of the highest importance" could *he* possibly have to transact? Jupiter's account of him boded no good. I dreaded lest the continued pressure of misfortune had, at length, fairly unsettled the reason of my friend. Without a moment's hesitation, therefore, I prepared to accompany the negro.

Upon reaching the wharf, I noticed a scythe

and three spades, all apparently new, lying in the bottom of the boat in which we were to embark.

"What is the meaning of all this, Jup?" I inquired.

"Him syfe, massa, and spade."

"Very true; but what are they doing here?"

"Him de syfe and de spade what Massa Will sis 'pon my buying for him in de town, and de debbil's own lot of money I had to gib for 'em."

"But what in the name of all that is mysterious is your 'Massa Will' going to do with scythes and spades?"

"Dat 's more dan *I* know, and debbil take me if I don't b'lieve 't is more dan he know too. But it 's all cum ob de bug."

Finding that no satisfaction was to be obtained of Jupiter, whose whole intellect seemed to be absorbed by "de bug," I now stepped into the boat, and made sail. With a fair and strong breeze we soon ran into the little cove to the northward of Fort Moultrie, and a walk of some two miles brought us to the hut. It was about three in the afternoon when we arrived. Legrand had been awaiting us in eager expectation. He grasped my hand with a nervous *empressement* which alarmed me and strengthened the suspicions already entertained. His countenance was pale even to ghastliness, and his deep-set eyes glared with unnatural lustre. After some inquiries respecting his health, I asked him, not knowing what better to say, if he had yet obtained the *scarabæus* from Lieutenant G——.

"Oh, yes," he replied, coloring violently, "I got it from him the next morning. Nothing should tempt me to part with that *scarabæus.* Do you know that Jupiter is quite right about it?"

"In what way?" I asked, with a sad foreboding at heart.

"In supposing it to be a bug of *real gold.*" He said this with an air of profound seriousness, and I felt inexpressibly shocked.

"This bug is to make my fortune," he continued, with a triumphant smile; "to reinstate me in my family possessions. Is it any wonder, then, that I prize it? Since Fortune has thought fit to bestow it upon me, I have only to use it properly, and I shall arrive at the gold of which it is the index. Jupiter, bring me that *scarabæus!*"

"What! de bug, massa? I 'd rudder not go fer trubble dat bug; you mus' git him for your own self." Hereupon Legrand arose, with a grave and stately air, and brought me the beetle from a glass case in which it was enclosed. It was a beautiful *scarabæus*, and, at that time, unknown to naturalists — of course a great prize in a scientific point of view. There were two round black spots near one extremity of the back, and a long one near the other. The scales were exceedingly hard and glossy, with all the appearance of burnished gold. The weight of the insect was very remarkable, and, taking all things into consideration, I could hardly blame Jupiter for his opinion respecting it; but what to make of Legrand's concordance with that opinion, I could not, for the life of me, tell.

"I sent for you," said he, in a grandiloquent tone, when I had completed my examination of the beetle, "I sent for you that I might have your counsel and assistance in furthering the views of Fate and of the bug —"

"My dear Legrand," I cried, interrupting him, "you are certainly unwell, and had better use some little precautions. You shall go to bed, and I will remain with you a few days, until you get over this. You are feverish and —"

"Feel my pulse," said he.

I felt it, and to say the truth, found not the slightest indication of fever.

"But you may be ill and yet have no fever. Allow me this once to prescribe for you. In the first place go to bed. In the next —"

"You are mistaken," he interposed, "I am as well as I can expect to be under the excitement which I suffer. If you really wish me well, you will relieve this excitement."

"And how is this to be done?"

"Very easily. Jupiter and myself are going upon an expedition into the hills, upon the mainland, and, in this expedition, we shall need the aid of some person in whom we can confide. You are the only one we can trust. Whether we succeed or fail, the excitement which you now perceive in me will be equally allayed."

"I am anxious to oblige you in any way," I replied; "but do you mean to say that this

infernal beetle has any connection with your expedition into the hills?"

"It has."

"Then, Legrand, I can become a party to no such absurd proceeding."

"I am sorry — very sorry — for we shall have to try it by ourselves."

"Try it by yourselves! The man is surely mad! — but stay! — how long do you propose to be absent?"

"Probably all night. We shall start immediately, and be back, at all events, by sunrise."

"And you will promise me, upon your honor, that when this freak of yours is over, and the bug business (good God!) settled to your satisfaction, you will then return home and follow my advice implicitly, as that of your physician?"

"Yes; I promise; and now let us be off, for we have no time to lose."

With a heavy heart I accompanied my friend. We started about four o'clock — Legrand, Jupiter, the dog, and myself. Jupiter had with him the scythe and spades — the whole of which he insisted upon carrying — more through fear, it seemed to me, of trusting either of the implements within reach of his master, than from any excess of industry or complaisance. His demeanor was dogged in the extreme, and "dat deuced bug" were the sole words which escaped his lips during the journey. For my own part, I had charge of a couple of dark lanterns, while Legrand contented himself with the *scarabæus*, which he carried attached to the end of a bit of whip-cord; twirling it to and fro, with the air of a conjuror, as he went. When I observed this last, plain evidence of my friend's aberration of mind, I could scarcely refrain from tears. I thought it best, however, to humor his fancy, at least for the present, or until I could adopt some more energetic measures with a chance of success. In the meantime, I endeavored, but all in vain, to sound him in regard to the object of the expedition. Having succeeded in inducing me to accompany him, he seemed unwilling to hold conversation upon any topic of minor importance, and to all my questions vouchsafed no other reply than "We shall see!"

We crossed the creek at the head of the island by means of a skiff, and, ascending the high grounds on the shore of the mainland, proceeded in a north-westerly direction, through a tract of country excessively wild and desolate, where no trace of a human footstep was to be seen. Legrand led the way with decision; pausing only for an instant, here and there, to consult what appeared to be certain landmarks of his own contrivance upon a former occasion.

In this manner we journeyed for about two hours, and the sun was just setting when we entered a region infinitely more dreary than any yet seen. It was a species of tableland, near the summit of an almost inaccessible hill, densely wooded from base to pinnacle, and interspersed with huge crags that appeared to lie loosely upon the soil, and in many cases were prevented from precipitating themselves into the valleys below merely by the support of the trees against which they reclined. Deep ravines, in various directions, gave an air of still sterner solemnity to the scene.

The natural platform to which we had clambered was thickly overgrown with brambles, through which we soon discovered that it would have been impossible to force our way but for the scythe; and Jupiter, by direction of his master, proceeded to clear for us a path to the foot of an enormously tall tulip tree, which stood, with some eight or ten oaks, upon the level, and far surpassed them all, and all other trees which I had then ever seen, in the beauty of its foliage and form, in the wide spread of its branches, and in the general majesty of its appearance. When we reached this tree, Legrand turned to Jupiter, and asked him if he thought he could climb it. The old man seemed a little staggered by the question, and for some moments made no reply. At length he approached the huge trunk, walked slowly around it, and examined it with minute attention. When he had completed his scrutiny, he merely said —

"Yes, massa, Jup climb any tree he ebber see in he life."

"Then up with you as soon as possible, for it will soon be too dark to see what we are about."

"How far mus go up, massa?" inquired Jupiter.

"Get up the main trunk first, and then I will tell you which way to go — and here — stop! take this beetle with you."

"De bug, Massa Will! — de goole-bug!" cried the negro, drawing back in dismay — "what for mus tote de bug way up de tree? — d—n if I do!"

"If you are afraid, Jup, a great big negro like you, to take hold of a harmless little dead beetle, why you can carry it up by this string — but, if you do not take it up with you in some way, I shall be under the necessity of breaking your head with this shovel."

"What de matter now, massa?" said Jup, evidently shamed into compliance; "always want for to raise fuss wid old nigger. Was only funnin anyhow. *Me* feered de bug! what I keer for de bug?" Here he cautiously took hold of the extreme end of the string, and, maintaining the insect as far from his person as circumstances would permit, prepared to ascend the tree.

In youth, the tulip tree or *Liriodendron Tulipiferum*, the most magnificent of American foresters, has a trunk peculiarly smooth, and often rises to a great height without lateral branches; but, in its riper age, the bark becomes gnarled and uneven, while many short limbs make their appearance on the stem. Thus the difficulty of ascension, in the present case, lay more in semblance than in reality. Embracing the huge cylinder, as closely as possible, with his arms and knees, seizing with his hands some projections, and resting his naked toes upon others, Jupiter, after one or two narrow escapes from falling, at length wriggled himself into the first great fork, and seemed to consider the whole business as virtually accomplished. The *risk* of the achievement was, in fact, now over, although the climber was some sixty or seventy feet from the ground.

"Which way mus go now, Massa Will?" he asked.

"Keep up the largest branch — the one on this side," said Legrand. The negro obeyed him promptly, and apparently with but little trouble; ascending higher and higher, until no glimpse of his squat figure could be obtained through the dense foliage which enveloped it. Presently his voice was heard in a sort of halloo.

"How much fudder is got for go?"

"How high up are you?" asked Legrand.

"Ebber so fur," replied the negro; "can see de sky fru de top ob de tree."

"Never mind the sky, but attend to what I say. Look down the trunk and count the limbs below you on this side. How many limbs have you passed?"

"One, two, three, four, fibe — I done pass fibe big limb, massa, pon dis side."

"Then go one limb higher."

In a few minutes the voice was heard again, announcing that the seventh limb was attained.

"Now, Jup," cried Legrand, evidently much excited, "I want you to work your way out upon that limb as far as you can. If you see anything strange let me know."

By this time what little doubt I might have entertained of my poor friend's insanity was put finally at rest. I had no alternative but to conclude him stricken with lunacy, and I became seriously anxious about getting him home. While I was pondering upon what was best to be done, Jupiter's voice was again heard.

"Mos feerd for to venture pon dis limb berry far — 'tis dead limb putty much all de way."

"Did you say it was a *dead* limb, Jupiter?" cried Legrand in a quavering voice.

"Yes, massa, him dead as de door-nail — done up for sartain — done departed dis here life."

"What in the name of heaven shall I do?" asked Legrand, seemingly in the greatest distress.

"Do!" said I, glad of an opportunity to interpose a word, "why, come home and go to bed. Come now! — that's a fine fellow. It's getting late, and, besides, you remember your promise."

"Jupiter," cried he, without heeding me in the least, "do you hear me?"

"Yes, Massa Will, hear you ebber so plain."

"Try the wood well, then, with your knife, and see if you think it *very* rotten."

"Him rotten, massa, sure nuff," replied the negro in a few moments, "but not so berry rotten as mought be. Mought venture out leetle way pon de limb by myself, dat's true."

"By yourself! — what do you mean?"

"Why, I mean de bug. 'T is *berry* hebby bug. S'pose I drop him down fuss, and den de limb won't break wid just de weight ob one nigger."

"You infernal scoundrel!" cried Legrand, apparently much relieved, "what do you mean

by telling me such nonsense as that? As sure as you drop that beetle I'll break your neck. Look here, Jupiter, do you hear me?"

"Yes, massa, need n't hollo at poor nigger dat style."

"Well! now listen! — if you will venture out on the limb as far as you think safe, and not let go the beetle, I'll make you a present of a silver dollar as soon as you get down."

"I'm gwine, Massa Will — deed I is," replied the negro very promptly — "mos out to the eend now."

"*Out to the end!*" here fairly screamed Legrand, "do you say you are out to the end of that limb?"

"Soon to be de eend, massa — o-o-o-o-oh! Lor-gol-a-marcy! what *is* dis here pon de tree?"

"Well!" cried Legrand, highly delighted, "what is it?"

"Why 't ain't noffin' but a skull — somebody bin lef him head up de tree, and de crows done gobble ebery bit ob de meat off."

"A skull, you say! — very well, — how is it fastened to the limb? — what holds it on?"

"Sure nuff, massa; mus look. Why, dis berry curous sarcumstance, pon my word — dare's a great big nail in de skull, what fastens ob it on to de tree."

"Well, now, Jupiter, do exactly as I tell you — do you hear?"

"Yes, massa."

"Pay attention. then — find the left eye of the skull."

"Hum! hoo! dat 's good! why, dey ain't no eye lef at all."

"Curse your stupidity! Do you know your right hand from your left?"

"Yes, I knows dat — knows all bout dat — 't is my lef hand what I chops de wood wid."

"To be sure! you are left-handed; and your left eye is on the same side as your left hand. Now, I suppose, you can find the left eye of the skull, or the place where the left eye has been. Have you found it?"

Here was a long pause. At length the negro asked:

"Is de lef eye ob de skull pon de same side as de lef hand side ob de skull too? — cause de skull ain't got not a bit ob a hand at all — nebber mind! I got de lef eye now — here de lef eye! what mus do wid it?"

"Let the beetle drop through it, as far as the string will reach — but be careful and not let go your hold of the string."

"All dat done, Massa Will; mighty easy ting for to put de bug fru de hole — look out for him dare below!"

During this colloquy no portion of Jupiter's person could be seen; but the beetle, which he had suffered to descend, was now visible at the end of the string, and glistened, like a globe of burnished gold, in the last rays of the setting sun, some of which still faintly illumined the eminence upon which we stood. The *scarabæus* hung quite clear of any branches, and, if allowed to fall, would have fallen at our feet. Legrand immediately took the scythe, and cleared with it a circular space, three or four yards in diameter, just beneath the insect, and, having accomplished this, ordered Jupiter to let go the string and come down from the tree.

Driving a peg, with great nicety, into the ground, at the precise spot where the beetle fell, my friend now produced from his pocket a tape-measure. Fastening one end of this at that point of the trunk of the tree which was nearest the peg, he unrolled it till it reached the peg and thence further unrolled it, in the direction already established by the two points of the tree and the peg, for the distance of fifty feet — Jupiter clearing away the brambles with the scythe. At the spot thus attained a second peg was driven, and about this, as a centre, a rude circle, about four feet in diameter, described. Taking now a spade himself, and giving one to Jupiter and one to me, Legrand begged us to set about digging as quickly as possible.

To speak the truth, I had no especial relish for such amusement at any time, and, at that particular moment, would most willingly have declined it; for the night was coming on, and I felt much fatigued with the exercise already taken; but I saw no mode of escape, and was fearful of disturbing my poor friend's equanimity by a refusal. Could I have depended, indeed, upon Jupiter's aid, I would have had no hesitation in attempting to get the lunatic home by force; but I was too well assured of the old negro's disposition, to hope that he would assist me, under any circumstances, in a per-

sonal contest with his master. I made no doubt that the latter had been infected with some of the innumerable Southern superstitions about money buried, and that his fantasy had received confirmation by the finding of the *scarabæus*, or, perhaps, by Jupiter's obstinacy in maintaining it to be "a bug of real gold." A mind disposed to lunacy would readily be led away by such suggestions — especially if chiming in with favorite preconceived ideas — and then I called to mind the poor fellow's speech about the beetle's being "the index of his fortune." Upon the whole, I was sadly vexed and puzzled, but, at length, I concluded to make a virtue of necessity — to dig with a good will, and thus the sooner to convince the visionary, by ocular demonstration, of the fallacy of the opinions he entertained.

The lanterns having been lit, we all fell to work with a zeal worthy a more rational cause; and, as the glare fell upon our persons and implements, I could not help thinking how picturesque a group we composed, and how strange and suspicious our labors must have appeared to any interloper who, by chance, might have stumbled upon our whereabouts.

We dug very steadily for two hours. Little was said; and our chief embarrassment lay in the yelpings of the dog, who took exceeding interest in our proceedings. He, at length, became so obstreperous that we grew fearful of his giving the alarm to some stragglers in the vicinity, — or, rather, this was the apprehension of Legrand; — for myself, I should have rejoiced at any interruption which might have enabled me to get the wanderer home. The noise was, at length, very effectually silenced by Jupiter, who, getting out of the hole with a dogged air of deliberation, tied the brute's mouth up with one of his suspenders, and then returned, with a grave chuckle, to his task.

When the time mentioned had expired, we had reached a depth of five feet, and yet no signs of any treasure became manifest. A general pause ensued, and I began to hope that the farce was at an end. Legrand, however, although evidently much disconcerted, wiped his brow thoughtfully and recommenced. We had excavated the entire circle of four feet diameter, and now we slightly enlarged the limit, and went to the farther depth of two feet. Still nothing appeared. The gold-seeker, whom I sincerely pitied, at length clambered from the pit, with the bitterest disappointment imprinted upon every feature, and proceeded, slowly and reluctantly, to put on his coat, which he had thrown off at the beginning of his labor. In the meantime I made no remark. Jupiter, at a signal from his master, began to gather up his tools. This done, and the dog having been unmuzzled, we turned in profound silence toward home.

We had taken, perhaps, a dozen steps in this direction, when, with a loud oath, Legrand strode up to Jupiter, and seized him by the collar. The astonished negro opened his eyes and mouth to the fullest extent, let fall the spades, and fell upon his knees.

"You scoundrel!" said Legrand, hissing out the syllables from between his clenched teeth, "you infernal black villain! — speak, I tell you! — answer me this instant, without prevarication! — which — which is your left eye?"

"Oh, my golly, Massa Will! ain't dis here my lef eye for sartain?" roared the terrified Jupiter, placing his hand upon his *right* organ of vision, and holding it there with a desperate pertinacity, as if in immediate dread of his master's attempt at a gouge.

"I thought so! — I knew it! hurrah!" vociferated Legrand, letting the negro go and executing a series of curvets and caracols, much to the astonishment of his valet, who, arising from his knees, looked mutely from his master to myself, and then from myself to his master.

"Come! we must go back," said the latter, "the game 's not up yet"; and he again led the way to the tulip tree.

"Jupiter," said he, when we reached its foot, "come here! was the skull nailed to the limb with the face outward, or with the face to the limb?"

"De face was out, massa, so dat de crows could get at de eyes good, widout any trouble."

"Well, then, was it this eye or that through which you dropped the beetle?" — here Legrand touched each of Jupiter's eyes.

"'T was dis eye, massa — de lef eye — jis as you tell me," — and here it was his right eye that the negro indicated.

"That will do — we must try it again."

Here my friend, about whose madness I now saw, or fancied that I saw, certain indications of method, removed the peg which marked the spot where the beetle fell, to a spot about three inches to the westward of its former position. Taking, now, the tape measure from the nearest point of the trunk to the peg, as before, and continuing the extension in a straight line to the distance of fifty feet, a spot was indicated, removed, by several yards, from the point at which we had been digging.

Around the new position a circle, somewhat larger than in the former instance, was now described, and we again set to work with the spade. I was dreadfully weary, but, scarcely understanding what had occasioned the change in my thoughts, I felt no longer any great aversion from the labor imposed. I had become most unaccountably interested — nay, even excited. Perhaps there was something, amid all the extravagant demeanor of Legrand — some air of forethought, or of deliberation, which impressed me. I dug eagerly, and now and then caught myself actually looking, with something that very much resembled expectation, for the fancied treasure, the vision of which had demented my unfortunate companion. At a period when such vagaries of thought most fully possessed me, and when we had been at work perhaps an hour and a half, we were again interrupted by the violent howlings of the dog. His uneasiness, in the first instance, had been, evidently, but the result of playfulness or caprice, but he now assumed a bitter and serious tone. Upon Jupiter's again attempting to muzzle him, he made furious resistance, and, leaping into the hole, tore up the mould frantically with his claws. In a few seconds he had uncovered a mass of human bones, forming two complete skeletons, intermingled with several buttons of metal, and what appeared to be the dust of decayed woollen. One or two strokes of a spade upturned the blade of a large Spanish knife, and, as we dug farther, three or four loose pieces of gold and silver coin came to light.

At sight of these the joy of Jupiter could scarcely be restrained, but the countenance of his master wore an air of extreme disappointment. He urged us, however, to continue our exertions, and the words were hardly uttered when I stumbled and fell forward, having caught the toe of my boot in a large ring of iron that lay half buried in the loose earth.

We now worked in earnest, and never did I pass ten minutes of more intense excitement. During this interval we had fairly unearthed an oblong chest of wood, which, from its perfect preservation and wonderful hardness, had plainly been subjected to some mineralizing process — perhaps that of the bichloride of mercury. This box was three feet and a half long, three feet broad, and two and a half feet deep. It was firmly secured by bands of wrought iron, riveted, and forming a kind of open trellis-work over the whole. On each side of the chest, near the top, were three rings of iron — six in all — by means of which a firm hold could be obtained by six persons. Our utmost united endeavors served only to disturb the coffer very slightly in its bed. We at once saw the impossibility of removing so great a weight. Luckily, the sole fastenings of the lid consisted of two sliding bolts. These we drew back — trembling and panting with anxiety. In an instant, a treasure of incalculable value lay gleaming before us. As the rays of the lanterns fell within the pit, there flashed upward a glow and a glare, from a confused heap of gold and of jewels, that absolutely dazzled our eyes.

I shall not pretend to describe the feelings with which I gazed. Amazement was, of course, predominant. Legrand appeared exhausted with excitement, and spoke very few words. Jupiter's countenance wore, for some minutes, as deadly a pallor as it is possible, in the nature of things, for any negro's visage to assume. He seemed stupefied — thunderstricken. Presently he fell upon his knees in the pit, and burying his naked arms up to the elbows in gold, let them there remain, as if enjoying the luxury of a bath. At length, with a deep sigh, he exclaimed, as if in a soliloquy:

"And dis all cum ob de goole-bug! de putty goole-bug! de poor little goole-bug, what I boosed in dat sabage kind ob style! Ain't you shamed ob yourself, nigger? — answer me dat!"

It became necessary, at last, that I should arouse both master and valet to the expediency of removing the treasure. It was growing late, and it behooved us to make exertion, that we

might get everything housed before daylight. It was difficult to say what should be done, and much time was spent in deliberation — so confused were the ideas of all. We, finally, lightened the box by removing two-thirds of its contents, when we were enabled, with some trouble, to raise it from the hole. The articles taken out were deposited among the brambles, and the dog left to guard them, with strict orders from Jupiter, neither, upon any pretence, to stir from the spot, nor to open his mouth until our return. We then hurriedly made for home with the chest; reaching the hut in safety, but after excessive toil, at one o'clock in the morning. Worn out as we were, it was not in human nature to do more immediately. We rested until two, and had supper: starting for the hills immediately afterwards, armed with three stout sacks, which, by good luck, were upon the premises. A little before four we arrived at the pit, divided the remainder of the booty, as equally as might be, among us, and, leaving the holes unfilled, again set out for the hut, at which, for the second time, we deposited our golden burthens, just as the first faint streaks of the dawn gleamed from over the tree-tops in the east.

We were now thoroughly broken down; but the intense excitement of the time denied us repose. After an unquiet slumber of some three or four hours' duration, we arose, as if by preconcert, to make examination of our treasure.

The chest had been full to the brim, and we spent the whole day, and the greater part of the next night, in a scrutiny of its contents. There had been nothing like order or arrangement. Everything had been heaped in promiscuously. Having assorted all with care, we found ourselves possessed of even vaster wealth than we had at first supposed. In coin there was rather more than four hundred and fifty thousand dollars — estimating the value of the pieces, as accurately as we could, by the tables of the period. There was not a particle of silver. All was gold of antique date and of great variety — French, Spanish, and German money, with a few English guineas, and some counters, of which we had never seen specimens before. There were several very large and heavy coins, so worn that we could make nothing of their inscriptions. There was no American money. The value of the jewels we found more difficult in estimating. There were diamonds — some of them exceedingly large and fine — a hundred and ten in all, and not one of them small; eighteen rubies of remarkable brilliancy — three hundred and ten emeralds, all very beautiful; and twenty-one sapphires, with an opal. These stones had all been broken from their settings and thrown loose in the chest. The settings themselves, which we picked out from among the other gold, appeared to have been beaten up with hammers, as if to prevent identification. Besides all this, there was a vast quantity of solid gold ornaments: nearly two hundred massive finger and ear-rings; rich chains — thirty of these, if I remember; eighty-three very large and heavy crucifixes; five gold censers of great value; a prodigious golden punch-bowl, ornamented with richly chased vine-leaves and Bacchanalian figures; with two sword-handles exquisitely embossed, and many other smaller articles which I cannot recollect. The weight of these valuables exceeded three hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois; and in this estimate I have not included one hundred and ninety-seven superb gold watches; three of the number being worth each five hundred dollars, if one. Many of them were very old, and as timekeepers valueless; the works having suffered more or less from corrosion — but all were richly jewelled and in cases of great worth. We estimated the entire contents of the chest, that night, at a million and a half of dollars; and upon the subsequent disposal of the trinkets and jewels (a few being retained for our own use), it was found that we had greatly under-valued the treasure.

When, at length, we had concluded our examination, and the intense excitement of the time had, in some measure, subsided, Legrand, who saw that I was dying with impatience for a solution of this most extraordinary riddle, entered into a full detail of all the circumstances connected with it.

"You remember," said he, "the night when I handed you the rough sketch I had made of the *scarabæus*. You recollect also, that I became quite vexed at you for insisting that my drawing resembled a death's-head. When you first made this assertion, I thought you were jesting; but afterwards I called to mind the peculiar

spots on the back of the insect, and admitted to myself that your remark had some little foundation in fact. Still, the sneer at my graphic powers irritated me — for I am considered a good artist — and, therefore, when you handed me the scrap of parchment, I was about to crumple it up and throw it angrily into the fire."

"The scrap of paper, you mean," said I.

"No; it had much of the appearance of paper, and at first I supposed it to be such, but when I came to draw upon it, I discovered it at once to be a piece of very thin parchment. It was quite dirty, you remember. Well, as I was in the very act of crumpling it up, my glance fell upon the sketch at which you had been looking, and you may imagine my astonishment when I perceived, in fact, the figure of a death's-head just where, it seemed to me, I had made the drawing of the beetle. For a moment I was too much amazed to think with accuracy. I knew that my design was very different in detail from this — although there was a certain similarity in general outline. Presently I took a candle, and seating myself at the other end of the room, proceeded to scrutinize the parchment more closely. Upon turning it over, I saw my own sketch upon the reverse, just as I had made it. My first idea, now, was mere surprise at the really remarkable similarity of outline — at the singular coincidence involved in the fact that, unknown to me, there should have been a skull upon the other side of the parchment, immediately beneath my figure of the *scarabæus*, and that this skull, not only in outline, but in size, should so closely resemble my drawing. I say the singularity of this coincidence absolutely stupefied me for a time.

"This is the usual effect of such coincidences. The mind struggles to establish a connection — a sequence of cause and effect — and, being unable to do so, suffers a species of temporary paralysis. But, when I recovered from this stupor, there dawned upon me gradually a conviction which startled me even far more than the coincidence. I began distinctly, positively, to remember that there had been *no* drawing upon the parchment when I made my sketch of the *scarabæus*. I became perfectly certain of this; for I recollected turning up first one side and then the other, in search of the cleanest spot. Had the skull been then there, of course I could not have failed to notice it. Here was indeed a mystery which I felt it impossible to explain; but, even at that early moment, there seemed to glimmer, faintly, within the most remote and secret chambers of my intellect, a glow-worm-like conception of that truth which last night's adventure brought to so magnificent a demonstration. I arose at once, and putting the parchment securely away, dismissed all further reflection until I should be alone.

"When you had gone, and when Jupiter was fast asleep, I betook myself to a more methodical investigation of the affair. In the first place I considered the manner in which the parchment had come into my possession. The spot where we discovered the *scarabæus* was on the coast of the mainland, about a mile eastward of the island, and but a short distance above high-water mark. Upon my taking hold of it, it gave me a sharp bite, which caused me to let it drop. Jupiter, with his accustomed caution, before seizing the insect, which had flown toward him, looked about him for a leaf, or something of that nature, by which to take hold of it. It was at this moment that his eyes, and mine also, fell upon the scrap of parchment, which I then supposed to be paper. It was lying half buried in the sand, a corner sticking up. Near the spot where he found it, I observed the remnants of the hull of what appeared to have been a ship's long-boat. The wreck seemed to have been there for a very great while; for the resemblance to boat timbers could scarcely be traced.

"Well, Jupiter picked up the parchment, wrapped the beetle in it, and gave it to me. Soon afterwards we turned to go home, and on the way met Lieutenant G——. I showed him the insect, and he begged me to let him take it to the fort. Upon my consenting, he thrust it forthwith into his waistcoat pocket, without the parchment in which it had been wrapped, and which I had continued to hold in my hand during his inspection. Perhaps he dreaded my changing my mind, and thought it best to make sure of the prize at once — you know how enthusiastic he is on all subjects connected with Natural History. At the same time, without

being conscious of it, I must have deposited the parchment in my own pocket.

"You remember that when I went to the table, for the purpose of making a sketch of the beetle, I found no paper where it was usually kept. I looked in the drawer, and found none there. I searched my pockets, hoping to find an old letter, when my hand fell upon the parchment. I thus detail the precise mode in which it came into my possession; for the circumstances impressed me with peculiar force.

"No doubt you will think me fanciful — but I had already established a kind of *connection*. I had put together two links of a great chain. There was a boat lying upon a sea-coast, and not far from the boat was a parchment — *not a paper* — with a skull depicted upon it. You will, of course, ask 'where is the connection?' I reply that the skull, or death's-head, is the well-known emblem of the pirate. The flag of the death's-head is hoisted in all engagements.

"I have said that the scrap was parchment, and not paper. Parchment is durable — almost imperishable. Matters of little moment are rarely consigned to parchment; since, for the mere ordinary purposes of drawing or writing, it is not nearly so well adapted as paper. This reflection suggested some meaning — some relevancy — in the death's-head. I did not fail to observe, also, the *form* of the parchment. Although one of its corners had been, by some accident, destroyed, it could be seen that the original form was oblong. It was just such a slip, indeed, as might have been chosen for a memorandum — for a record of something to be long remembered and carefully preserved."

"But," I interposed, "you say that the skull was *not* upon the parchment when you made the drawing of the beetle. How then do you trace any connection between the boat and the skull — since this latter, according to your own admission, must have been designed (God only knows how or by whom) at some period subsequent to your sketching the *scarabæus?*"

"Ah, hereupon turns the whole mystery; although the secret, at this point, I had comparatively little difficulty in solving. My steps were sure, and could afford but a single result. I reasoned, for example, thus: When I drew the *scarabæus*, there was no skull apparent upon the parchment. When I had completed the drawing I gave it to you, and observed you narrowly until you returned it. *You*, therefore, did not design the skull, and no one else was present to do it. Then it was not done by human agency. And nevertheless it was done.

"At this stage of my reflections I endeavored to remember, and *did* remember, with entire distinctness, every incident which occurred about the period in question. The weather was chilly (oh, rare and happy accident!), and a fire was blazing upon the hearth. I was heated with exercise and sat near the table. You, however, had drawn a chair close to the chimney. Just as I had placed the parchment in your hand, and as you were in the act of inspecting it, Wolf, the Newfoundland, entered, and leaped upon your shoulders. With your left hand you caressed him and kept him off, while your right, holding the parchment, was permitted to fall listlessly between your knees, and in close proximity to the fire. At one moment I thought the blaze had caught it, and was about to caution you, but, before I could speak, you had withdrawn it, and were engaged in its examination. When I considered all these particulars, I doubted not for a moment that *heat* had been the agent in bringing to light, upon the parchment, the skull which I saw designed upon it. You are well aware that chemical preparations exist, and have existed time out of mind, by means of which it is possible to write upon either paper or vellum, so that the characters shall become visible only when subjected to the action of fire. Zaffre, digested in *aqua regia*, and diluted with four times its weight of water, is sometimes employed; a green tint results. The regulus of cobalt, dissolved in spirit of nitre, gives a red. These colors disappear at longer or shorter intervals after the material written upon cools, but again become apparent upon the reapplication of heat.

"I now scrutinized the death's-head with care. Its outer edges — the edges of the drawing nearest the edge of the vellum — were far more *distinct* than the others. It was clear that the action of the caloric had been imperfect or unequal. I immediately kindled a fire, and subjected every portion of the parchment

to a glowing heat. At first, the only effect was the strengthening of the faint lines in the skull; but, upon persevering in the experiment, there became visible, at the corner of the slip, diagonally opposite to the spot in which the death's-head was delineated, the figure of what I at first supposed to be a goat. A closer scrutiny, however, satisfied me that it was intended for a kid."

"Ha! ha!" said I, "to be sure I have no right to laugh at you — a million and a half of money is too serious a matter for mirth — but you are not about to establish a third link in your chain — you will not find any special connection between your pirates and a goat — pirates, you know, have nothing to do with goats; they appertain to the farming interest."

"But I have just said that the figure was *not* that of a goat."

"Well, a kid then — pretty much the same thing."

"Pretty much, but not altogether," said Legrand. "You may have heard of one *Captain* Kidd. I at once looked upon the figure of the animal as a kind of punning or hieroglyphical signature. I say signature; because its position upon the vellum suggested this idea. The death's-head at the corner diagonally opposite had, in the same manner, the air of a stamp, or seal. But I was sorely put out by the absence of all else — of the body to my imagined instrument — of the text for my context."

"I presume you expected to find a letter between the stamp and the signature."

"Something of that kind. The fact is, I felt irresistibly impressed with a presentiment of some vast good fortune impending. I can scarcely say why. Perhaps, after all, it was rather a desire than an actual belief; — but do you know that Jupiter's silly words, about the bug being of solid gold, had a remarkable effect upon my fancy? And then the series of accidents and coincidences — these were so *very* extraordinary. Do you observe how mere an accident it was that these events should have occurred upon the *sole* day of all the year in which it has been or may be sufficiently cool for fire, and that without the fire, or without the intervention of the dog at the precise moment in which he appeared, I should never have become aware of the death's-head, and so never the possessor of the treasure?"

"But proceed — I am all impatience."

"Well; you have heard, of course, the many stories current — the thousand vague rumors afloat about money buried, somewhere upon the Atlantic coast, by Kidd and his associates. These rumors must have had some foundation in fact. And that the rumors have existed so long and so continuous could have resulted, it appeared to me, only from the circumstance of the buried treasure still *remaining* entombed. Had Kidd concealed his plunder for a time, and afterward reclaimed it, the rumors would scarcely have reached us in their present

CAPTAIN KIDD BURYING HIS BIBLE

unvarying form. You will observe that the stories told are all about money-seekers, not about money-finders. Had the pirate recovered his money, there the affair would have dropped. It seemed to me that some accident probably had deprived him of the means of recovering it, and that this accident had become known to his followers, who otherwise might never have

heard that treasure had been concealed at all, and who, busying themselves in vain, because unguided, attempts to regain it, had first given birth, and then universal currency, to the reports which are now so common. Have you ever heard of any important treasure being unearthed along the coast?"

"Never."

"But that Kidd's accumulations were immense, is well known. I took it for granted, therefore, that the earth still held them; and you will scarcely be surprised when I tell you that I felt a hope, nearly amounting to certainty, that the parchment so strangely found involved a lost record of the place of deposit."

"But how did you proceed?"

"I held the vellum again to the fire, after increasing the heat, but nothing appeared. I now thought it possible that the coating of dirt might have something to do with the failure: so I carefully rinsed the parchment by pouring warm water over it, and, having done this, I placed it in a tin pan, with the skull downward, and put the pan upon a furnace of lighted charcoal. In a few minutes, the pan having become thoroughly heated, I removed the slip, and, to my inexpressible joy, found it spotted, in several places, with what appeared to be figures arranged in lines. Again I placed it in the pan, and suffered it to remain another minute. Upon taking it off, the whole was just as you see it now."

Here Legrand, having re-heated the parchment, submitted it to my inspection. The following characters were rudely traced, in a red tint, between the death's-head and the goat:

"53‡‡†305))6*;4826)4‡.)4‡);806*;48†8¶60))
85;1‡(;:‡*8†83(88)5*†;46(;88*96*?;8)*‡(;485);
5*†2:*‡(;4956*2(5*—4)8¶8*;4069285);)6†8)4‡‡;
1(‡9;48081;8:8‡1;48†85;4)485†528806*81(‡9;48;
(88;4(‡?34;48)4‡;161;:188;‡?;"

"But," said I, returning him the slip, "I am as much in the dark as ever. Were all the jewels of Golconda awaiting me upon my solution of this enigma, I am quite sure that I should be unable to earn them."

"And yet," said Legrand, "the solution is by no means so difficult as you might be led to imagine from the first hasty inspection of the characters. These characters, as any one might readily guess, form a cipher — that is to say, they convey a meaning; but then from what is known of Kidd, I could not suppose him capable of constructing any of the more abstruse cryptographs. I made up my mind, at once, that this was of a simple species — such, however, as would appear to the crude intellect of the sailor absolutely insoluble without the key."

"And you really solved it?"

"Readily; I have solved others of an abstruseness ten thousand times greater. Circumstances and a certain bias of mind have led me to take interest in such riddles, and it may well be doubted whether human ingenuity can construct an enigma of the kind which human ingenuity may not, by proper application, resolve. In fact, having once established connected and legible characters, I scarcely gave a thought to the mere difficulty of developing their import.

"In the present case — indeed in all cases of secret writing — the first question regards the *language* of the cipher; for the principles of solution, so far, especially, as the more simple ciphers are concerned, depend upon, and are varied by, the genius of the particular idiom. In general, there is no alternative but experiment (directed by probabilities) of every tongue known to him who attempts the solution, until the true one be attained. But, with the cipher now before us all difficulty was removed by the signature. The pun upon the word 'Kidd' is appreciable in no other language than the English. But for this consideration I should have begun my attempts with the Spanish and French, as the tongues in which a secret of this kind would most naturally have been written by a pirate of the Spanish main. As it was, I assumed the cryptograph to be English.

"You observe there are no divisions between the words. Had there been divisions the task would have been comparatively easy. In such cases I should have commenced with a collation and analysis of the shorter words, and, had a word of a single letter occurred, as is most likely, (*a* or *I*, for example,) I should have considered the solution as assured. But, there being no division, my first step was to ascertain

the predominant letters, as well as the least frequent. Counting all, I constructed a table thus:

"Of the character 8 there are 33.

;	"	26.
4	"	19.
‡)	"	16.
*	"	13.
5	"	12.
6	"	11.
† 1	"	8.
0	"	6.
9 2	"	5.
: 3	"	4.
?	"	3.
¶	"	2.
—.	"	1.

"Now, in English, the letter which most frequently occurs is *e*. Afterward, the succession runs thus: *a o i d h n r s t u y c f g l m w b k p q x z*. *E* predominates so remarkably, that an individual sentence of any length is rarely seen, in which it is not the prevailing character.

"Here, then, we have, in the very beginning, the groundwork for something more than a mere guess. The general use which may be made of the table is obvious — but, in this particular cipher, we shall only very partially require its aid. As our predominant character is 8, we will commence by assuming it as the *e* of the natural alphabet. To verify the supposition, let us observe if the 8 be seen often in couples — for *e* is doubled with great frequency in English — in such words, for example, as 'meet,' 'fleet,' 'speed,' 'seen,' 'been,' 'agree,' etc. In the present instance we see it doubled no less than five times, although the cryptograph is brief.

"Let us assume 8, then, as *e*. Now, of all *words* in the language, 'the' is most usual; let us see, therefore, whether there are not repetitions of any three characters, in the same order of collocation, the last of them being 8. If we discover repetitions of such letters, so arranged, they will most probably represent the word 'the.' Upon inspection, we find no less than seven such arrangements, the characters being ;48. We may, therefore, assume that ; represents *t*, 4 represents *h*, and 8 represents *e* — the last being now well confirmed. Thus a great step has been taken.

"But, having established a single word, we are enabled to establish a vastly important point; that is to say, several comments and terminations of other words. Let us refer, for example, to the last instance but one, in which the combination ;48 occurs — not far from the end of the cipher. We know that the ; immediately ensuing is the commencement of a word, and, of the six characters succeeding this 'the,' we are cognizant of no less than five. Let us set these characters down, thus, by the letters we know them to represent, leaving a space for the unknown —

t eeth.

"Here we are enabled, at once, to discard the '*th*,' as forming no portion of the word commencing with the first *t;* since, by experiment of the entire alphabet for a letter adapted to the vacancy, we perceive that no word can be formed of which this *th* can be a part. We are thus narrowed into

t ee,

and, going through the alphabet, if necessary, as before, we arrive at the word 'tree,' as the sole possible reading. We thus gain another letter, *r*, represented by (, with the words 'the tree' in juxtaposition.

"Looking beyond these words, for a short distance, we again see the combination ;48, and employ it by way of *termination* to what immediately precedes. We have thus this arrangement:

the tree ;4(‡?34 the,

or, substituting the natural letters, where known, it reads thus:

the tree thr‡?3h the.

"Now, if, in place of the unknown characters, we leave blank spaces, or substitute dots, we read thus:

the tree thr...h the,

when the word '*through*' makes itself evident at once. But this discovery gives us three new letters, *o*, *u*, and *g*, represented by ‡, ?, and 3.

"Looking now, narrowly, through the cipher for combinations of known characters, we find, not very far from the beginning, this arrangement,

83(88, or egree,

which, plainly, is the conclusion of the word 'degree,' and gives us another letter, *d*, represented by †.

"Four letters beyond the word 'degree,' we perceive the combination

;46(;88.

"Translating the known characters, and representing the unknown by dots, as before, we read thus:

th.rtee,

an arrangement immediately suggestive of the word 'thirteen,' and again furnishing us with two new characters, *i* and *n* represented by 6 and *.

"Referring, now, to the beginning of the cryptograph, we find the combination,

53‡‡†.

"Translating as before, we obtain

.good,

which assures us that the first letter is *A*, and that the first two words are 'A good.'

"It is now time that we arrange our key, as far as discovered, in a tabular form, to avoid confusion. It will stand thus:

5	represents	a
†	"	d
8	"	e
3	"	g
4	"	h
6	"	i
*	"	n
‡	"	o
(	"	r
;	"	t
?	"	u

"We have, therefore, no less than eleven of the most important letters represented, and it will be unnecessary to proceed with the details of the solution. I have said enough to convince you that ciphers of this nature are readily soluble, and to give you some insight into the *rationale* of their development. But be assured the specimen before us appertains to the very simplest species of cryptograph. It now only remains to give you the full translation of the characters upon the parchment, as unriddled. Here it is:

"'A good glass in the bishop's hostel in the devil's seat forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes northeast and by north main branch seventh limb east side shoot from the left eye of the death's-head a bee-line from the tree through the shot fifty feet out.'"

"But," said I, "the enigma seems still in as bad a condition as ever. How is it possible to extort a meaning from all this jargon about 'devil's seats,' 'death's-heads,' and 'bishop's hotels'?"

"I confess," replied Legrand, "that the matter still wears a serious aspect, when regarded with a casual glance. My first endeavor was to divide the sentence into the natural division intended by the cryptographist."

"You mean, to punctuate it?"

"Something of that kind."

"But how was it possible to effect this?"

"I reflected that it had been a *point* with the writer to run his words together without division, so as to increase the difficulty of solution. Now, a not over-acute man, in pursuing such an object, would be nearly certain to overdo the matter. When, in the course of his composition, he arrived at a break in his subject which would naturally require a pause, or a point, he would be exceedingly apt to run his characters, at this place, more than usually close together. If you will observe the MS., in the present instance, you will easily detect five such cases of unusual crowding. Acting upon this hint, I made the division thus:

"'A good glass in the bishop's hostel in the devil's seat — forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes — northeast and by north — main branch seventh limb east side — shoot from the left eye of the death's head — a bee-line from the tree through the shot fifty feet out.'"

"Even this division," said I, "leaves me still in the dark."

"It left me also in the dark," replied Legrand, "for a few days; during which I made diligent inquiry, in the neighborhood of Sullivan's Island, for any building which went by the name of the 'Bishop's Hotel'; for, of course, I dropped the obsolete word 'hostel.' Gaining no information on the subject, I was on the point of extending my sphere of search, and proceeding in a more systematic manner, when, one morning, it entered into my head, quite suddenly, that this 'Bishop's Hostel' might have some reference to an old family, of the name of Bessop,

which, time out of mind, had held possession of an ancient manor-house, about four miles to the northward of the island. I accordingly went over to the plantation, and reinstituted my inquiries among the older negroes of the place. At length, one of the most aged of the women said that she had heard of such a place as Bessop's Castle, and thought that she could guide me to it, but that it was not a castle, nor a tavern, but a high rock.

"I offered to pay her well for her trouble, and, after some demur, she consented to accompany me to the spot. We found it without much difficulty, when, dismissing her, I proceeded to examine the place. The 'castle' consisted of an irregular assemblage of cliffs and rocks — one of the latter being quite remarkable for its height as well as for its insulated and artificial appearance. I clambered to its apex, and then felt much at a loss as to what should be next done.

"While I was busied in reflection, my eyes fell upon a narrow ledge in the eastern face of the rock, perhaps a yard below the summit upon which I stood. This ledge projected about eighteen inches, and was not more than a foot wide, while a niche in the cliff just above it gave it a rude resemblance to one of the hollow-backed chairs used by our ancestors. I made no doubt that here was the 'devil's seat' alluded to in the MS., and now I seemed to grasp the full secret of the riddle.

"The 'good glass,' I knew, could have reference to nothing but a telescope; for the word 'glass' is rarely employed in any other sense by seamen. Now here, I at once saw, was a telescope to be used, and a definite point of view, *admitting no variation*, from which to use it. Nor did I hesitate to believe that the phrases, 'forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes,' and, 'northeast and by north,' were intended as directions for the levelling of the glass. Greatly excited by these discoveries, I hurried home, procured a telescope, and returned to the rock.

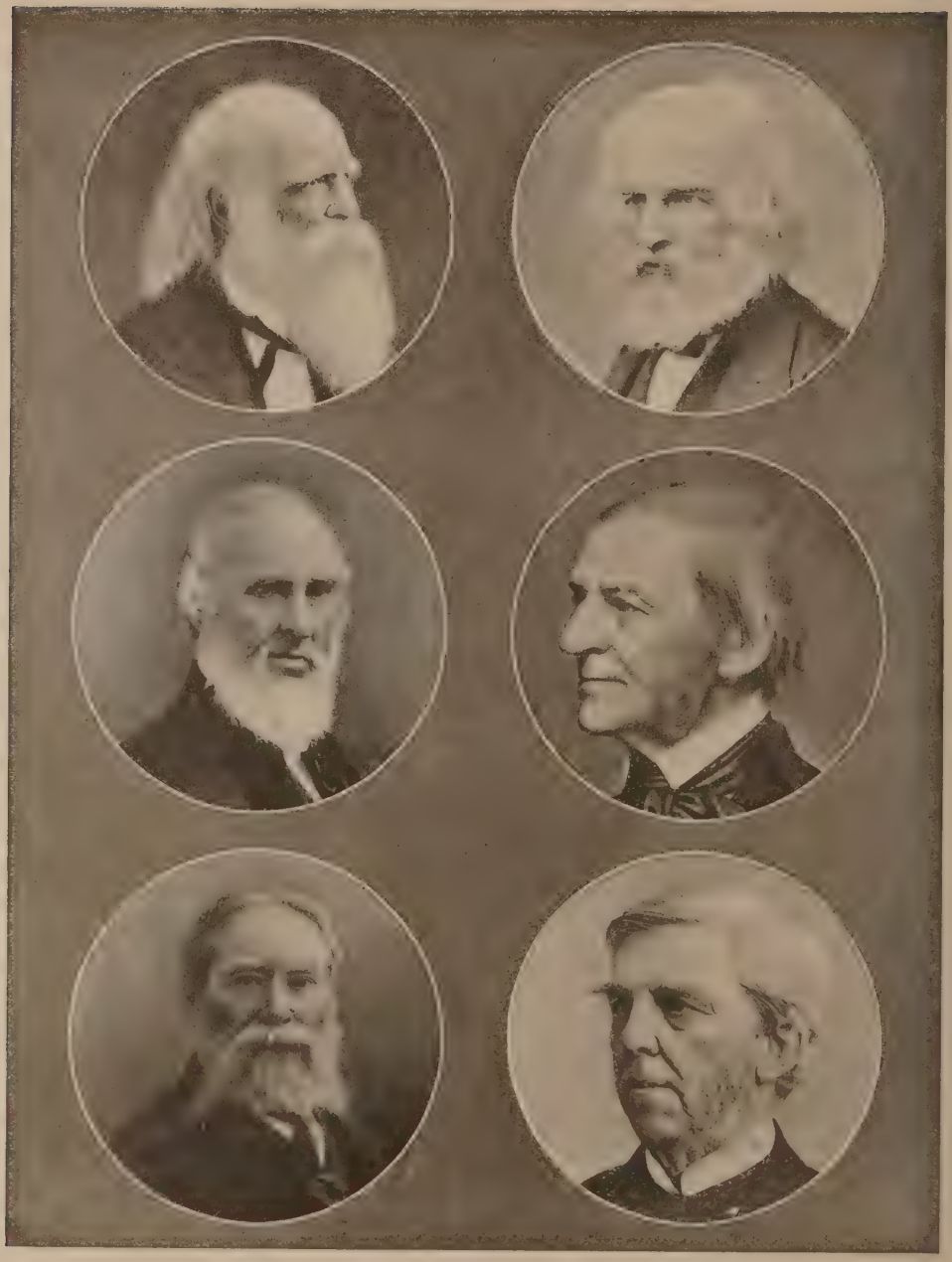
"I let myself down to the ledge, and found that it was impossible to retain a seat upon it except in one particular position. This fact confirmed my preconceived idea. I proceeded to use the glass. Of course, the 'forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes' could allude to nothing but elevation above the visible horizon, since the horizontal direction was clearly indicated by the words, 'northeast and by north.' This latter direction I at once established by means of a pocket-compass; then, pointing the glass as nearly at an angle of forty-one degrees of elevation as I could do it by guess, I moved it cautiously up or down, until my attention was arrested by a circular rift or opening in the foliage of a large tree that overtopped its fellows in the distance. In the centre of this rift I perceived a white spot, but could not, at first, distinguish what it was. Adjusting the focus of the telescope, I again looked, and now made it out to be a human skull.

"Upon this discovery I was so sanguine as to consider the enigma solved; for the phrase 'main branch, seventh limb, east side,' could refer only to the position of the skull upon the tree, while 'shoot from the left eye of the death's-head' admitted, also, of but one interpretation, in regard to a search for buried treasure. I perceived that the design was to drop a bullet from the left eye of the skull, and that a bee-line, or in other words, a straight line, drawn from the nearest point of the trunk through 'the shot' (or the spot where the bullet fell), and thence extended to a distance of fifty feet, would indicate a definite point — and beneath this point I thought it at least *possible* that a deposit of value lay concealed."

"All this," I said, "is exceedingly clear, and, although ingenious, still simple and explicit. When you left the Bishop's Hotel, what then?"

"Why, having carefully taken the bearings of the tree, I turned homeward. The instant that I left 'the devil's seat,' however, the circular rift vanished; nor could I get a glimpse of it afterward, turn as I would. What seems to me the chief ingenuity in this whole business, is the fact (for repeated experiment has convinced me it *is* a fact) that the circular opening in question is visible from no other attainable point of view than that afforded by the narrow ledge upon the face of the rock.

"In this expedition to the 'Bishop's Hotel' I had been attended by Jupiter, who had, no doubt, observed, for some weeks past, the abstraction of my demeanor, and took especial care not to leave me alone. But, on the next day, getting up very early, I contrived to give



A GROUP OF AMERICAN WRITERS

Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Lowell, Holmes.

him the slip, and went into the hills in search of the tree. After much toil I found it. When I came home at night my valet proposed to give me a flogging. With the rest of the adventure I believe you are as well acquainted as myself."

"I suppose," said I, "you missed the spot, in the first attempt at digging, through Jupiter's stupidity in letting the bug fall through the right instead of through the left eye of the skull."

"Precisely. This mistake made a difference of about two inches and a half in the 'shot' — that is to say, in the position of the peg nearest the tree; and had the treasure been *beneath* the 'shot' the error would have been of little moment; but the 'shot,' together with the nearest point of the tree, were merely two points for the establishment of a line of direction; of course the error, however trivial in the beginning, increased as we proceeded with the line, and by the time we had gone fifty feet threw us quite off the scent. But for my deep-seated impressions that treasure was here somewhere actually buried, we might have had all our labor in vain."

"But your grandiloquence, and your conduct in swinging the beetle — how excessively odd! I was sure you were mad. And why did you insist upon letting fall the bug, instead of a bullet, from the skull?"

"Why, to be frank, I felt somewhat annoyed by your evident suspicions touching my sanity, and so resolved to punish you quietly, in my own way, by a little bit of sober mystification. For this reason I swung the beetle, and for this reason I let it fall from the tree. An observation of yours about its great weight suggested the latter idea."

"Yes, I perceive; and now there is only one point which puzzles me. What are we to make of the skeletons found in the hole?"

"That is a question I am no more able to answer than yourself. There seems, however, only one plausible way of accounting for them — and yet it is dreadful to believe in such atrocity as my suggestion would imply. It is clear that Kidd — if Kidd indeed secreted this treasure, which I doubt not — it is clear that he must have had assistance in the labor. But this labor concluded, he may have thought it expedient to remove all participants in his secret. Perhaps a couple of blows with a mattock were sufficient, while his coadjutors were busy in the pit; perhaps it required a dozen — who shall tell?"

DOBBIN OF OURS

[This selection tells something about the boyhood of two of the leading characters in *Vanity Fair*, by William Makepeace Thackeray. *Vanity Fair* is one of the greatest of English novels, and Thackeray is one of the finest of English writers. He did not write many things for children, though his *The Rose and the Ring* is one of the most humorous and delightful fairy tales that ever was told. Boys and girls of fifteen and over will enjoy reading *Henry Esmond* and *Vanity Fair*.]

DUFF'S fight with Dobbin, and the unexpected issue of that contest, will long be remembered by every man who was educated at Dr. Swishtail's famous school. The latter youth (who used to be called Heigh-ho Dobbin, Gee-ho Dobbin, and by many other names indicative of puerile contempt) was the quietest, the clumsiest, and, as it seemed, the dullest of all Dr. Swishtail's young gentlemen. His parent was a grocer in the City: and it was bruited abroad that he was admitted into Dr. Swishtail's academy upon what are called "mutual principles" — that is to say, the expenses of his board and schooling were defrayed by his father in goods, not money; and he stood there — almost at the bottom of the school — in his scraggy corduroys and jacket, through the seams of which his great big bones were bursting — as the representative of so many pounds of tea, candles, sugar, mottled-soap, plums (of which a very mild proportion was supplied for the puddings of the establishment), and other commodities. A dreadful day it was for young Dobbin when one of the youngsters of the school, having run into the town upon a poach-

ing excursion for hardbake and polonies, espied the cart of Dobbin and Rudge, Grocers and Oilmen, Thames Street, London, at the Doctor's door, discharging a cargo of the wares in which the firm dealt.

Young Dobbin had no peace after that. The jokes were frightful, and merciless against him. "Hullo, Dobbin," one wag would say, "here 's good news in the paper. Sugar is ris', my boy." Another would set a sum — "If a pound of mutton-candles cost sevenpence-halfpenny, how much must Dobbin cost?" and a roar would follow from all the circle of young knaves, usher and all, who rightly considered that the selling of goods by retail is a shameful and infamous practice, meriting the contempt and scorn of all real gentlemen.

"Your father 's only a merchant, Osborne," Dobbin said in private to the little boy who had brought down the storm upon him. At which the latter replied haughtily, "My father 's a gentleman, and keeps his carriage"; and Mr. William Dobbin retreated to a remote outhouse in the playground, where he passed a half-holiday in the bitterest sadness and woe. Who amongst us is there that does not recollect similar hours of bitter, bitter childish grief? Who feels injustice; who shrinks before a slight; who has a sense of wrong so acute, and so glowing a gratitude of kindness, as a generous boy? and how many of those gentle souls do you degrade, estrange, torture, for the sake of a little loose arithmetic and miserable dog-Latin?

Now, William Dobbin, from an incapacity to acquire the rudiments of the above language, as they are propounded in that wonderful book, the Eton Latin Grammar, was compelled to remain among the very last of Dr. Swishtail's scholars, and was "taken down" continually by little fellows with pink faces and pinafores when he marched up with the lower form, a giant amongst them, with downcast stupefied look, his dog's-eared primer, and his tight corduroys. High and low, all made fun of him. They sewed up those corduroys, tight as they were. They cut his bed-strings. They upset buckets and benches, so that he might break his shins over them, which he never failed to do. They sent him parcels, which, when opened, were found to contain the paternal soap and candles. There was no little fellow but had his jeer and joke at Dobbin; and he bore everything quite patiently, and was entirely dumb and miserable.

Cuff, on the contrary, was the great chief and dandy of the Swishtail Seminary. He smuggled wine in. He fought the town-boys. Ponies used to come for him to ride home on Saturdays. He had his top-boots in his room, in which he used to hunt in the holidays. He had a gold repeater: and took snuff like the Doctor.

He had been to the Opera, and knew the merits of the principal actors, preferring Mr. Kean to Mr. Kemble. He could knock you off forty Latin verses in an hour. He could make French poetry. What else did n't he know, or could n't he do? They said even the Doctor himself was afraid of him.

Cuff, the unquestioned king of the school, ruled over his subjects, and bullied them, with splendid superiority. This one blacked his shoes: that toasted his bread, others would fag out, and give him balls at cricket during whole summer afternoons. "Figs" was the fellow whom he despised most, and with whom, though always abusing him, and sneering at him, he scarcely ever condescended to hold personal communication.

One day in private, the two young gentlemen had had a difference. Figs, alone in the school-room, was blundering over a home letter; when Cuff, entering, bade him go upon some message, of which tarts were probably the subject.

"I can't," says Dobbin; "I want to finish my letter."

"You *can't!*" says Mr. Cuff, laying hold of that document (in which many words were scratched out, many were misspelt, on which had been spent I don't know how much thought, and labor, and tears; for the poor fellow was writing to his mother, who was fond of him, although she was a grocer's wife and lived in a back parlor in Thames Street). "You *can't?*" says Mr. Cuff: "I should like to know why, pray? Can't you write to old Mother Figs to-morrow?"

"Don't call names," Dobbin said, getting off the bench very nervous.

"Well, sir, will you go?" crowed the cock of the school.

"Put down the letter," Dobbin replied; "no gentleman readth letterth."

"Well, *now* will you go?" says the other.

"No, I won't. Don't strike, or I'll *thmash* you," roars out Dobbin, springing to a leaden inkstand, and looking so wicked, that Mr. Cuff paused, turned down his coat sleeves again, put his hands into his pockets, and walked away with a sneer. But he never meddled personally with the grocer's boy after that; though we must do him the justice to say he always spoke of Mr. Dobbin with contempt behind his back.

Some time after this interview, it happened that Mr. Cuff, on a sunshiny afternoon, was in the neighborhood of poor William Dobbin, who was lying under a tree in the playground, spelling over a favorite copy of the *Arabian Nights* which he had — apart from the rest of the school, who were pursuing their various sports — quite lonely, and almost happy. If people would but leave children to themselves; if teachers would cease to bully them; if parents would not insist upon directing their thoughts, and dominating their feelings — those feelings and thoughts which are a mystery to all (for how much do you and I know of each other, of our children, of our fathers, of our neighbor, and how far more beautiful and sacred are the thoughts of the poor lad or girl whom you govern likely to be, than those of the dull and world-corrupted person who rules him?) — if, I say, parents and masters would leave their children alone a little more, — small harm would accrue, although a less quantity of *as in præsenti* might be acquired.

Well, William Dobbin had for once forgotten the world, and was away with Sindbad the Sailor in the Valley of Diamonds, or with Prince Ahmed and the Fairy Peribanou in that delightful cavern where the Prince found her, and whither we should all like to make a tour; when shrill cries, as of a little fellow weeping, woke up his pleasant reverie; and looking up, he saw Cuff before him, belaboring a little boy.

It was the lad who had peached upon him about the grocer's cart; but he bore little malice, not at least towards the young and small. "How dare you, sir, break the bottle?" says Cuff to the little urchin, swinging a yellow cricket-stump over him.

The boy had been instructed to get over the playground wall (at a selected spot where the broken glass had been removed from the top, and niches made convenient in the brick); to run a quarter of a mile; to purchase a pint of rumshrub on credit; to brave all the Doctor's outlying spies, and to clamber back into the playground again; during the performance of which feat, his foot had slipt, and the bottle and the shrub had been spilt, and his pantaloons had been damaged, and he appeared before his employer a perfectly guilty and trembling, though harmless, wretch.

"How dare you, sir, break it?" says Cuff; "you blundering little thief. You drank the shrub, and now you pretend to have broken the bottle. Hold out your hand, sir."

Down came the stump with a great heavy thump on the child's hand. A moan followed. Dobbin looked up. The Fairy Peribanou had fled into the inmost cavern with Prince Ahmed: the Roc had whisked away Sindbad the Sailor out of the Valley of Diamonds out of sight, far into the clouds: and there was everyday life before honest William; and a big boy beating a little one without cause.

"Hold out your other hand, sir," roars Cuff to his little school-fellow, whose face was distorted with pain. Dobbin quivered, and gathered himself up in his narrow old clothes.

"Take that, you little devil!" cried Mr. Cuff, and down came the wicket again on the child's hand. — Don't be horrified, ladies, every boy at a public school has done it. Your children will do so and be done by, in all probability. — Down came the wicket again; and Dobbin started up.

I can't tell what his motive was. Torture in a public school is as much licensed as the knout in Russia. It would be ungentlemanlike (in a manner) to resist it. Perhaps Dobbin's foolish soul revolted against that exercise of tyranny; or perhaps he had a hankering feeling of revenge in his mind, and longed to measure himself against that splendid bully and tyrant, who had all the glory, pride, pomp, circumstance, banners flying, drums beating, guards saluting, in the place. Whatever may have been his incentive, however, up he sprang, and screamed out, "Hold off, Cuff; don't bully that child any more; or I 'll —"

"Or you'll what?" Cuff asked in amazement at this interruption. "Hold out your hand, you little beast."

"I'll give you the worst thrashing you ever had in your life," Dobbin said, in reply to the first part of Cuff's sentence; and little Osborne, gasping and in tears, looked up with wonder and incredulity at seeing this amazing champion put up suddenly to defend him: while Cuff's astonishment was scarcely less. Fancy our late monarch George III. when he heard of the revolt of the North American colonies: fancy brazen Goliath when little David stepped forward and claimed a meeting; and you have the feelings of Mr. Reginald Cuff when this rencontre was proposed to him.

"After school," says he, of course; after a pause and a look, as much as to say, "Make your will, and communicate your last wishes to your friends between this time and that."

"As you please," Dobbin said. "You must be my bottle-holder, Osborne."

"Well, if you like," little Osborne replied; for you see his papa kept a carriage, and he was rather ashamed of his champion.

Yes, when the hour of battle came, he was almost ashamed to say, "Go it, Figs"; and not a single other boy in the place uttered that cry for the first two or three rounds of this famous combat, at the commencement of which the scientific Cuff, with a contemptuous smile on his face, and as light and as gay as if he was at a ball, planted his blows upon his adversary, and floored that unlucky champion three times running. At each fall there was a cheer; and everybody was anxious to have the honor of offering the conqueror a knee.

"What a licking I shall get when it 's over," young Osborne thought, picking up his man. "You 'd best give in," he said to Dobbin; "it 's only a thrashing, Figs, and you know I 'm used to it." But Figs, all whose limbs were in a quiver, and whose nostrils were breathing rage, put his little bottle-holder aside, and went in for a fourth time.

As he did not in the least know how to parry the blows that were aimed at himself, and Cuff had begun the attack on the three preceding occasions, without ever allowing his enemy to strike, Figs now determined that he would commence the engagement by a charge on his own part; and accordingly, being a left-handed man, brought that arm into action, and hit out a couple of times with all his might — once at Mr. Cuff's left eye, and once on his beautiful Roman nose.

Cuff went down this time, to the astonishment of the assembly. "Well hit, by Jove," says little Osborne, with the air of a connoisseur, clapping his man on the back. "Give it him with the left, Figs, my boy."

Figs' left made terrific play during all the rest of the combat. Cuff went down every time. At the sixth round, there were almost as many fellows shouting out, "Go it, Figs," as there were youths exclaiming, "Go it, Cuff." At the twelfth round the latter champion was all abroad, as the saying is, and had lost all presence of mind and power of attack or defence. Figs, on the contrary, was as calm as a Quaker. His face being quite pale, his eyes shining open, and a great cut on his under lip bleeding profusely, gave this young fellow a fierce and ghastly air, which perhaps struck terror into many spectators. Nevertheless, his intrepid adversary prepared to close for the thirteenth time.

If I had the pen of a Napier, or a Bell's Life, I should like to describe this combat properly. It was the last charge of the Guard — (that is, it *would* have been, only Waterloo had not yet taken place) — it was Ney's column breasting the hill of La Haye Sainte, bristling with ten thousand bayonets, and crowned with twenty eagles — it was the shout of the beef-eating British, as leaping down the hill they rushed to hug the enemy in the savage arms of battle — in other words, Cuff coming up full of pluck, but quite reeling and groggy, the Fig-merchant put in his left as usual on his adversary's nose, and sent him down for the last time.

"I think *that* will do for him," Figs said, as his opponent dropped as neatly on the green as I have seen Jack Spot's ball plump into the pocket at billiards; and the fact is, when time was called, Mr. Reginald Cuff was not able, or did not choose, to stand up again.

And now all the boys set up such a shout for Figs as would have made you think he had been their darling champion through the whole battle; and as absolutely brought Dr. Swishtail

out of his study, curious to know the cause of the uproar. He threatened to flog Figs violently, of course; but Cuff, who had come to himself by this time, and was washing his wounds, stood up and said, "It's my fault, sir — not Figs' — not Dobbin's. I was bullying a little boy; and he served me right." By which magnanimous speech he not only saved his conqueror a whipping, but got back all his ascendency over the boys which his defeat had nearly cost him.

Young Osborne wrote home to his parents an account of the transaction.

"SUGARCANE HOUSE, RICHMOND, *March* 18—.

"DEAR MAMA:

"I hope you are quite well. I should be much obliged to you to send me a cake and five shillings. There has been a fight here between Cuff & Dobbin. Cuff, you know, was the Cock of the School. They fought thirteen rounds, and Dobbin Licked. So Cuff is now Only Second Cock. The fight was about me. Cuff was licking me for breaking a bottle of milk, and Figs would n't stand it. We call him Figs because his father is a Grocer — Figs & Rudge, Thames St., City — I think as he fought for me you ought to buy your Tea & Sugar at his father's. Cuff goes home every Saturday, but can't this, because he has 2 Black Eyes. He has a white Pony to come and fetch him, and a groom in livery on a bay mare. I wish my Papa would let me have a Pony, and I am

"Your dutiful Son,

"GEORGE SEDLEY OSBORNE.

"*P. S.* — Give my love to little Emmy. I am cutting her out a coach in cardboard. Please not a seed-cake, but a plum-cake."

In consequence of Dobbin's victory, his character rose prodigiously in the estimation of all his schoolfellows, and the name of Figs, which had been a byword of reproach, became as respectable and popular a nickname as any other in use in the school. "After all, it 's not his fault that his father 's a grocer," George Osborne said, who, though a little chap, had a very high popularity among the Swishtail youth; and his opinion was received with great applause. It was voted low to sneer at Dobbin about this accident of birth. "Old Figs" grew to be a name of kindness and endearment; and the sneak of an usher jeered at him no longer.

And Dobbin's spirit rose with his altered circumstances. He made wonderful advances in scholastic learning. The superb Cuff himself, at whose condescension Dobbin could only blush and wonder, helped him on with his Latin verses; "coached" him in play-hours: carried him triumphantly out of the little-boy class into the middle-sized form; and even there got a fair place for him. It was discovered, that although dull at classical learning, at mathematics he was uncommonly quick. To the contentment of all he passed third in algebra, and got a French prize-book at the public Midsummer examination. You should have seen his mother's face when Télémaque (that delicious romance) was presented to him by the Doctor in the face of the whole school and the parents and company, with an inscription to Gulielmo Dobbin. All the boys clapped hands in token of applause and sympathy. His blushes, his stumbles, his awkwardness, and the number of feet which he crushed as he went back to his place, who shall describe or calculate? Old Dobbin, his father, who now respected him for the first time, gave him two guineas publicly; most of which he spent in a general tuckout for the school: and he came back in a tail-coat after the holidays.

THE POULPS

[This account of a battle with giant cuttlefish is taken from Jules Verne's *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*, written in 1873. The *Nautilus* is a submarine boat owned by Captain Nemo. On board are three prisoners, Professor Aronnax, his servant Conseil, and Ned Land, a Canadian harpooner. The following story is told by Professor Aronnax.]

APRIL 20th, we had risen to a mean height of 1500 yards. The land nearest us then was the archipelago of the Bahamas. There rose high submarine cliffs covered with large weeds, giant laminariæ and fuci, a perfect espalier of hydrophytes worthy of a Titan world. It was about eleven o'clock when Ned Land drew my attention to a formidable prick-

ing, like a sting of an ant, which was produced by means of large seaweeds.

"Well," I said, "these are proper caverns for poulps, and I should not be astonished to see some of these monsters."

"What!" said Conseil; "cuttle-fish, real cuttle-fish, of the cephalopod class?"

"No," I said; "poulps of huge dimensions."

"I will never believe that such animals exist," said Ned.

"Well," said Conseil, with the most serious air in the world; "I remember perfectly to have seen a large vessel drawn under the waves by a cephalopod's arm."

"You saw that?" said the Canadian.

"Yes, Ned."

"With your own eyes?"

"With my own eyes."

"Where, pray, might that be?"

"At St. Malo," answered Conseil.

"In the port?" said Ned, ironically.

"No; in a church," replied Conseil.

"In a church!" cried the Canadian.

"Yes; friend Ned. In a picture representing the poulp in question."

"Good!" said Ned Land, bursting out laughing.

"He is quite right," I said. "I have heard of this picture; but the subject represented is taken from a legend, and you know what to think of legends in the matter of natural history. Besides, when it is a question of monsters, the imagination is apt to run wild. Not only is it supposed that these poulps can draw down vessels, but a certain Olaüs Magnus speaks of a cephalopod a mile long, that is more like an island than an animal. It is also said that the Bishop of Nidros was building an altar on an immense rock. Mass finished, the rock began to talk, and returned to the sea. The rock was a poulp. Another bishop, Pontoppidan, speaks also of a poulp on which a regiment of cavalry could manœuvre. Lastly, the ancient naturalists speak of monsters whose mouths were like gulfs, and which were too large to pass through the Straits of Gibraltar."

"But how much is true of these stories?" asked Conseil.

"Nothing, my friends; at least of that which passes the limit of truth to get to fable or legend. Nevertheless, there must be some ground for the imagination of the story-tellers. One cannot deny that poulps and cuttle-fish exist of a large species, inferior, however, to the cetaceans. Aristotle has stated the dimensions of a cuttle-fish as five cubits, or nine feet two inches. Our fishermen frequently see some that are more than four feet long. Some skeletons of poulps are preserved in the museums of Trieste and Montpelier, that measure two yards in length. Besides, according to the calculations of some naturalists, one of these animals, only six feet long, would have tentacles twenty-seven feet long. That would suffice to make a formidable monster."

"Do they fish for them in these days?" asked Ned.

"If they do not fish for them, sailors see them at least. One of my friends, Captain Paul Bos of Havre, has often affirmed that he met one of these monsters, of colossal dimensions, in the Indian seas. But the most astonishing fact, and which does not permit of the denial of the existence of these gigantic animals, happened some years ago, in 1861."

"What is the fact?" asked Ned Land.

"This is it. In 1861, to the north-east of Teneriffe, very nearly in the same latitude we are in now, the crew of the despatch-boat *Alector* perceived a monstrous cuttle-fish swimming in the waters. Captain Bouguer went near to the animal, and attacked it with harpoons and guns, without much success, for balls and harpoons glided over the soft flesh. After several fruitless attempts, the crew tried to pass a slip-knot round the body of the mollusc. The noose slipped as far as the caudal fins, and there stopped. They tried then to haul it on board, but its weight was so considerable that the tightness of the cord separated the tail from the body and, deprived of this ornament, he disappeared under the water."

"Indeed! is that a fact?"

"An indisputable fact, my good Ned. They proposed to name this poulp 'Bouguer's cuttle-fish.'"

"What length was it?" asked the Canadian.

"Did it not measure about six yards?" said Conseil, who, posted at the window, was examining again the irregular windings of the cliff.

"Precisely," I replied.

"Its head," rejoined Conseil, "was it not crowned with eight tentacles, that beat the water like a nest of serpents?"

"Precisely."

"Had not its eyes, placed at the back of its head, considerable development?"

"Yes, Conseil."

"And was not its mouth like a parrot's beak?"

"Exactly, Conseil."

"Very well! no offence to master," he replied, quietly; "if this is not Bouguer's cuttle-fish, it is, at least, one of its brothers."

I looked at Conseil. Ned Land hurried to the window.

"What a horrible beast!" he cried.

I looked in my turn, and could not repress a gesture of disgust. Before my eyes was a horrible monster, worthy to figure in the legends of the marvellous. It was an immense cuttle-fish, being eight yards long. It swam crossways in the direction of the *Nautilus* with great speed, watching us with its enormous staring green eyes. Its eight arms, or rather feet, fixed to its head, that have given the name of cephalopod to these animals, were twice as long as its body, and were twisted like the furies' hair. One could see the 250 air-holes on the inner side of the tentacles. The monster's mouth, a horned beak like a parrot's, opened and shut vertically. Its tongue, a horned substance, furnished with several rows of pointed teeth, came out quivering from this veritable pair of shears. What a freak of nature, a bird's beak on a mollusc! Its spindle-like body formed a fleshy mass that might weigh 4000 to 5000 pounds; the varying color changing with great rapidity, according to the irritation of the animal, passed successively from livid gray to reddish brown. What irritated this mollusc? No doubt the presence of the *Nautilus*, more formidable than itself, and on which its suckers or its jaws had no hold. Yet, what monsters these poulps are! what vitality the Creator has given them! what vigor in their movements! and they possess three hearts! Chance had brought us in presence of this cuttle-fish, and I did not wish to lose the opportunity of carefully studying this specimen of cephalopods. I overcame the horror that inspired me; and, taking a pencil, began to draw it.

"Perhaps this is the same which the *Alector* saw," said Conseil.

"No," replied the Canadian; "for this is whole, and the other had lost its tail."

"That is no reason," I replied. "The arms and tails of these animals are reformed by redintegration; and, in seven years, the tail of Bouguer's cuttle-fish has no doubt had time to grow."

By this time other poulps appeared at the port light. I counted seven. They formed a procession after the *Nautilus*, and I heard their beaks gnashing against the iron hull. I continued my work. These monsters kept in the water with such precision, that they seemed immovable. Suddenly the *Nautilus* stopped. A shock made it tremble in every plate.

"Have we struck anything?" I asked.

"In any case," replied the Canadian, "we shall be free, for we are floating."

The *Nautilus* was floating, no doubt, but it did not move. A minute passed. Captain Nemo, followed by his lieutenant, entered the drawing-room. I had not seen him for some time. He seemed dull. Without noticing us or speaking to us, he went to the panel, looked at the poulps, and said something to his lieutenant. The latter went out. Soon the panels were shut. The ceiling was lighted. I went towards the Captain.

"A curious collection of poulps?" I said.

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Naturalist," he replied; "and we are going to fight them, man to beast."

I looked at him. I thought I had not heard aright.

"Man to beast?" I repeated.

"Yes, sir. The screw is stopped. I think that the horny jaws of one of the cuttle-fish is entangled in the blades. That is what prevents our moving."

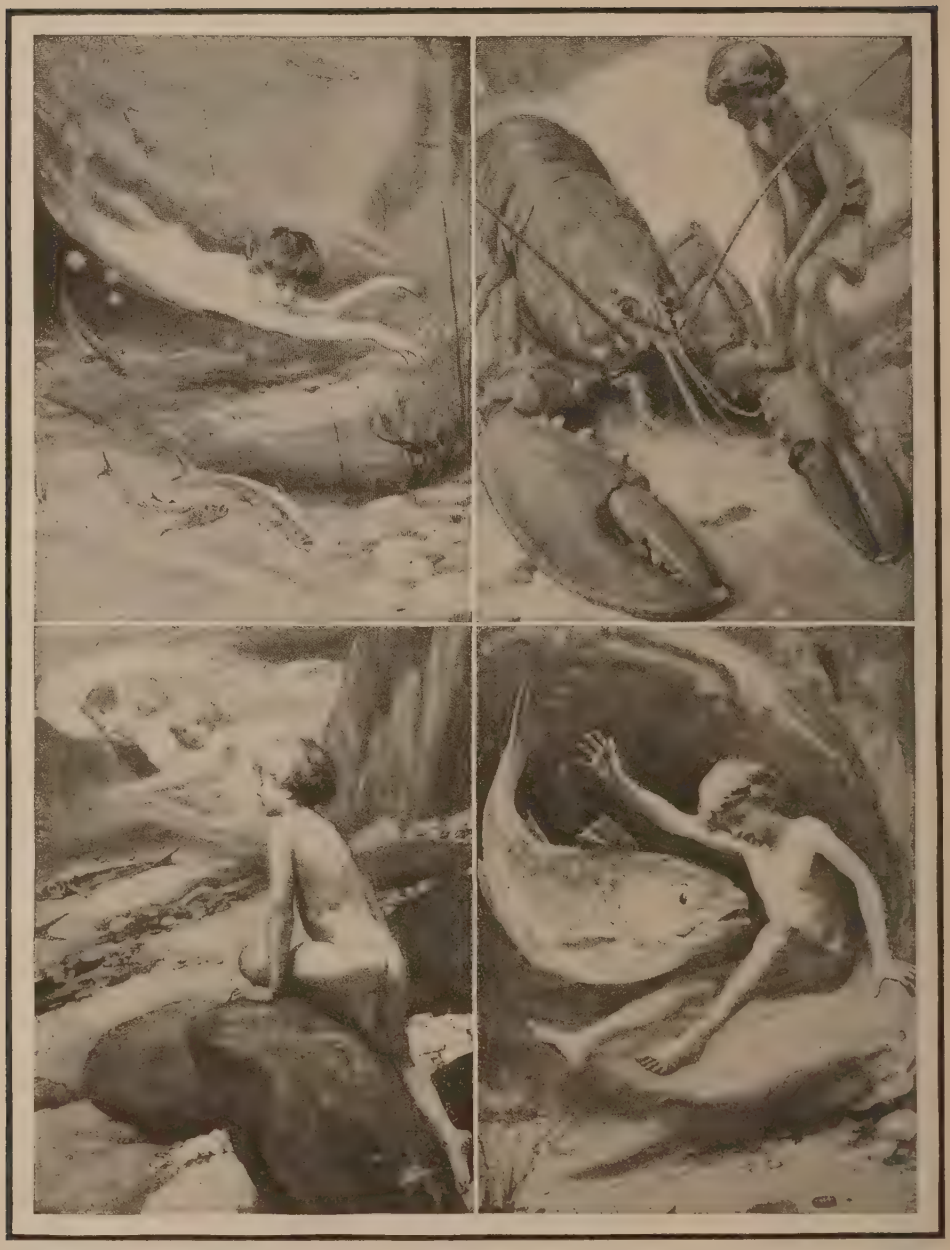
"What are you going to do?"

"Rise to the surface, and slaughter this vermin."

"A difficult enterprise."

"Yes, indeed. The electric bullets are powerless against the soft flesh, where they do not find resistance enough to go off. But we shall attack them with the hatchet."

"And the harpoon, sir," said the Canadian, "if you do not refuse my help."



TOP: THE FAIRIES HAD TURNED TOM INTO A WATER BABY. TOM HAD NEVER SEEN A LOBSTER BEFORE, AND THIS WAS A HUGE ONE. BOTTOM: TOM SAW THREE BEAUTIFUL LITTLE GIRLS FLOATING DOWN THE TORRENT. SUDDENLY, OUT FLASHED A HUGE OLD BROWN TROUT!

"I will accept it, Master Land."

"We will follow you," I said, and following Captain Nemo, we went towards the central staircase.

There, about ten men with boarding hatchets were ready for the attack. Conseil and I took two hatchets; Ned Land seized a harpoon. The *Nautilus* had then risen to the surface. One of the sailors, posted on the top ladder-step, unscrewed the bolts of the panels. But hardly were the screws loosed, when the panel rose with great violence, evidently drawn by the suckers of a poulp's arm. Immediately one of these arms slid like a serpent down the opening, and twenty others were above. With one blow of the axe, Captain Nemo cut this formidable tentacle, that slid wriggling down the ladder. Just as we were pressing one on the other to reach the platform, two other arms, lashing the air, came down on the seaman placed before Captain Nemo, and lifted him up with irresistible power. Captain Nemo uttered a cry, and rushed out. We hurried after him.

What a scene! The unhappy man, seized by the tentacle, and fixed to the suckers, was balanced in the air at the caprice of this enormous trunk. He rattled in his throat, he was stifled, he cried, "Help! help!" That heartrending cry! I shall hear it all my life. The unfortunate man was lost. Who could rescue him from that powerful pressure? However, Captain Nemo had rushed to the poulp and with one blow of the axe had cut through one arm. His lieutenant struggled furiously against other monsters that crept on the flanks of the *Nautilus*. The crew fought with their axes. The Canadian, Conseil, and I buried our weapons in the fleshy masses; a strong smell of musk penetrated the atmosphere. It was horrible!

For one instant, I thought the unhappy man, entangled with the poulp, would be torn from its powerful suction. Seven of the eight arms had been cut off. One only wriggled in the air, brandishing the victim like a feather. But just as Captain Nemo and his lieutenant threw themselves on it, the animal ejected a stream of black liquid. We were blinded with it. When the cloud dispersed, the cuttle-fish had disappeared, and my unfortunate countryman with it. Ten or twelve poulps now invaded the platform and sides of the *Nautilus*. We rolled pell-mell into the midst of this nest of serpents, that wriggled on the platform in the waves of blood and ink. It seemed as though these slimy tentacles sprang up like the hydra's heads. Ned Land's harpoon, at each stroke, was plunged into the staring eyes of the cuttle-fish. But my bold companion was suddenly overturned by the tentacles of a monster he had not been able to avoid.

Ah! how my heart beat with emotion and horror! The formidable beak of a cuttle-fish was open over Ned Land. The unhappy man would be cut in two. I rushed to his succor. But Captain Nemo was before me; his axe disappeared between the two enormous jaws, and miraculously saved the Canadian, who, rising, plunged his harpoon deep into the triple heart of the poulp.

"I owed myself this revenge!" said the Captain to the Canadian.

Ned bowed without replying. The combat had lasted a quarter of an hour. The monsters, vanquished and mutilated, left us at last, and disappeared under the waves. Captain Nemo, covered with blood, nearly exhausted, gazed upon the sea that had swallowed up one of his companions, and great tears gathered in his eyes.

TOM BECOMES A WATER-BABY

[This selection tells how Tom the Chimney-Sweep escaped from his cruel master and became a Water-baby. It is taken from *The Water-Babies*, by Charles Kingsley, which is a book no boy or girl can afford to miss.]

ONCE upon a time there was a little chimney-sweep, and his name was Tom. That is a short name, and you have heard it before, so you will not have much trouble in remembering it. He lived in a great town in the North country, where there were plenty of chimneys to sweep, and plenty of money for Tom to earn

and his master to spend. He could not read nor write, and did not care to do either; and he never washed himself, for there was no water up the court where he lived. He had never been taught to say his prayers. He never had heard of God, or of Christ, except in words which you never have heard, and which it would have been well if he had never heard. He cried half his time, and laughed the other half. He cried when he had to climb the dark flues, rubbing his poor knees and elbows raw; and when the soot got into his eyes, which it did every day in the week; and when his master beat him, which he did every day in the week; and when he had not enough to eat, which happened every day in the week likewise. And he laughed the other half of the day, when he was tossing half-pennies with the other boys, or playing leap-frog over the posts, or bowling stones at the horses' legs as they trotted by, which last was excellent fun, when there was a wall at hand behind which to hide. As for chimney-sweeping, and being hungry, and being beaten, he took all that for the way of the world, like the rain and snow and thunder, and stood manfully with his back to it till it was over, as his old donkey did to a hail-storm; and then shook his ears and was as jolly as ever; and thought of the fine times coming, when he would be a man, and a master sweep, and sit in the public-house with a quart of beer and a long pipe, and play cards for silver money, and wear velveteens and ankle-jacks, and keep a white bull-dog with one gray ear, and carry her puppies in his pocket, just like a man. And he would have apprentices, one, two, three, if he could. How he would bully them, and knock them about, just as his master did to him; and make them carry home the soot sacks, while he rode before them on his donkey, with a pipe in his mouth and a flower in his button-hole, like a king at the head of his army. Yes, there were good times coming; and, when his master let him have a pull at the leavings of his beer, Tom was the jolliest boy in the whole town.

One day a smart little groom rode into the court where Tom lived. Tom was just hiding behind a wall, to heave half a brick at his horse's legs, as is the custom of that country when they welcome strangers; but the groom saw him, and halloed to him to know where Mr. Grimes, the chimney-sweep, lived. Now, Mr. Grimes was Tom's own master, and Tom was a good man of business, and always civil to customers, so he put the half-brick down quietly behind the wall, and proceeded to take orders.

Mr. Grimes was to come up next morning to Sir John Harthover's, at the Place, for his old chimney-sweep was gone to prison, and the chimneys wanted sweeping. And so he rode away, not giving Tom time to ask what the sweep had gone to prison for, which was a matter of interest to Tom, as he had been in prison once or twice himself. Moreover, the groom looked so very neat and clean, with his drab gaiters, drab breeches, drab jacket, snow-white tie with a smart pin in it, and clean round ruddy face, that Tom was offended and disgusted at his appearance, and considered him a stuck-up fellow, who gave himself airs because he wore smart clothes, and other people paid for them; and went behind the wall to fetch the half-brick after all: but did not, remembering that he had come in the way of business, and was, as it were, under a flag of truce.

His master was so delighted at his new customer that he knocked Tom down out of hand, and drank more beer that night than he usually did in two, in order to be sure of getting up in time next morning; for the more a man's head aches when he wakes, the more glad he is to turn out, and have a breath of fresh air. And, when he did get up at four the next morning, he knocked Tom down again, in order to teach him (as young gentlemen used to be taught at public schools) that he must be an extra good boy that day, as they were going to a very great house, and might make a very good thing of it, if they could but give satisfaction.

And Tom thought so likewise, and, indeed, would have done and behaved his best, even without being knocked down. For, of all places upon earth, Harthover Place (which he had never seen) was the most wonderful; and, of all men on earth, Sir John (whom he had seen, having been sent to jail by him twice) was the most awful.

Harthover Place was really a grand place, even for the rich North country; with a house so large than in the frame-breaking riots,

which Tom could just remember, the Duke of Wellington, with ten thousand soldiers and cannon to match, were easily housed therein; at least, so Tom believed; with a park full of deer, which Tom believed to be monsters who were in the habit of eating children; with miles of game-preserves, in which Mr. Grimes and the collier-lads poached at times, on which occasions Tom saw pheasants, and wondered what they tasted like; with a noble salmon-river, in which Mr. Grimes and his friends would have liked to poach; but then they must have got into cold water, and that they did not like at all. In short, Harthover was a grand place, and Sir John a grand old man, whom even Mr. Grimes respected, for not only could he send Mr. Grimes to prison when he deserved it, as he did once or twice a week; not only did he own all the land about for miles; not only was he a jolly, honest, sensible squire as ever kept a pack of hounds, who would do what he thought right by his neighbors, as well as get what he thought right for himself, but, what was more, he weighed full fifteen stone, was nobody knew how many inches round the chest, and could have thrashed Mr. Grimes himself in fair fight, which very few folk round there could do, and which, my dear little boy, would not have been right for him to do, as a great many things are not which one both can do, and would like very much to do. So Mr. Grimes touched his hat to him when he rode through the town, and called him a "buirdly awd chap," and his young ladies "gradely lasses," which are two high compliments in the North country; and thought that that made up for his poaching Sir John's pheasants; whereby you may perceive that Mr. Grimes had not been to a properly-inspected Government National School.

Now, I dare say, you never got up at three o'clock on a midsummer morning. Some people get up then because they want to catch salmon; and some, because they want to climb Alps; and a great many more, because they must, like Tom. But, I assure you, that three o'clock on a midsummer morning is the pleasantest time of all the twenty-four hours, and all the three hundred and sixty-five days; and why every one does not get up then, I never could tell, save that they are all determined to spoil their nerves and their complexions, by doing all night, what they might just as well do all day. But Tom, instead of going out to dinner at half-past eight at night, and to a ball at ten, and finishing off somewhere between twelve and four, went to bed at seven, when his master went to the public-house, and slept like a dead pig: for which reason he was as piert as a game-cock (who always gets up early to wake the maids), and just ready to get up when the fine gentlemen and ladies were just ready to go to bed.

So he and his master set out; Grimes rode the donkey in front, and Tom and the brushes walked behind; out of the court, and up the street, past the closed window-shutters, and the winking weary policemen, and the roofs all shining gray in the gray dawn.

They passed through the pitmen's village, all shut up and silent now; and through the turnpike; and then they were out in the real country, and plodding along the black dusty road, between black slag walls, with no sound but the groaning and thumping of the pit-engine in the next field. But soon the road grew white, and the walls likewise; and at the wall's foot grew long grass and gay flowers, all drenched with dew; and instead of the groaning of the pit-engine, they heard the skylark saying his matins high up in the air, and the pit-bird warbling in the sedges, as he had warbled all night long.

All else was silent. For old Mrs. Earth was still fast asleep; and, like many pretty people, she looked still prettier asleep than awake. The great elm trees in the gold-green meadows were fast asleep above, and the cows fast asleep beneath them; nay, the few clouds which were about were fast asleep likewise, and so tired that they had lain down on the earth to rest, in long white flakes and bars, among the stems of the elm trees, and along the tops of the alders by the stream, waiting for the sun to bid them rise and go about their day's business in the clear blue overhead.

On they went; and Tom looked, and looked, for he never had been so far into the country before; and longed to get over a gate, and pick buttercups, and look for birds' nests in the hedge; but Mr. Grimes was a man of business, and would not have heard of that.

Soon they came up with a poor Irishwoman, trudging along with a bundle at her back. She had a gray shawl over her head, and a crimson madder petticoat; so you may be sure she came from Galway. She had neither shoes nor stockings, and limped along as if she were tired and footsore; but she was a very tall handsome woman, with bright gray eyes, and heavy black hair hanging about her cheeks. And she took Mr. Grimes's fancy so much, that when he came alongside he called out to her:

"This is a hard road for a gradely foot like that. Will ye up, lass, and ride behind me?"

But, perhaps, she did not admire Mr. Grimes's look and voice; for she answered quietly:

"No, thank you; I'd sooner walk with your little lad here."

"You may please yourself," growled Grimes, and went on smoking.

So she walked beside Tom, and talked to him, and asked him where he lived, and what he knew, and all about himself, till Tom thought he had never met such a pleasant-spoken woman. And she asked him, at last, whether he said his prayers; and seemed sad when he told her that he knew no prayers to say.

Then he asked her where she lived; and she said far away by the sea. And Tom asked her about the sea; and she told him how it rolled and roared over the rocks in winter nights, and lay still in the bright summer days, for the children to bathe and play in it; and many a story more, till Tom longed to go and see the sea, and bathe in it likewise.

At last, at the bottom of a hill, they came to a spring: not such a spring as you see here, which soaks up out of a white gravel in the bog, among red fly-catchers, and pink bottle-heath, and sweet white orchis; nor such a one as you may see, too, here, which bubbles up under the warm sand-bank in the hollow lane, by the great tuft of lady ferns, and makes the sand dance reels at the bottom, day and night, all the year round: not such a spring as either of those: but a real North country limestone fountain, like one of those in Sicily or Greece, where the old heathen fancied the nymphs sat cooling themselves the hot summer's day, while the shepherds peeped at them from behind the bushes.

Out of a low cave of rock, at the foot of a limestone crag, the great fountain rose, quelling and bubbling, and gurgling, so clear that you could not tell where the water ended and the air began; and ran away under the road, a stream large enough to turn a mill; among blue geranium, and golden globe-flower, and wild raspberry, and the bird-cherry with its tassels of snow.

And there Grimes stopped, and looked; and Tom looked too. Tom was wondering whether anything lived in that dark cave, and came out at night to fly in the meadows. But Grimes was not wondering at all. Without a word, he got off his donkey, and clambered over the low road wall, and knelt down, and began dipping his ugly head into the spring — and very dirty he made it.

Tom was picking the flowers as fast as he could. The Irishwoman helped him, and showed him how to tie them up; and a very pretty nosegay they had made between them. But when he saw Grimes actually wash, he stopped, quite astonished; and when Grimes had finished, and began shaking his ears to dry them, he said:

"Why, master, I never saw you do that before."

"Nor will again, most likely. 'T was n't for cleanliness I did it, but for coolness. I 'd be ashamed to want washing every week or so, like any smutty collier-lad."

"I wish I might go and dip my head in," said poor little Tom. "It must be as good as putting it under the town-pump; and there is no beadle here to drive a chap away."

"Thou come along," said Grimes, "what dost want with washing thyself? Thou did not drink half a gallon of beer last night, like me."

"I don't care for you," said naughty Tom, and ran down to the stream, and began washing his face.

Grimes was very sulky, because the woman preferred Tom's company to his; so he dashed at him with horrid words, and tore him up from his knees, and began beating him. But Tom was accustomed to that, and got his head safe between Mr. Grimes's legs, and kicked his shins with all his might. . . .

And by this time they were come up to the great iron gates in front of the house; and Tom stared through them at the rhododendrons and azaleas, which were all in flower; and then at

the house itself, and wondered how many chimneys there were in it, and how long ago it was built, and what was the man's name that built it, and whether he got much money for his job?

These last were very difficult questions to answer. For Harthover had been built at ninety different times, and in nineteen different styles, and looked as if somebody had built a whole street of houses of every imaginable shape, and then stirred them together with a spoon.

But Tom and his master did not go in through the great iron gates, as if they had been Dukes or Bishops, but round the back way, and a very long way round it was; and into a little back-door, where the ash-boy let them in, yawning horribly; and then in a passage the housekeeper met them, in such a flowered chintz dressing-gown, that Tom mistook her for My Lady herself, and she gave Grimes solemn orders about "You will take care of this, and take care of that," as if he was going up the chimneys, and not Tom. And Grimes listened, and said every now and then, under his voice, "You'll mind that, you little beggar?" and Tom did mind, all at least that he could. And then the housekeeper turned them into a grand room, all covered up in sheets of brown paper, and bade them begin, in a lofty and tremendous voice; and so after a whimper or two, and a kick from his master, into the grate Tom went, and up the chimney, while a housemaid stayed in the room to watch the furniture; to whom Mr. Grimes paid many playful and chivalrous compliments, but met with very slight encouragement in return.

How many chimneys he swept I cannot say: but he swept so many that he got quite tired, and puzzled too, for they were not like the town flues to which he was accustomed, but such as you would find — if you would only get up them and look, which perhaps you would not like to do — in old country-houses, large and crooked chimneys, which had been altered again and again, till they ran into one another, anastomosing (as Professor Owen would say) considerably. So Tom fairly lost his way in them; not that he cared much for that, though he was in pitchy darkness, for he was as much at home in a chimney as a mole is underground; but at last, coming down as he thought the right chimney, he came down the wrong one, and found himself standing on the hearthrug in a room the like of which he had never seen before.

Tom had never seen the like. He had never been in gentlefolks' rooms but when the carpets were all up, and the curtains down, and the furniture huddled together under a cloth, and the pictures covered with aprons and dusters; and he had often enough wondered what the rooms were like when they were all ready for the quality to sit in. And now he saw, and he thought the sight very pretty.

The room was all dressed in white; white window curtains, white bed curtains, white furniture, and white walls, with just a few lines of pink here and there. The carpet was all over gay little flowers; and the walls were hung with pictures in gilt frames, which amused Tom very much. There were pictures of ladies and gentlemen, and pictures of horses and dogs. The horses he liked; but the dogs he did not care for much, for there were no bull-dogs among them, not even a terrier. But the two pictures which took his fancy most were, one a man in long garments, with little children and their mothers round him, who was laying his hand upon the children's heads. That was a very pretty picture, Tom thought, to hang in a lady's room. For he could see that it was a lady's room by the dresses which lay about.

The other picture was that of a man nailed to a cross, which surprised Tom much. He fancied that he had seen something like it in a shop window. But why was it there? "Poor man," thought Tom, "and he looks so kind and quiet. But why should the lady have such a sad picture as that in her room? Perhaps it was some kinsman of hers, who had been murdered by the savages in foreign parts, and she kept it there for a remembrance." And Tom felt sad, and awed, and turned to look at something else.

The next thing he saw, and that too puzzled him, was a washing-stand, with ewers and basins, and soap and brushes, and towels; and a large bath, full of clean water — what a heap of things all for washing! "She must be a very dirty lady," thought Tom, "by my master's rule, to want as much scrubbing as all that. But she must be very cunning to put the dirt out of the way so well afterwards, for I

don't see a speck about the room, not even on the very towels."

And then, looking toward the bed, he saw that dirty lady, and held his breath with astonishment.

Under the snow-white coverlet, upon the snow-white pillow, lay the most beautiful little girl that Tom had ever seen. Her cheeks were almost as white as the pillow, and her hair was like threads of gold spread all about over the bed. She might have been as old as Tom, or maybe a year or two older; but Tom did not think of that. He thought only of her delicate skin and golden hair, and wondered whether she were a real live person, or one of the wax dolls he had seen in the shops. But when he saw her breathe, he made up his mind that she was alive, and stood staring at her, as if she had been an angel out of heaven.

No. She cannot be dirty. She never could have been dirty, thought Tom to himself. And then he thought, "And are all people like that when they are washed?" And he looked at his own wrist, and tried to rub the soot off, and wondered whether it ever would come off. "Certainly I should look much prettier then, if I grew at all like her."

And looking round, he suddenly saw, standing close to him, a little ugly, black, ragged figure, with bleared eyes and grinning white teeth. He turned on it angrily. What did such a little black ape want in that sweet young lady's room? And behold, it was himself, reflected in a great mirror, the like of which Tom had never seen before.

And Tom, for the first time in his life, found out that he was dirty; and burst into tears with shame and anger; and turned to sneak up the chimney again and hide, and upset the fender, and threw the fire-irons down, with a noise as of ten thousand tin kettles tied to ten thousand mad dogs' tails.

Up jumped the little white lady in her bed, and, seeing Tom, screamed as shrill as any peacock. In rushed a stout old nurse from the next room, and seeing Tom likewise, made up her mind that he had come to rob, plunder, destroy, and burn; and dashed at him, as he lay over the fender, so fast that she caught him by the jacket.

But she did not hold him. Tom had been in a policeman's hands many a time, and out of them too, what is more; and he would have been ashamed to face his friends forever if he had been stupid enough to be caught by an old woman: so he doubled under the good lady's arm, across the room, and out of the window in a moment.

He did not need to drop out, though he would have done so bravely enough. Nor even to let himself down a spout, which would have been an old game to him; for once he got up by a spout to the church roof, he said to take jackdaws' eggs, but the policemen said to steal lead; and when he was seen on high, sat there till the sun got too hot, and came down by another spout, leaving the policemen to go back to the station-house and eat their dinners.

But all under the window spread a tree, with great leaves, and sweet white flowers, almost as big as his head. It was a magnolia, I suppose; but Tom knew nothing about that, and cared less; for down the tree he went, like a cat, and across the garden lawn, and over the iron-railings, and up the park towards the wood, leaving the old nurse to scream murder and fire at the window.

The under gardener, mowing, saw Tom, and threw down his scythe; caught his leg in it, and cut his shin open, whereby he kept his bed for a week: but in his hurry he never knew it, and gave chase to poor Tom. The dairymaid heard the noise, got the churn between her knees, and tumbled over it, spilling all the cream; and yet she jumped up, and gave chase to Tom. A groom cleaning Sir John's hack at the stables let him go loose, whereby he kicked himself lame in five minutes; but he ran out, and gave chase to Tom. Grimes upset the soot-sack in the new-gravelled yard, and spoilt it all utterly; but, he ran out and gave chase to Tom. The old steward opened the park gate in such a hurry, that he hung up his pony's chin upon the spikes, and for aught I know it hangs there still; but he jumped off, and gave chase to Tom. The ploughman left his horses at the headland, and one jumped over the fence, and pulled the other into the ditch, plough and all; but he ran on, and gave chase to Tom. The keeper, who was taking a stoat out of a trap, let the stoat go, and caught his own finger; but he jumped up and ran after

Tom, and considering what he said, and how he looked, I should have been sorry for Tom if he had caught him. Sir John looked out of his study window (for he was an early old gentleman), and up at the nurse, and a marten dropt mud in his eye, so that he had at last to send for the doctor; and yet he ran out and gave chase to Tom. The Irishwoman, too, was walking up to the house to beg — she must have got round by some byway: but she threw away her bundle, and gave chase to Tom likewise. Only my lady did not give chase; for when she had put her head out of the window, her night-wig fell into the garden, and she had to ring up her lady's-maid, and send her down for it privately; which quite put her out of the running, so that she came in nowhere, and is consequently not placed.

In a word, never was there heard at Hall Place, not even when the fox was killed in the conservatory, among acres of broken glass, and tons of smashed flower-pots, such a noise, row, hubbub, babel, shindy, hallabaloo, stramash, charivari, and total contempt of dignity, repose, and order, as that day, when Grimes, the gardener, the groom, the dairymaid, Sir John, the steward, the ploughman, the keeper, and the Irishwoman, all ran up the park, shouting "Stop thief," in the belief that Tom had at least a thousand pounds' worth of jewels in his empty pockets; and the very magpies and jays followed Tom up, screaking and screaming, as if he were a hunted fox, beginning to droop his brush.

And all the while poor Tom paddled up the park with his little bare feet, like a small black gorilla fleeing to the forest. Alas for him! there was no big father gorilla therein to take his part; to scratch out the gardener's inside with one paw, toss the dairymaid into a tree with another, and wrench off Sir John's head with a third, while he cracked the keeper's skull with his teeth, as easily as if it had been a cocoa-nut or a paving-stone.

However, Tom did not remember ever having had a father; so he did not look for one, and expected to have to take care of himself; while as for running, he could keep up for a couple of miles with any stage-coach, if there was the chance of a copper or a cigar end, and turn coach wheels on his hands and feet ten times following, which is more than you can do. Wherefore his pursuers found it very difficult to catch him; and we will hope that they did not catch him at all.

Tom, of course, made for the woods. He had never been in a wood in his life: but he was sharp enough to know that he might hide in a bush, or swarm up a tree, and, altogether, had more chance there than in the open. If he had not known that, he would have been foolisher than a mouse or a minnow.

But when he got into the wood, he found it a very different sort of place from what he had fancied. He pushed into a thick cover of rhododendrons, and found himself at once caught in a trap. The boughs laid hold of his legs and arms, poked him in his face and his stomach, made him shut his eyes tight (though that was no great loss, for he could not see at best a yard before his nose); and when he got through the rhododendrons, the hassock-grass and sedges tumbled him over, and cut his poor little fingers afterwards most spitefully; the birches birched him as soundly as if he had been a nobleman at Eton, and over the face too (which is not fair swishing, as all brave boys will agree); and the lawyers tripped him up, and tore his shins as if they had shark's teeth — which lawyers are likely enough to have.

"I must get out of this," thought Tom, "or I shall stay here till somebody comes to help me — which is just what I don't want."

But how to get out was the difficult matter. And indeed I don't think he would ever have got out at all, but have staid there till the cock-robins covered him with leaves, if he had not suddenly run his head against a wall.

Now running your head against a wall is not pleasant, especially if it is a loose wall, with the stones all set on edge, and a sharp-cornered one hits you between the eyes, and makes you see all manner of beautiful stars. The stars are very beautiful, certainly: but unfortunately they go in the twenty-thousandth part of a split second, and the pain which comes after them does not. And so Tom hurt his head; but he was a brave boy, and did not mind that a penny. He guessed that over the wall the cover would end; and up it he went, and over like a squirrel.

And there he was, out on the great grouse-

moors, which the country folk called Harthover Fell — heather and bog and rock, stretching away and up, up to the very sky.

Now Tom was a cunning little fellow — as cunning as an old Exmoor stag. Why not? Though he was but ten years old, he had lived longer than most stags, and had more wits to start with into the bargain.

He knew as well as a stag, that if he backed he might throw the hounds out. So the first thing he did when he was over the wall, was to make the neatest double sharp to his right, and run along under the wall for nearly half a mile.

Whereby, Sir John, and the keeper, and the steward, and the gardener, and the ploughman, and the dairymaid, and all the hue-and-cry together, went on ahead half a mile in the very opposite direction, and inside the wall, leaving him a mile off on the outside, while Tom heard their shouts die away in the wood, and chuckled to himself merrily.

At last he came to a dip in the land, and went to the bottom of it, and then he turned bravely away from the wall, and up the moor; for he knew that he had put a hill between him and his enemies, and could go on without their seeing him.

But the Irishwoman, alone of them all, had seen which way Tom went. She had kept ahead of every one the whole time: and yet she neither walked nor ran. She went along quite smoothly and gracefully, while her feet twinkled past each other so fast, that you could not see which was foremost; till every one asked the other who the strange woman was? and all agreed, for want of anything better to say, that she must be in league with Tom.

But when she came to the plantation they lost sight of her; and they could do no less. For she went quietly over the wall after Tom, and followed him wherever he went. Sir John and the rest saw no more of her; and out of sight was out of mind.

And now Tom was right away in the heather, over just such a moor as those in which you have been bred, except that there were rocks and stones lying about everywhere; and that instead of the moor growing flat as he went upwards, it grew more and more broken and hilly: but not so rough but that little Tom could jog along well enough, and find time, too, to stare about at the strange place, which was like a new world to him.

He saw great spiders there, with crowns and crosses marked on their backs, who sat in the middle of their webs, and when they saw Tom coming, shook them so fast that they became invisible. Then he saw lizards, brown, and gray, and green, and thought they were snakes, and would sting him: but they were as much frightened as he, and shot away into the heath. And then, under a rock, he saw a pretty sight — a great brown sharp-nosed creature, with a white tag to her brush, and round her, four or five smutty little cubs, the funniest fellows Tom ever saw. She lay on her back, rolling about, and stretching out her legs, and head, and tail in the bright sunshine; and the cubs jumped over her, and ran round her, and nibbled her paws, and lugged her about by the tail; and she seemed to enjoy it mightily. But one selfish little fellow stole away from the rest to a dead crow close by, and dragged it off to hide it, though it was nearly as big as he was. Whereat all his little brothers set off after him in full cry, and saw Tom; and then all ran back, and up jumped Mrs. Vixen, and caught one up in her mouth, and the rest toddled after her, and into a dark crack in the rocks; and there was an end of the show.

And next he had a fright; for as he scrambled up a sandy brow — whirr-poof-poof-cock-cock-kick — something went off in his face, with a most horrid noise. He thought the ground had blown up, and the end of the world come.

And when he opened his eyes (for he shut them very tight), it was only an old cock-grouse, who had been washing himself in sand, like an Arab for want of water; and who, when Tom had all but trodden on him, jumped up, with a noise like the express train, leaving his wife and children to shift for themselves, like an old coward, and went off, screaming "Cur-ru-u-uck, cur-ru-u-uck — murder, thieves, fire — cur-u-uck-cock-kick — the end of the world is come — kick-kick-cock-kick." He was always fancying that the end of the world was come, when anything happened which was farther off than the end of his own nose. But the end of the world was not come, any more than the twelfth of August was; though the old grouse-cock was quite certain of it.

So the old grouse came back to his wife and family an hour afterwards, and said solemnly, "Cock-cock-kick; my dears, the end of the world is not quite come; but I assure you it is coming the day after to-morrow — cock." But his wife had heard that so often, that she knew all about it, and a little more. And, beside, she was the mother of a family, and had seven little poults to wash and feed every day; and that made her very practical, and a little sharp-tempered; so all she answered was: "Kick-kick-kick — go and catch spiders, go and catch spiders — kick."

So Tom went on, and on, he hardly knew why: but he liked the great, wide, strange place, and the cool, fresh, bracing air. But he went more and more slowly as he got higher up the hill; for now the ground grew very bad indeed. Instead of soft turf and springy heather he met great patches of flat limestone rock, just like ill-made pavements, with deep cracks between the stones and ledges, filled with ferns; so he had to hop from stone to stone, and now and then he slipped in between, and hurt his little bare toes, though they were tolerably tough ones: but still he would go on and up, he could not tell why.

What would Tom have said, if he had seen, walking over the moor behind him, the very same Irishwoman who had taken his part upon the road? But whether it was that he looked too little behind him, or whether it was that she kept out of sight behind the rocks and knolls, he never saw her, though she saw him.

And now he began to get a little hungry, and very thirsty; for he had run a long way, and the sun had risen high in heaven, and the rock was as hot as an oven, and the air danced reels over it, as it does over a limekiln, till everything round seemed quivering and melting in the glare.

But he could see nothing to eat anywhere, and still less to drink.

The heath was full of bilberries and whimberries: but they were only in flower yet, for it was June. And as for water, who can find that on the top of a limestone rock? Now and then he passed by a deep dark swallow-hole, going down into the earth, as if it was the chimney of some dwarf's house underground; and more than once, as he passed, he could hear water falling, trickling, tinkling, many, many feet below. How he longed to get down to it, and cool his poor baked lips! But, brave little chimney-sweep as he was, he dared not climb down such chimneys as those.

So he went on, and on, till his head spun round with the heat, and he thought he heard church-bells ringing, a long way off.

"Ah!" he thought, "where there is a church, there will be houses and people; and, perhaps, some one will give me a bit and a sup." So he set off again, to look for the church; for he was sure that he heard the bells quite plain.

And in a minute more, when he looked round, he stopped again, and said, "Why, what a big place the world is!"

And so it was; for, from the top of the mountain, he could see — what could he not see?

Behind him, far below, was Harthover, and the dark woods, and the shining salmon river; and on his left, far below, was the town, and the smoking chimneys of the collieries; and far, far away, the river widened to the shining sea; and little white specks, which were ships, lay on its bosom. Before him lay spread out like a map, great plains, and farms, and villages, amid dark knots of trees. They all seemed at his very feet; but he had sense to see that they were long miles away.

And to his right rose moor after moor, hill after hill, till they faded away, blue into blue sky. But between him and those moors, and really at his very feet, lay something, to which, as soon as Tom saw it, he determined to go, for that was the place for him.

A deep, deep green and rocky valley, very narrow, and filled with wood: but through the wood, hundreds of feet below him, he could see a clear stream glance. Oh, if he could but get down to that stream! Then, by the stream, he saw the roof of a little cottage, and a little garden set out in squares and beds. And there was a tiny little red thing moving in the garden, no bigger than a fly. As Tom looked down, he saw that it was a woman in a red petticoat! Ah! perhaps she would give him something to eat. And there were the church bells ringing again. Surely there must be a village down there. Well, nobody would know him, or what had happened at the Place. The news could not have got there yet, even if Sir John had set

all the policemen in the county after him; and he could get down there in five minutes.

Tom was quite right about the hue-and-cry not having got thither; for he had come, without knowing it, the best part of ten miles from Harthover: but he was wrong about getting down in five minutes, for the cottage was more than a mile off, and a good thousand feet below.

However, down he went, like a brave little man as he was, though he was very footsore, and tired, and hungry, and thirsty; while the church bells rang so loud, he began to think that they must be inside his own head, and the river chimed and tinkled far below. So Tom went down; and all the while he never saw the Irishwoman going down behind him.

A mile off, and a thousand feet down. So Tom found it; though it seemed as if he could have chucked a pebble on to the back of the woman in the red petticoat who was weeding in the garden, or even across the dale to the rocks beyond.

For the bottom of the valley was just one field broad, and on the other side ran the stream; and above it, gray crag, gray down, gray stair, gray moor, walled up to heaven.

So Tom went to go down; and first he went down three hundred feet of steep heather, mixed up with loose brown gritstone, as rough as a file; which was not pleasant to his poor little heels, as he came bump, stump, jump, down the steep. And still he thought he could throw a stone into the garden.

Then he went down three hundred feet of limestone terraces, one below the other, as straight as if Mr. George White had ruled them with his ruler and then cut them out with his chisel. There was no heath there, but —

First, a little grass slope, covered with the prettiest flowers, rockrose and saxifrage, and thyme and basil, and all sorts of sweet herbs.

Then bump down a two-foot step of limestone.

Then another bit of grass and flowers.

Then bump down a one-foot step.

Then another bit of grass and flowers for fifty yards, as steep as the house-roof, where he had to slide down on his dear little tail.

Then another step of stone, ten feet high; and there he had to stop himself, and crawl along the edge to find a crack; for if he had rolled over, he would have rolled right into the old woman's garden, and frightened her out of her wits.

Then, when he had found a dark narrow crack, full of green-stalked fern, such as hangs in the basket in the drawing-room, and had crawled down through it, with knees and elbows, as he would down a chimney, there was another grass slope, and another step, and so on, till — oh, dear me! I wish it was all over; and so did he. And yet he thought he could throw a stone into the old woman's garden.

At last he came to a bank of beautiful shrubs; whitebeam with its great silver-backed leaves, and mountain-ash, and oak; and below them cliff and crag, cliff and crag, with great beds of crown-ferns and wood-sedge; while through the shrubs he could see the stream sparkling, and hear it murmur on the white pebbles. He did not know that it was three hundred feet below.

You would have been giddy, perhaps, at looking down; but Tom was not. He was a brave little chimney-sweep; and when he found himself on the top of a high cliff, instead of sitting down and crying for his baba (though he never had had any baba to cry for), he said, "Ah, this will just suit me!" though he was very tired; and down he went, by stock and stone, sedge and ledge, bush and rush, as if he had been born a jolly little black ape, with four hands instead of two.

And all the while, he never saw the Irishwoman coming down behind him.

But he was getting terribly tired now. The burning sun on the fells had sucked him up; but the damp heat of the woody crag sucked him up still more; and the perspiration ran out of the ends of his fingers and toes, and washed him cleaner than he had been for a whole year. But, of course, he dirtied everything terribly as he went. There has been a great black smudge all down the crag ever since. And there have been more black beetles in Vendale since than ever were known before; all, of course, owing to Tom's having blacked the original papa of them all, just as he was setting off to be married, with a sky-blue coat and scarlet leggings, as smart as a gardener's dog with a polyanthus in his mouth.

At last he got to the bottom. But, behold it was not the bottom — as people usually find

TOP: THE LITTLE GIRL PUT HER FINGER IN HER MOUTH AND LOOKED AT TOM. TOM SAW THE FAIRIES CARRY BABY AND CRADLE GENTLY DOWN IN THEIR SOFT ARMS. BOTTOM: THE PROFESSOR CAUGHT POOR LITTLE TOM IN HIS NET. THE FAIRY TOOK OUT THE MOST WONDERFUL WATERPROOF BOOK

when they are coming down a mountain. For at the foot of the crag were heaps and heaps of fallen limestone of every size from that of your head to that of a stage-wagon, with holes between them full of sweet heath-fern; and before Tom got through them, he was out in the bright sunshine again; and then he felt, once for all and suddenly, as people generally do, that he was b-e-a-t, beat.

You must expect to be beat a few times in your life, little man, if you live such a life as a man ought to live, let you be as strong and healthy as you may: and when you are, you will find it a very ugly feeling. I hope that that day you may have a stout staunch friend by you who is not beat; for if you have not, you had best lie where you are, and wait for better times, as poor Tom did.

He could not get on. The sun was burning, and yet he felt chill all over. He was quite empty, and yet he felt quite sick. There was but two hundred yards of smooth pasture between him and the cottage, and yet he could not walk down it. He could hear the stream murmuring only one field beyond it, and yet it seemed to him as if it was a hundred miles off.

He lay down on the grass till the beetles ran over him, and the flies settled on his nose. I don't know when he would have got up again, if the gnats and the midges had not taken compassion on him. But the gnats blew their trumpets so loud in his ear, and the midges nibbled so at his hands and face wherever they could find a place free from soot, that at last he woke up, and stumbled away, down over a low wall, and into a narrow road, and up to the cottage door.

And a neat pretty cottage it was, with clipt yew hedges all round the garden, and yews inside too, cut into peacocks and trumpets and teapots and all kinds of queer shapes. And out of the open door came a noise like that of the frogs on the Great-A, when they know that it is going to be scorching hot to-morrow— and how they know that I don't know, and you don't know, and nobody knows.

He came slowly up to the open door, which was all hung round with clematis and roses; and then peeped in, half afraid.

And there sat by the empty fire-place, which was filled with a pot of sweet herbs, the nicest old woman that ever was seen, in her red petticoat, and short dimity bedgown, and clean white cap, with a black silk handkerchief over it, tied under her chin. At her feet sat the grandfather of all the cats; and opposite her sat, on two benches, twelve or fourteen neat rosy chubby little children, learning their Chris-cross-row; and gabble enough they made about it.

Such a pleasant cottage it was, with a shiny clean stone floor, and curious old prints on the walls, and an old black oak sideboard full of bright pewter and brass dishes, and a cuckoo clock in the corner, which began shouting as soon as Tom appeared: not that it was frightened at Tom, but that it was just eleven o'clock.

All the children started at Tom's dirty black figure; the girls began to cry, and the boys began to laugh, and all pointed at him rudely enough: but Tom was too tired to care for that.

"What art thou, and what dost want?" cried the old dame. "A chimney-sweep! Away with thee. I 'll have no sweeps here."

"Water," said poor little Tom, quite faint.

"Water? There 's plenty i' the beck," she said, quite sharply.

"But I can't get there; I 'm most clemmed with hunger and drought." And Tom sank down upon the door-step and laid his head against the post.

And the old dame looked at him through her spectacles one minute, and two, and three; and then she said, "He 's sick; and a bairn 's a bairn, sweep or none."

"Water," said Tom.

"God forgive me!" and she put by her spectacles, and rose, and came to Tom. "Water 's bad for thee; I 'll give thee milk." And she toddled off into the next room, and brought a cup of milk and a bit of bread.

Tom drank the milk off at one draught, and then looked up, revived.

"Where didst come from?" said the dame.

"Over Fell, there," said Tom, and pointed up into the sky.

"Over Harthover? and down Lewthwaite Crag? Art sure thou art not lying?"

"Why should I?" said Tom, and leant his head against the post.

"And how got ye up there?"

"I came over from the Place," and Tom was

so tired and desperate he had no heart or time to think of a story, so he told all the truth in a few words.

"Bless thy little heart! And thou hast not been stealing, then?"

"No."

"Bless thy little heart! and I'll warrant not. Why, God's guided the bairn, because he was innocent! Away from the Place, and over Harthover Fell, and down Lewthwaite Crag! Who ever heard the like, if God had n't led him? Why dost not eat thy bread?"

"I can't."

"It 's good enough, for I made it myself."

"I can't," said Tom, and he laid his head on his knees, and then asked —

"Is it Sunday?"

"No, then; why should it be?"

"Because I hear the church bells ringing so."

"Bless thy pretty heart! The bairn 's sick. Come wi' me, and I'll hap thee up somewhere. If thou wert a bit cleaner I'd put thee in my own bed, for the Lord's sake. But come along here."

But when Tom tried to get up, he was so tired and giddy that she had to help him and lead him.

She put him in an outhouse upon soft sweet hay and an old rug, and bade him sleep off his walk, and she would come to him when school was over, in an hour's time.

And so she went in again, expecting Tom to fall fast asleep at once.

But Tom did not fall asleep.

Instead of it he turned and tossed and kicked about in the strangest way, and felt so hot all over that he longed to get into the river and cool himself; and then he fell half asleep, and dreamt that he heard the little white lady crying to him, "Oh, you 're so dirty; go and be washed"; and then that he heard the Irishwoman saying, "Those that wish to be clean, clean they will be." And then he heard the church bells ring so loud, close to him, too, that he was sure it must be Sunday, in spite of what the old dame had said; and he would go to church, and see what a church was like inside, for he had never been in one, poor little fellow, in all his life. But the people would never let him come in, all over soot and dirt like that. He must go to the river and wash first. And he said out aloud again and again, though being half asleep he did not know it, "I must be clean, I must be clean."

And all of a sudden he found himself, not in the outhouse on the hay, but in the middle of a meadow, over the road, with a stream just before him, saying continually, "I must be clean, I must be clean." He had got there on his own legs, between sleep and awake, as children will often get out of bed, and go about the room, when they are not quite well. But he was not a bit surprised, and went on to the bank of the brook, and lay down on the grass, and looked into the clear, clear limestone water, with every pebble at the bottom bright and clean, while the little silver trout dashed about in fright at the sight of his black face; and he dipped his hand in and found it so cool, cool, cool; and he said, "I will be a fish; I will swim in the water; I must be clean, I must be clean."

So he pulled off all his clothes in such haste that he tore some of them, which was easy enough with such ragged old things. And he put his poor hot sore feet into the water; and then his legs; and the further he went in, the more the church bells rang in his head.

"Ah," said Tom, "I must be quick and wash myself; the bells are ringing quite loud now; and they will stop soon, and then the door will be shut, and I shall never be able to get in at all."

Tom was mistaken: for in England the church doors are left open all service time, for everybody who likes to come in, Churchman or Dissenter; ay, even if he were a Turk or a Heathen; and if any man dared to turn him out, as long as he behaved quietly, the good old English law would punish that man, as he deserved, for ordering any peaceable person out of God's house, which belongs to all alike. But Tom did not know that any more than he knew a great deal more which people ought to know.

And all the while he never saw the Irishwoman: not behind him this time, but before.

For just before he came to the river side, she had stept down into the cool clear water; and her shawl and her petticoat floated off her, and the green water-weeds floated round her sides, and the white water-lilies floated round her head, and the fairies of the stream came up from the bottom, and bore her away and down

upon their arms; for she was the Queen of them all; and perhaps of more besides.

"Where have you been?" they asked her.

"I have been smoothing sick folk's pillows, and whispering sweet dreams into their ears; opening cottage casements, to let out the stifling air; coaxing little children away from gutters, and foul pools where fever breeds; turning women from the gin-shop door, and staying men's hands as they were going to strike their wives; doing all I can to help those who will not help themselves: and little enough that is, and weary work for me. But I have brought you a new little brother, and watched him safe all the way here."

Then all the fairies laughed for joy as they thought that they had a little brother coming.

"But mind, maidens, he must not see you, or know that you are here. He is but a savage now, and like the beasts which perish; and from the beasts which perish he must learn. So you must not play with him, or speak to him, or let him see you: but only keep him from being harmed."

Then the fairies were sad, because they could not play with their new brother, but they always did what they were told.

And their Queen floated away down the river; and whither she went, thither she came. But all this Tom, of course, never saw or heard: and perhaps if he had, it would have made little difference in the story; for he was so hot and thirsty, and longed so to be clean for once, that he tumbled himself as quick as he could into the clear cool stream.

And he had not been in it two minutes before he fell fast asleep, into the quietest, sunniest, cosiest sleep that ever he had in his life; and he dreamt about the green meadows by which he had walked that morning, and the tall elm trees, and the sleeping cows; and after that he dreamt of nothing at all.

The reason of his falling into such a delightful sleep is very simple; and yet hardly anyone has found it out. It was merely that the fairies took him.

THE CHILDREN OF BLENTARN GHYLL

[This story of the courage and devotion of a nine-year-old girl is taken from *A Book of Golden Deeds*, by Charlotte M. Yonge. Miss Yonge wrote a large number of excellent books for young people. The most popular of these are *The Chaplet of Pearls*, *The Dove in the Eagle's Nest* (which everyone ought to read), and *The Lances of Lynwood*.]

BLENTARN GHYLL is the name of a little narrow gorge in those Westmoreland mountains, called Langdale Pikes, at whose feet lie the lovely green vale and lake of Grasmere. The lake is fed by mountain streamlets, called in the north becks. One of these becks comes down another beautiful valley called Easedale, sheltered by mountains and green with grass, as smooth and soft as on a lawn, from being cropped short by the sheep, which can be turned out here earlier in the spring than on the other mountain-sides. At one end, Easedale opens on the village of Grasmere, at the other is a steep ascent, leading to a bare stony ravine, shut in on all sides by high mountains, and with no outlet except the rough descent into Easedale, and likewise a dangerous winding path about six miles over the mountains to Langdale Head. This lonely ravine is called Far Easedale, and at the upper end there formerly stood a cottage named Blentarn Ghyll. Ghyll means a cleft worn in the rock by water; and just above the cottage there is such a cleft, opening from a basin in the rock that must once have been a tarn, or mountain lakelet, but the pool is now dry, and for want of the living eye of sparkling water, it is termed Blentarn or Blind pool.

The cottage was the dwelling of an honest old soldier named George Green, who had taken the little mountain farm, and married an active, bustling woman, who kept her home in great order, and regularly sent her children, tidily dressed, to school at Grasmere whenever the weather did not make the long wild mountain walk impossible for them.

It was in the winter of the year 1807 that there was an auction of furniture at a farmhouse at Langdale Head. These sales are great occasions

among the people of these hills; everyone attends them for a considerable distance round, and there is much friendly hospitality, much business of all sorts transacted, and many meetings of old friends, who scarcely ever see each other at other times. To this gathering George and Sarah Green set off early in the forenoon of a bright winter day, leaving their cottage and six little ones in the charge of the eldest sister, a girl of nine years old, named Agnes, for they had neither indoor nor outdoor servant, and no neighbor nearer than Grasmere.

Little Agnes was, however, a remarkably steady and careful child, and all went well through the day, but towards night the mist settled down heavily upon the hills, and the heavy sighing in the air told that a storm was working up; the children watched anxiously for their parents, but the fog cut off their view, flakes of snow began to fall, and darkness closed in early on them.

Agnes gave the others their supper of milk and oatmeal porridge, and they sat down waiting and watching, and fancying they heard sounds in the hills; but the clock struck one hour after another, and no step was on the threshold, no hand at the latch, no voice at the door, only the white silent flakes fell thicker and thicker, and began to close up the door, and come in white clinging wreaths through the crevices of the windows. Agnes tried to cheer the others up, but there was a dread on them all, and they could not bear to move away from the peat fire on the hearth, round which they were nestled. She put the two youngest, who were twins, to bed in their cradle, and sat on with the others, two boys and another girl, named Catherine, till the clock struck twelve, when she heard them one by one say their prayers, and doing the same herself, lay down to rest, trusting to her Heavenly Father's care.

The morning came, and no father and mother; only the snow falling thicker than ever, and almost blocking them in; but still Agnes did not lose hope; she thought her father and mother might have taken shelter at night in some *bield*, as she would have termed a sheep-fold, or that the snow might have prevented them from setting out at all, and they might come home by Grasmere in the morning. She cheered herself up, and dressed the others, made them say their prayers, and gave them their breakfast, recollecting as she saw the lessening stores that her mother must know how little was provided for them, and be as anxious to get home as they were to see her there. She longed to go down to Grasmere to inquire; but the communication was entirely cut off by the snow, for the beck was, in the winter, too wide for a child to leap, and too rapid to be waded, and the crazy wooden bridge that crossed it had so large a hole in it, that, when concealed with snow, it was not safe to attempt the passage. She said afterwards that she could not help being terrified at the loneliness and desolateness, but that she recollected that at least if she could not get out, no bad men could get in to hurt them; and she set herself resolutely to comfort and help the lesser creatures who depended on her. She thought over all that could be done for the present, and first wound up the clock, a friend that she could not allow to be silent; next she took all the remaining milk and scalded it, to prevent it turning sour; then she looked into the meal chest, and made some porridge for breakfast, but the store was so low that she was forced to put all except the babies upon short allowance; but to reconcile the others to this, she made cakes of a small hoard of flour, and baked them on the hearth. It was snowing so fast that she feared that the way to the peat stack would be blocked up, and therefore her next work was, with the help of the two boys, to pull down as much fuel as would last for a week, and carry it in-doors; and she examined the potatoes laid up in bracken leaves, but fancying that if she brought them in, the warmth of the cottage would spoil them, she only took enough for a single meal. Milking the cow was the next office performed by this orderly little maid, but the poor thing was half starved and had little to give. Agnes saw that more hay must be given to her, and calling the boys, scrambled with them into the loft, and began to pull down the hay; but this was severe work for such young children, and darkness came on in the midst, frightening the two little fellows, so that it required all the sister's steady resolution and perseverance to finish supplying the poor cow with even that night's supper and bed. Supper-time came, and after it the motherly child undressed the twins and found

voice to sing them to sleep, after which she joined the huddle of the other three, nestled on the hearth, and hour after hour they listened for the dear voices, till they fancied they heard sounds on the howling blast, held their breath, and then, as it died away, were conscious of the silence of the lull. So fierce was the snow-drift that Agnes had to guard the door and window from admitting long wreaths of it, and protect the fire from being put out as it came hissing down the chimney. Again her watch lasted till midnight, and no parents, no help came; again she went to bed, and awoke to find the snow falling thicker than ever, and hope failing within her. Her fond, active mother, her strong, brave father, a noted climber, would surely long ago have found the way home to their children had all been well with them. Agnes described herself as getting through this third lonely day by keeping her little flock together on the hearth, and making them say their prayers aloud by turns.

By the following morning the snow was over, and the wind had changed, so sweeping away the drifts, that though the treacherous bridge might not be attempted, a low stone wall had been exposed, which these little mountaineers knew would serve as a guide into Grasmere, by a circuit, which would avoid crossing the brook. It would be needful to force some gaps, that is, to push down the loose stones of the uncemented stone walls that divided the fields, and the little boys came with Agnes to help her in this as far as the ridge of the hill; but the way was long and unsafe for small children, and Agnes sent them back, while she made her way alone, a frail little being in the vast slopes of snow, to the house nearest in Grasmere.

She knocked at the door and was made kindly welcome, but no sooner did she ask for her father and mother than smiles turned to looks of pity and dismay. In half-an-hour the news that George and Sarah Green were missing had spread through the valley, and sixty strong men had met at Kirktown, the hamlet close to the parish church, to seek for them. The last that was known of them was, that after the auction, some of their friends had advised them not to try the dangerous path so late; but when they had gone no one knew. Some of the people of Langdale likewise had heard wild shrieks at midnight on the night after the sale, but had fancied them merely the moans of the wind.

One day after another the search continued, but still in vain. The neighbors patiently gave up their work day after day to turn over the deep snow around the path from Langdale, but for three — or some say five — days no trace of them was found. At last dogs were used, and guided the seekers far away from the path, until a loud shout from the top of a steep precipice told that the lost was found. There lay Sarah Green, wrapped in her husband's great-coat, of course quite dead, and at the foot of the rock his body was found, in a posture that seemed to show that he had been killed by the fall without a struggle. The neighbors thought that the mist and snow must have bewildered them till they had wandered thus far in the darkness, and that George had been making a few steps forward to make out the road when the fall took place, but that his wife had very possibly been unconscious of his fall, and stood still where he had left her, uttering those sad cries that had been so little regarded at Langdale, until she was unable to move and was benumbed by the sleep of cold. Those who knew them best, thought that the poor woman's grief and terror for her lonely little ones had probably so overpowered her as to disturb her husband's coolness and presence of mind, and that if he had been alone, he would probably have easily saved himself. The brave little girl keeping her patient watch and guard over the five younger ones, and setting out on her lonely way through the snow, must have had more of the spirit of her soldier-father than of her mother. It was to Dorothy Wordsworth, the sister of the poet, that little Agnes was persuaded to tell the history of this calm, resolute, trustful waiting time, which, simple as it is, we think our readers will own as truly worthy to be counted among Golden Deeds. The father and mother were buried on a lovely spring day at St. Oswald's Churchyard at Kirktown, and Wordsworth wrote —

"Now do these sternly featured hills
Look gently on this grave,
And quiet now the depths of air
As sea without a wave.

"But deeper lies the heart of peace,
In quiet more profound;
The heart of quietness is here,
Within this church-yard bound.

"And from all agony of mind
It keeps them safe and far
From fear and grief, and from all need
Of sun or guiding star."

After the funeral, the farm folk of the neighborhood were all pressing forward to beg to adopt one or other of the little orphans. The twins were kept together, Catherine was taken by the Wordsworth family, Agnes and her brothers found separate but comfortable homes among their parents' friends. Help came pouring in. Queen Charlotte and her daughters were greatly touched by the mountain child's tender motherliness, and sent a handsome donation for the benefit of the orphans, and so many subscriptions were offered, that at last Miss Wordsworth declined receiving any more, lest the children should be injured by having too much wealth for the station to which they were growing up.

THE COBRA'S TREASURE

BY ALICE F. JACKSON

ALL round the compound grew a hedge of prickly pear. It had curious thick leaves, and out of the leaves grew curious little knots of thorns. If you got one into your finger — well — you knew it!

It bore a pink fruit too, which the natives used for dyeing clothes — a pretty pink dye it was, and very fast colored. It made a splendid hedge.

Nothing could come through it, which was a comfort, because wild beasts used to prowl around at night. Not tigers — they lived in the jungle beyond — but cheetahs, and, of course, jackals.

Our little Bertie used to go screaming to bed at night because of the cheetahs, for Gerald told him they ate little boys at night. One had really eaten up the ayah's baby; but that was a long time ago. It made mother very angry.

Not about the ayah's baby — she was grieved at that, of course — but because Gerald had frightened Bertie.

Gerald said, "He 's such a cowardly kid."

"I know somebody who was just as cowardly," said mother.

In my opinion — and I 'm a girl — boys are greater cowards when they are little than girls. Afterwards boys grow braver, of course. It would never do for a man to be a coward.

It had come out of the scrub. There were lots of cheetahs in the scrub. They lived there. The scrub was three feet high (low underwood it is called in the dictionary), in some places it was four, and in other places nearly six feet high.

We lived on the plains. You rode a long, long way before you got to the scrub; and cheetahs came to the plains to look for food only when pressed from hunger.

It was a cheetah, too, that ate up one of Major Savage's fawns, and badly mauled another. The major sat up with his soldier servant next night, and Gerald begged father to let him sit up with them.

It came (the cheetah, I mean), and the major fired.

O'Connell, the soldier servant, said he fired too soon, and only frightened the cheetah. Whatever he did, he did n't hit it; and the cheetah ran back to the scrub.

The major was mad. We called him, "Savage by name, and savage by nature," for a week after. But only to ourselves. He was a man with a bad temper.

"Bedad! if the meejor had let *me* shoot!" said the soldier servant. But he said it to us. He did n't say it to the major.

Gerald was mad, too; for he had n't even seen the cheetah. However, to make up for it, O'Connell gave him some shooting lessons instead.

"And the next toime a wild baste comes," said the soldier, with a wink, "you and me will take a pot at him without the meejor."

The next wild "baste" that came happened to be a jackal — not that he came alone, for

jackals always hunt in packs. But they are not so dangerous as the cheetahs.

One — the leader of the pack — always goes in front; and he's generally the biggest of them all. The soldier servant used to tell the queerest things about them. He had been a long time in India, and he said he ought to know, and so I suppose he did.

They — the jackals — came snuffing after fowls, and they're very, very fond of chicken. They are horrid scavengers, too, and eat up every dead thing they can find.

"Things," said O'Connell, "that the other bastes just lave. And bedad! a tast*hy* m*h*orsel to them is a Hindoo!

"The leader goes in front, snuffing for dainty m*h*orsels in the air. Then all at wance he cries, 'Here's a dead Hindoo-oo-oo-oo-oo.' And, 'Where, where, where, where, where?' barks the pack in chorus just behind. 'Here, here, here, here, here!' says the joyful leader of the band. And the whole lot sets upon the thing he's found, and tears it to pieces in a jiffy."

And when they barked in the distance — I often heard them in the dead of night — it did, indeed, sound just like that, especially, if you say it very fast and rather indistinctly.

O'Connell shot the leader of the pack one night, for, as he said, Gerald was "too long making up his moind."

When shooting you must evidently take a middle course, for the major, unfortunately, fired too soon; and Gerald, unhappily, too late.

However, O'Connell comforted Gerald with, "Next toime," and dragged the jackal into our compound just for us to see.

He was a tawny-colored beast, with a very sharp snout, and long cruel-looking teeth; about the size of a large terrier dog, and he had a beautiful bushy tail.

People who kill jackals generally keep their tails, just as in England a huntsman prizes a fox's brush.

O'Connell magnanimously gave Gerald the tail. And Gerald has it now in his bedroom.

I said before that it was a comfort wild beasts could n't come through our hedge; but it turned out afterwards that something quite as terrible had its home there. It was a cobra.

Cobra da Capello is its real name, and it is one of the most deadly snakes we have in India.

India is a dreadful place for snakes. They are everywhere. And the curious thing I want to tell you is about this cobra.

Gerald saw it first. "There's a snake in the compound," he said. He did n't know it was a cobra. But he burst into the bungalow with a rather scared face. "And it's curled up at the foot of the peepul."

Father said, "Nonsense!" But he got out his rifle at once, and went on tip-toe to the big peepul.

We called it the big peepul to distinguish it from the other peepuls in the compound. It was a beautiful shape, and its silvery leaves glistened always in the sun.

There was no snake there, and father said, "You must have imagined it."

But Gerald insisted that he had seen a snake, and that it was curled up under the big peepul.

Father laughed. We all thought Gerald had imagined it. And Gerald got very vexed. But the next day Ram Singh — he was the butler — declared that he had seen a snake, and that it was crawling away from the peepul tree.

"It seems to have a fancy for the peepul," father said. But he looked a little disturbed.

And mother said we children were not to play near the peepul tree at all, and told ayah to take special care of little Bertie.

After that somebody was always seeing the snake, and it was always under the peepul. And when Govind Rao came into the veranda one day and said, with a low salaam, "Sometimes seeing snake, sometimes finding big cobra!" all the other servants put their hands on their mouths and said, "*Wah! wah!*" in a low mysterious chorus.

"Why should n't it be a cobra, Govind Rao?" Gerald asked. Because it was the fact of the snake's being a cobra that made the other servants say, "*Wah! wah!*" And *Wah, wah* in Hindustanee means, "Wonderful! wonderful!" or, "Strange!"

"Cobra curled up under peepul tree," said Govind Rao. "Sometimes watching."

"Watching what?" cried Gerald and I.

"Watching treasure," said Govind Rao.

And "*Wah! wah!*" cried the natives with their hands upon their mouths.

"Treasure!" cried Gerald, with a pair of sparkling eyes.

And I added breathlessly, "What sort of treasure, Govind Rao?"

"Sometimes gold," said Govind Rao. "Sometimes watching jewels. Burying jewels sometimes," he added. "Cobra sometimes guarding."

And the other servants nodded their heads, and murmured, "Being sometimes right, Govind Rao."

It turned out — and it was O'Connell who explained the matter to us, though father, too, said he had heard of the legend before — that the native believes that wherever treasure is buried — and in India wonderful jewels are buried everywhere — a cobra generally watches over the spot, and jealously guards the secret.

And when Govind Rao came in to say that the snake under the peepul tree was a cobra, the natives jumped to the conclusion at once that some treasure was buried there.

Father laughed. But we were dreadfully excited. And O'Connell, I think, was the most excited of all.

"Bedad!" he said, "it's making your fortunes ye'll be now, Mast*h*er Gerald!" And he was for going to dig up at the foot of the peepul tree there and then.

But the natives were horrified.

Govind Rao talked mysteriously of the cobra's crawling up "sometimes" to find them at their work, and — he snapped his finger and thumb!

And O'Connell was a superstitious man.

The cobra was supposed to be the spirit of the man who had buried the treasure, or of the man from whom the treasure had been stolen — I forget which — and "Howly Saints presarve us!" O'Connell exclaimed.

Father said the cobra must be killed; and both he and O'Connell watched for it often with their rifles. But it never came. Not when they were watching, at least. Though they did sometimes see its tail disappearing into the prickly pear.

And the natives wagged their heads.

"Sometimes charming," said Govind Rao.

And, "Not killing spirit," said Ram Singh.

"The haythen naygurs is right," said O'Connell. "It 's a snake-charrmer, we must fetch, sor, if you plase."

Somehow, nobody had even thought of a snake-charmer. In the excitement we had forgotten that there was such a person, indeed. Mother was quite relieved that Govind Rao had mentioned him. And father sent off Narrain to call a charmer directly.

Gerald hugged himself at the thought of its being Saturday — half holiday; and I was so excited that I could n't eat any luncheon.

He came — the charmer, I mean — directly luncheon was over, and we all ran out into the compound to watch what he would do.

We knew that they charmed snakes with music; but we had never seen a charmer charm a snake before. It seems so strange to me that a *snake* should be fond of music! And the first thing he did was to blow through his little pipe.

The servants told him how fond the snake was of the peepul tree; and that its hiding-place was somewhere in the hedge of the prickly pear. So he started at one corner of the hedge, walking slowly along, and "Too, too, tooing!" on his little instrument.

It was a very monotonous air, and the sound was not unlike the sound a bag-pipe makes. "Too, too, too!" It was rather sad, I thought. Indeed, it almost made one feel a little melancholy.

Besides the musical instrument, he carried also a little forked stick. Gerald wondered if it was to give the cobra a blow on the head with it.

And "Too, too, too!" we followed the music a little distance off, and every pair of eyes was glued to the prickly pear.

At last, "Kape still, Mast*h*er Gerald," I heard O'Connell whisper. And mother suddenly caught my hand, and held it tight in hers.

We stood. We all stood quite still. We hardly dared to breathe. For there we saw the cobra's head emerging from the prickly pear.

"Too, too, too!" played the charmer, "Too, too, too!" And the music sounded, to my ears, more monotonous, and more melancholy than ever.

The cobra crawled out of the hedge, and the charmer backed slowly away. He walked backwards into the compound, and the cobra followed him fascinated. It looked as if it was under a spell.

And "Too, too, too!" went the little pipe, and the snake thought it a ravishing air.

Suddenly the music stopped. And quickly — so quickly, that we hardly saw it done — with a dexterous thrust, he had pinned it to the ground — pinned it just behind the head, in the cleft of the little forked stick.

And the breathless silence amongst us was broken with, "Well done!" from father, "well done!" And, "Howly Saints presarve us!" cried O'Connell. And, "Wah, wah!" said Govind Rao.

So firmly was the cobra's head pinned down, that it was powerless to strike the charmer. And when he beckoned us to come and look at it, we all drew nearer very boldly.

The charmer then coolly took a pair of pincers from his cloth — the waist cloth which the natives always wear round their loins — and actually pulled out two of the cobra's teeth, which, he told us afterwards, were connected with the poison gland.

Then, with his thumbs, he pressed the cobra's jaws together so hard, that it was compelled to spit out the poison.

After that he dangled a bit of rag before its mouth, which, in its rage and fury, the baffled cobra snapped at, holding hard. And that, said the charmer, would wipe the rest of the poison away.

The cobra was now quite harmless, and, because it was still under the charm of the music, the charmer could do exactly what he liked with it, and made it go through many curious movements, although it kept on extending its hood, which is, of course, a sign of anger in the cobra.

Father gave the charmer five rupees, which made him *salaam* to the ground; and he went off still *salaaming*, with *the cobra curled round his neck*.

"And now for the *th*reasure, Mast*h*er Gerald," O'Connell cried. But father and mother persisted in laughing at him.

However, O'Connell persisted in digging under the peepul tree, and he worked harder, indeed, than the natives.

And what you do think they found?

First of all they came upon a little box; and in the box was the skeleton of a little child. And round the skeleton was wrapped a native woman's *saree*, that was thrust through with a blood-stained blade.

It was the blade of a dagger — a dagger with a jewelled handle, if you please. And some of the stones were emeralds, mother said.

The mystery was never cleared up. The murder might have been done in the Mutiny, father said.

However, O'Connell cleaned the blade for Gerald till he made it shine. And Gerald has the dagger now.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

(1822–1872)

UP from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight;
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering South,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth;

Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind,
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace fire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of ire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops.
What was done — what to do? A glance told him both,
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.

With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostrils' play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say:
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down to save the day!"

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious General's name
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day,
By carrying Sheridan into the fight
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"

LITTLE ANNIE'S RAMBLE

[This selection is from Nathaniel Hawthorne's *Twice-Told Tales*, which contains some of the prettiest and most quaintly imaginative short stories in the English language. Hawthorne, as most boys and girls know, is probably the greatest of American prose writers.]

DING–DONG! Ding-dong! Ding-dong! The town-crier has rung his bell at a distant corner, and little Annie stands on her father's door-steps, trying to hear what the man with the loud voice is talking about. Let me listen too. Oh! he is telling the people that an elephant, and a lion, and a royal tiger, and a horse with horns, and other strange beasts from foreign countries, have come to town, and will receive all visitors who choose to wait upon them. Perhaps little Annie would like to go. Yes; and I can see that the pretty child is weary of this wide and pleasant street, with the green trees flinging their shade across the quiet sunshine, and the pavements and the sidewalks all as clean as if the housemaid had just swept them with her broom. She feels that impulse to go strolling away — that longing after the mystery of the great world — which many children feel, and which I felt in my childhood. Little Annie shall take a ramble with me. See! I do but hold out my hand, and, like some bright bird in the sunny air, with her blue silk frock fluttering upwards from her white pantalets, she comes bounding on tiptoe across the street.

Smooth back your brown curls, Annie; and let me tie on your bonnet, and we will set forth! What a strange couple to go on their rambles together! One walks in black attire, with a measured step, and a heavy brow, and his thoughtful eyes bent down, while the gay little girl trips lightly along, as if she were forced to keep hold of my hand, lest her feet should dance away from the earth. Yet there is sympathy between us. If I pride myself on anything, it is because I have a smile that children love; and, on the other hand, there are few grown ladies that could entice me from the side of little Annie; for I delight to let my mind go hand in hand with the mind of a sinless child. So, come, Annie; but if I moralize as we go, do not listen to me; only look about you, and be merry!

Now we turn the corner. Here are hacks with two horses, and stage-coaches with four, thundering to meet each other, and trucks and carts moving at a slower pace, being heavily laden with barrels from the wharves; and here are rattling gigs, which perhaps will be smashed to pieces before our eyes. Hitherward, also, comes a man trundling a wheelbarrow along the pavement. Is not little Annie afraid of such a tumult? No; she does not even shrink closer to my side, but passes on with fearless confidence, a happy child amidst a great throng of grown people, who pay the same reverence to her infancy that they would to extreme old age. Nobody jostles her; all turn aside to make way for little Annie; and what is most singular, she appears conscious of her claim to such respect. Now her eyes brighten with pleasure! A street musician has seated himself on the steps of yonder church, and pours forth his strains to the busy town, a melody that has gone astray among the tramp of footsteps, the buzz of voices, and the war of passing wheels. Who heeds the poor organ-grinder? None but myself and little Annie, whose feet begin to move in unison with the lively tune, as if she were loth that music should be wasted without a dance. But where would Annie find a partner? Some have the gout in their toes, or the rheumatism in their joints; some are stiff with age; some feeble with disease; some are so lean that their bones would rattle, and others of such ponderous size that their agility would crack the flag-stones; but many, many have leaden feet, because their hearts are far heavier than lead. It is a sad thought that I have chanced upon. What a company of dancers should we be! For I, too, am a gentleman of sober footsteps, and, therefore, little Annie, let us walk sedately on.

It is a question with me whether this giddy child or my sage self have most pleasure in looking at the shop windows. We love the silks of sunny hue that glow within the darkened premises of the spruce dry-goods' men; we are pleasantly dazzled by the burnished silver and the chased gold, the rings of wedlock and the costly love-ornaments, glistening at the window of the jeweller; but Annie, more than I, seeks

LEFT TO RIGHT: JOHN KEATS, SIR WALTER SCOTT, WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, ROBERT BROWNING, PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, CHARLES DICKENS, LORD MACAULAY, OLIVER GOLDSMITH

for a glimpse of her passing figure in the dusty looking-glasses at the hardware stores. All that is bright and gay attracts us both.

Here is a shop to which the recollections of my boyhood, as well as present partialities, give a peculiar magic. How delightful to let the fancy revel on the dainties of a confectioner; those pies, with such white and flaky paste, their contents being a mystery, whether rich mince, with whole plums intermixed, or piquant apple, delicately rose-flavored; those cakes, heart-shaped or round, piled in a lofty pyramid; those sweet little circlets, sweetly named kisses; those dark majestic masses, fit to be bridal loaves at the wedding of an heiress, mountains in size, their summits deeply snow-covered with sugar! Then the mighty treasures of sugar-plums, white, and crimson, and yellow, in large glass vases; and candy of all varieties; and those little cockles, or whatever they are called, much prized by children for their sweetness, and more for the mottoes which they inclose, by love-sick maids and bachelors! Oh! my mouth waters, little Annie, and so doth yours; but we will not be tempted, except to an imaginary feast; so let us hasten onward, devouring the vision of a plum cake.

Here are pleasures, as some people would say, of a more exalted kind, in the window of a bookseller. Is Annie a literary lady? Yes; she is deeply read in Peter Parley's tomes, and has an increasing love for fairy tales, though seldom met with nowadays, and she will subscribe, next year, to the *Juvenile Miscellany*. But, truth to tell, she is apt to turn away from the printed page, and keep gazing at the pretty pictures, such as the gay-colored ones which make this shop-window the continual loitering place of children. What would Annie think, if, in the book which I mean to send her on New Year's day, she should find her sweet little self, bound up in silk or morocco with gilt-edges, there to remain till she become a woman grown, with children of her own to read about their mother's childhood! That would be very queer.

Little Annie is weary of pictures, and pulls me onward by the hand, till suddenly we pause at the most wondrous shop in all the town. Oh, my stars! Is this a toyshop, or is it fairy land? For here are gilded chariots, in which the king and queen of the fairies might ride side by side, while their courtiers, on these small horses, should gallop in triumphal procession before and behind the royal pair. Here, too, are dishes of chinaware, fit to be the dining-set of those same princely personages, when they make a regal banquet in the stateliest hall of their palace, full five feet high, and behold their nobles feasting adown the long perspective of the table. Betwixt the king and queen should sit my little Annie, the prettiest fairy of them all. Here stands a turbaned Turk, threatening us with his sabre, like an ugly heathen as he is. And next a Chinese mandarin, who nods his head at Annie and myself. Here we may review a whole army of horse and foot, in red and blue uniforms, with drums, fifes, trumpets, and all kinds of noiseless music; they have halted on the shelf of this window, after their weary march from Lilliput. But what cares Annie for soldiers? No conquering queen is she, neither a Semiramis nor a Catherine; her whole heart is set upon that doll, who gazes at us with such a fashionable stare. This is the little girl's true plaything. Though made of wood, a doll is a visionary and ethereal personage, endowed by childish fancy with a peculiar life; the mimic lady is a heroine of romance, an actor and a sufferer in a thousand shadowy scenes, the chief inhabitant of that wild world with which children ape the real one. Little Annie does not understand what I am saying, but looks wistfully at the proud lady in the window. We will invite her home with us as we return. Meantime, good-by, Dame Doll! A toy yourself, you look forth from your window upon many ladies that are also toys, though they walk and speak, and upon a crowd in pursuit of toys, though they wear grave visages. Oh, with your never closing eyes, had you but an intellect to moralize on all that flits before them, what a wise doll would you be! Come, little Annie, we shall find toys enough, go where we may.

Now we elbow our way among the throng again. It is curious, in the most crowded part of a town, to meet with living creatures that had their birthplace in some far solitude, but have acquired a second nature in the wilderness of men. Look up, Annie, at that canary bird, hanging out of the window in his cage. Poor

little fellow! His golden feathers are all tarnished in this smoky sunshine; he would have glistened twice as brightly among the summer islands; but still he has become a citizen in all his tastes and habits, and would not sing half so well without the uproar that drowns his music. What a pity that he does not know how miserable he is! There is a parrot, too, calling out, "Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll!" as we pass by. Foolish bird, to be talking about her prettiness to strangers, especially as she is not a pretty Poll, though gaudily dressed in green and yellow. If she had said "Pretty Annie," there would have been some sense in it. See that gray squirrel at the door of the fruit shop, whirling round and round so merrily within his wire wheel! Being condemned to the treadmill, he makes it an amusement. Admirable philosophy!

Here comes a big, rough dog, a countryman's dog in search of his master, smelling at everybody's heels, and touching little Annie's hand with his cold nose, but hurrying away, though she would fain have patted him. Success to your search, Fidelity! And there sits a great yellow cat upon a window-sill, a very corpulent and comfortable cat, gazing at this transitory world with owl's eyes, and making pithy comments, doubtless, or what appear such to the silly beast. Oh, sage puss, make room for me beside you, and we will be a pair of philosophers!

Here we see something to remind us of the town-crier, and his ding-dong bell! Look! look at that great cloth spread out in the air, pictured all over with wild beasts, as if they had met together to choose a king, according to their custom in the days of Æsop. But they are choosing neither a king nor a president; else we should hear a most horrible snarling! They have come from the deep woods, and the wild mountains, and the desert sands, and the polar snows, only to do homage to my little Annie. As we enter among them, the great elephant makes us a bow, in the best style of elephantine courtesy, bending lowly down his mountain bulk, with trunk abased and leg thrust out behind. Annie returns the salute, much to the gratification of the elephant, who is certainly the best-bred monster in the caravan. The lion and the lioness are busy with two beef-bones. The royal tiger, the beautiful, the untamable, keeps pacing his narrow cage with a haughty step, unmindful of the spectators, or recalling the fierce deeds of his former life, when he was wont to leap forth upon such inferior animals, from the jungles of Bengal.

Here we see the very same wolf — do not go near him, Annie! — the self-same wolf that devoured little Red Riding-Hood and her grandmother. In the next cage a hyena from Egypt, who has doubtless howled round the pyramids, and a black bear from our own forests, are fellow-prisoners, and most excellent friends. Are there any two living creatures, who have so few sympathies that they cannot possibly be friends? Here sits a great white bear, whom common observers would call a very stupid beast, though I perceive him to be only absorbed in contemplation; he is thinking of his voyages on an iceberg, and of his comfortable home in the vicinity of the North Pole, and of the little cubs whom he left rolling in the eternal snows. In fact, he is a bear of sentiment. But, oh, those unsentimental monkeys! the ugly, grinning, aping, chattering, ill-natured, mischievous, and queer little brutes. Annie does not love the monkeys. Their ugliness shocks her pure, instinctive delicacy of taste, and makes her mind unquiet, because it bears a wild and dark resemblance to humanity. But here is a little pony, just big enough for Annie to ride, and round and round he gallops in a circle, keeping time with his trampling hoofs to a band of music. And here — with a laced coat and a cocked hat, and a riding whip in his hand, here comes a little gentleman, small enough to be king of the fairies, and ugly enough to be king of the gnomes, and takes a flying leap into the saddle. Merrily, merrily, plays the music, and merrily gallops the pony, and merrily rides the little old gentleman. Come, Annie, into the street again; perchance we may see monkeys on horseback there!

Mercy on us, what a noisy world we quiet people live in! Did Annie ever read the *Cries of London City?* With what lusty lungs doth yonder man proclaim that his wheelbarrow is full of lobsters! Here comes another mounted on a cart, and blowing a hoarse and dreadful blast from a tin horn, as much as to say "Fresh fish!" And hark! a voice on high, like that of a

muezzin from the summit of a mosque, announcing that some chimney-sweeper has emerged from smoke and soot, and darksome caverns, into the upper air. What cares the world for that? But, well-a-day, we hear a shrill voice of affliction, the scream of a little child, rising louder with every repetition of that smart, sharp, slapping sound, produced by an open hand on tender flesh. Annie sympathizes, though without experience of such direful woe. Lo! the town-crier again, with some new secret for the public ear. Will he tell us of an auction, or of a lost pocketbook, or a show of beautiful wax figures, or of some monstrous beast more horrible than any in the caravan? I guess the latter. See how he uplifts the bell in his right hand, and shakes it slowly at first, then with a hurried motion, till the clapper seems to strike both sides at once, and the sounds are scattered forth in quick succession, far and near.

Ding-dong! Ding-dong! Ding-dong!

Now he raises his clear, loud voice, above all the din of the town; it drowns the buzzing talk of many tongues, and draws each man's mind from his own business; it rolls up and down the echoing street, and ascends to the hushed chamber of the sick, and penetrates downward to the cellar kitchen, where the hot cook turns from the fire to listen. Who, of all that address the public ear, whether in church, or court-house, or hall of state, has such an attentive audience as the town-crier! What saith the people's orator?

"Strayed from her home, a LITTLE GIRL, of five years old, in a blue silk frock and white pantalets, with brown, curling hair and hazel eyes. Whoever will bring her back to her afflicted mother —"

Stop, stop, town-crier! The lost is found. Oh, my pretty Annie, we forgot to tell your mother of our ramble, and she is in despair, and has sent the town-crier to bellow up and down the street, affrighting old and young, for the loss of a little girl who has not once let go my hand. Well, let us hasten homeward; and as we go, forget not to thank Heaven, my Annie, that, after wandering a little way into the world, you may return at the first summons, with an untainted and unwearied heart, and be a happy child again. But I have gone too far astray for the town-crier to call me back!

Sweet has been the charm of childhood on my spirit throughout my ramble with little Annie! Say not that it has been a waste of precious moments, an idle matter, a babble of childish talk, and a reverie of childish imaginations about topics unworthy of a grown man's notice. Has it been merely this? Not so; not so. They are not truly wise who would affirm it. As the pure breath of children revives the life of aged men, so is our moral nature revived by their free and simple thoughts, their native feeling, their airy mirth for little cause or none, their grief, soon roused and soon allayed. Their influence on us is at least reciprocal with ours on them. When our infancy is almost forgotten, and our boyhood long departed, though it seems but as yesterday; when life settles darkly down upon us, and we doubt whether to call ourselves young any more, then it is good to steal away from the society of bearded men, and even of gentler woman, and spend an hour or two with children. After drinking from those fountains of still fresh existence, we shall return into the crowd, as I do now, to struggle onward and do our part in life, perhaps as fervently as ever, but, for a time, with a kinder and purer heart, and a spirit more lightly wise. All this by thy sweet magic, dear little Annie!

"STAN' OVER A BIT, NIEF BAVIYÀAN; STAN' WIDE A BIT TILL I GETS A CLE'R BIFF AT HIM"

WHY OLD BABOON HAS THAT KINK IN HIS TAIL

[This story, related by the old African servant, is from *Old Hendrik's Tales*, by Captain A. O. Vaughan.]

THE day was hot, and the koppies simmered blue and brown along the Vaal River. Noon had come, dinner was done. "Allah Mattie!" said the gray old kitchen boy to himself, as he stretched to sleep in the shade of the mimosa behind the house. "Allah Mattie! but it near break my back in dem tobacco lands this mawnin'. I sleep now."

He stretched himself with a slow groan of pleasure, settling his face upon his hands as he lay, soaking in comfort. In three minutes he was asleep.

But round the corner of the house came the three children, the eldest a ten-year-old, the youngest six. With a whoop and a dash the eldest flung himself astride the old Hottentot's back, the youngest rode the legs behind, while the girl, the eight-year-old with the yellow hair and the blue eyes, darted to the old man's head and caught him fast with both hands. "Ou' Ta'! Ou' Ta'!" she cried. "Now you 're Ou' Jackalse and we 're Ou' Wolf, and we've got you this time at last." She wanted to dance in the triumph of it, could she have done it without letting go.

Old Hendrik woke between a grunt and a groan, but the merry clamor of the little girl would have none of that. "Now we've got you, Ou' Jackalse," cried she again.

The old man's yellow face looked up in a sly grin. "Ah, Anniekye," said he unctuously; "but Ou' Wolf never did ketch Ou' Jackalse. He ain't never bin slim enough yet. He make a big ole try dat time when he got Oom Baviyàan to help him; but all dey got was dat kink in Ou' Baviyàan's tail — you can see it yet."

"But how *did* old Bobbyjohn get that kink in his tail? You never told us that, Ou' Ta'," protested Annie.

The old Hottentot smiled to the little girl, and then straightway sighed to himself. "If you little folks only knowed de Taal," said he plaintively. "It don't soun' de same in you' Englis' somehow." He shook his head sadly over English as the language for a Hottentot story handed down in the Boer tongue. He had been long enough in the service of this "English" family (an American father and Australian mother) to know enough of the language for bald use; though, being a Hottentot, he had never mastered the "th," as a Basuto or other Bantu might have done, and was otherwise uncertain also — the pronunciation of a word often depending upon that of the words next before and after it. But English was not fond enough, nor had diminutives enough, for a kitchen tale as a house Kaffir loves to tell it.

None the less, his eyes brightened till the smile danced in his face as his words began. "Ou' Wolf — well, Ou' Wolf, he 'd a seen a lot less trouble if he ha' n't had sich a wife, for Ou' Missis Wolf she yust had a temper like a meercat. Folks use' to won'er how Ou' Wolf manage' wid her, an' Ou' Jackalse use' to say to him, 'Allah man! if she was on'y my wife for about five minutes she 'd fin' out enough to tink on as long 's she keep a-livin'.' An' den Ou' Jackalse, he 'd hit 'is hat back on to de back of his head an' he 'd step slouchin' an' fair snort agen a-grinnin'.

"But Ou' Wolf ud look behind to see if his missis was hearin', an' den he 'd shake his head, an' stick his hands in his pockets an' walk off an' tink. He 'd see some mighty tall tinkin' yust up over his head, but he could n' somehow seem to get a-hold of it.

"Well, one mawnin' Missis Wolf she get up, an' she look on de hooks an' dere ain't no meat, an' she look in de pot an' dere ain't no mealies. 'Allah Crachty!' says she, 'but dat Ou' Wolf is about de laziest skellum ever any woman wore herse'f out wid. I 'll ketch my deat' of him before I 's done.'

"Den she look outside, an' dere she seen Ou' Wolf a-settin' on de stoop in de sun. He was yust a-waitin', sort o' quiet an' patient, for his breakfas', never dreamin' nothin' about bein' banged about de yead wid a mealie ladle, when out flops Missis Wolf, an' fair bangs him a biff on one side his head wid de long spoon. 'You lazy skellum!' ses she, an' bash she lams him on his t'other year. 'Where 's darie[1] meat for de breakfas' I don' know?' ses she, an' whack she smack him right on top his head. 'Off you go an' fetch some dis ver' minute,' ses she, an' Ou' Wolf he don' say no moh, but he yust offs, an' he offs wid a yump too, I can tell you.

"Ou' Wolf as he go he won'er how he 's goin' to get dat meat quick enough. 'I tink I 'll get Ou' Jackalse to come along a-huntin' too,' ses he. 'He 's mighty slim when he ain't no need to be, an' p'r'aps if he 'd be slim a-huntin' dis mawnin' we 'd ketch somet'in' quicker.' An' Ou' Wolf rub his head in two-t'ree places as he tink of it.

"Now Ou' Jackalse, he was a-sittin' in de sun agen de wall of his house, a-won'erin' where he 's gun' to get breakfas', 'cause he feel dat hungry an' yet he feel dat lazy dat he wish de grass was sheep so he could lie down to it. But grass ain't sheep till it 's inside one, an' so Missis Jackalse, inside a-spankin' little Ainkye, was a-won'erin' where she 's gun' to get some breakfas' to stop it a-squallin'. 'I yust wish you' daddy 'ud tink a bit oftener where I 's gun' to get bones for you,' ses she.

"Little Ainkye, she stop an' listen to dat, an' den she tink awhile, but she fin' she don't get no fatter on on'y talk about bones, an' fus' t'ing her mammy know she puts her two han's up to her eyes an' fair dives into squallin' agen.

"Missis Jackalse she ketches hold o' Ainkye an' gives her such a shakin' till her eyes fly wide open. 'I 's yust about tired o' hearin' all dat row,' ses she. An' while Ainkye 's quiet considerin' dat, Misses Jackalse she hear Ou' Wolf come along outside, axin' her Ou' Baas ain't he comin' huntin' dis mawnin'? Den she hear Ou' Jackalse answer back, sort o' tired like, 'But I cahnt come. I 's sick.'

"Den Ainkye lets out a squall fit to split, an' her mammy she biffs her a bash dat s'prise her quite quiet, before she stick her head out o' de doh an' say, mighty tremblin' like — 'I don't tink we got no meat fo' breakfas' at all, Ou' Man.'

"But Ou' Jackalse he ain't a-troublin' hisse'f about no women's talk. He don't turn his 'ead nor nawtin'. He yust hutch hisse'f

[1] = that there.

closer to de wall to bake hisse'f some more, an' he say agen — 'I tell you I 's sick, an' I cahnt go huntin' dis mawnin', nohow.'

"Missis Jackalse she pop her head inside agen mighty quick at dat, an' Ou' Wolf he sling off down de spruit wid his back up. Ou' Jackalse he yust sit still in de sun an' watch him go, an' he ses to hisse'f ses he: 'Now dat 's big ole luck fo' me. If he ha'n't a-come along like dat I don' know but I 'd a-had to go an' ketch somet'in' myse'f, I 'm dat 'ongry. But now it 'll be all right when he come back wid some sort o' buck.'

"Den he turn his head to de doh. '*Frowickie*,' ses he to his missis inside, soft an' chucklin', 'tell Ainkye to stop dat squallin' an' bawlin'. Ou' Wolf 's gone huntin', an' yust as sure as he come back we 'll have all de breakfas' we want. Tell 'er if she don't stop anyhow I 'll come inside to her.'

"Missis Jackalse she frown at Ainkye. 'You hear dat now,' ses she, 'an' you better be quiet now 'less you want to have you' daddy come in to you.' An' Ainkye she say, 'Well, will you le' me play wid your tail den?' An' her mammy she say, 'All right,' an' dey 'gun a-laughin' an' a-goin' on in whispers. But Ou' Jackalse he yust sit an' keep on bakin' hisse'f in de sun by de wall.

"By'n'by here comes Ou' Wolf back agen, an' a big fat Eland on his back, an' de sweat yust a-drippin' off him. An' when he comes past de house he look up an' dere he see Ou' Jackalse yust a-settin' an' a-bakin', an' a-makin' slow marks in de dust wid his toes now an' agen, an' lookin' might comfy. An' Ou' Wolf he feel darie big fat Eland more bigger an' heavier dan ever on his back, an' he feel dat savage at Ou' Jackalse dat he had to look toder way, for fear he 'd let out all his bad words *Kerblob* in one big splosh on darie Ou' Jackalse head. But Ou' Jackalse he say nawtin'; he yust sit an' bake. But he tink inside hisse'f, an' his eye kind o' 'gun to shine behind in his head as he watch darie meat go past an' go on, an' he feel his mouf run all water.

"But he ha'n't watched dat breakfas' out o' sight, an' he ha'n't quite settle hisse'f yust how he 's goin' to get his share, when up hops Klein Hahsie (what you call Little Hare).

"'Mawnin', Klein Hahsie,' ses Ou' Jackalse, but yust so high an' mighty 's he know how, 'cause little Hahsie he 's de runner for Big Baas King Lion, an' Ou' Jackalse he tink he 'll show him dat oder folks ain't no chicken feed, too.

"'Mawnin', Ou' Jackalse,' ses Little Hahsie, kind o' considerin' him slow out of his big shiny eyes. Den he make a grab at one of his own long years as if it tickle him, an' when he turn his face to look at de tip o' darie year he sorto' wunk at it, kind o' slow and solemn. 'Darie ou' year o' mine!' ses he to Ou' Jackalse.

"Den he sort o' remember what he come for, an' he speak out mighty quick. 'You yust better get a wiggle on you mighty sudden,' ses he. 'Ou' King Lion he 's a roarin' for darie Ou' Jackalse fit to tear up de bushes. "Where 's darie Ou' Jackalse? If he don't get here mighty quick he 'll know all about it," roars he. "What 's de use o' me makin' him my doctor if he ain't here when he 's wanted? Dis claw I neah tore out killin' a Koodoo yeste'day — he 'd better be yust lively now a-gittin' here to doctor dat. Fetch him!" roars he, 'an' here I am, an' I tell you you yust better git a move on you,' ses Hahsie.

"Ou' Jackalse he tink, but he don't let on nawtin' but what he 's yust so sick as to split. 'I 's dat bad I cahnt har'ly crawl,' ses he — 'but you go 'long an' tell King Lion I 's a-comin' as soon 's ever I get some medicine mix'.'

"'Well, I tol' you — you better be quicker 'n blue lightnin' all de same,' ses Hahsie, an' off he flicks, as if he 's sort o' considerin' what 's de matter wid Ou' Jackalse.

"Well, Ou' Jackalse he tink, an' he tink, an' he know he 'd better be gettin' along to King Lion, but yet he ain't a-goin' to give in about darie breakfas'. He ain't a-movin' mighty fast about it, but he goes into de woods an' he gets some leaves off o' one bush, an' some roots off'n anoder, an' yust when he tink dat 's about all he want, who should he see but Ou' Wolf, kind o' saunterin' along an' lookin' yust good an' full o' breakfas', an' chock full o' feelin' fine all inside him.

"Dat stir Ou' Jackalse where he 's so empty in his tummy, an' dat make it strike him what to do. He comes along to Ou' Wolf lookin' like he 's in a desprit rush an' yust in de worst kind of a tight place. 'Here, Ou' Wolf,' ses he in a hustle, 'you 's yust him I was tinkin' on. Hyere 's

King Lion 'about half crazy wid a pain, an' he 's roarin' for me, an' I set off wid a yump, an' I got all de stuff for de medicine, but all de time I clean forgot de book to mix it by. Now you yust do me a good turn, like a good chap, an' you rush off to King Lion wid dis hyere medicine, while I streaks back for de book. You does dis foh me an' I ain't a-goin' to fo'get what I owe you for it.'

"Ou' Wolf he 's quite took off his feet an' out o' breaf on it all. 'Why, o' course,' ses he. 'You gi' me darie medicine an' I offs right away. A good yob I had breakfas' a'ready,' an' he fair seizes darie medicine an' he offs.

"Ou' Jackalse lie right down where he 's standin' an' he fair roll an' kick hisse'f wid laughin'. 'A good yob I *ar'nt* had my breakfas',' ses he. 'I 'd a lost a deal more 'n meat if I had a done,' ses he agen, an' den he ups an' he offs back to Ou' Wolf's house.

"All de way back he kep' on a-smilin' to hisse'f, an' every once in a while he 'd give a skip an' a dance to tink what a high ole time he was a-havin'. Den by'n'by he picks up a piece o' paper. 'Yust de t'ing I 's wantin',' ses he.

"Well, he come to Ou' Wolf's house an' dere was Missis Wolf a-sittin' out on de stoop an' a pullin' down de flaps of her cappie to keep de flies off'n her nose. 'Mawnin', Cousin,' ses Ou' Jackalse; fair as polite as honey would n't run down his t'roat if you let him hold it in his mouf.

"'Mawnin',' ses she, an' she ain't a-singin' it out like a Halleloolya needer, an' she don't stir from where she 's a-settin', an' she don't say how-dy-do. She yust look at him like she 's seen him befo'e, an' like she ain't a breakin' her neck if she don't never see him agen.

"But Ou' Jackalse he ain't a-seein' nawtin' but what she 's yust as glad to see him as if he was a predicant. 'I 's got a bit of a note here from your man,' ses he. 'P'r'aps you don't mind readin' it an' den you'll know,' ses he.

"Missis Wolf she cock her nose down at dat note, an' den Missis Wolf she slant her eye up at Ou' Jackalse. But Ou' Jackalse he yust kep' on between a sort o' smilin' to see her keepin' so well, and a sort o' dat tired feelin' dat life 's sich a one-hawse business anyhow, till at last she up an' took darie paper.

"She turn dis piece o' paper dis way an' turn it dat way, an' upside-down an' t'oder-side-to, an' at last she ses, ses she, 'I don't never could read pen-writin' so well 's I could book letters, an' darie Ou' Wolf he write sich a terr'ble fist anyhow. I al'ays said he ought to be sent to school agen. You better to read it fo' me,' ses she.

"Ou' Jackalse he took de paper as if it ain't nawtin' anyhow, an' he looks as if livin' ain't no more 'n a team o' donkeys an' a ole rope harness to a buck wagon nohow. Den he reads it off to hisse'f, sort o' mutterin' it over fus' to see what it 's all about, an' den he ups an' talks it off about as happy as if it give him a hoe an' sent him into de to'acco lan's.

"'Oh,' he ses. 'Your man he yust ses for you to gi' me dem hin' quarters o' darie Eland I yust bargained for wid him. But, *Siss!* it 'pears he want me to car' it home myse'f, an' all de time he bargain to do dat fo' me. Ne'er mind dough; now I 's here I met as well take it anyhow. But I 'll have a few remarks wid Ou' Wolf when I sees him agen.'

"Missis Wolf she look at Ou' Jackalse, an' Ou' Jackalse he smile as if it 's all right an' quite nice dere in de sun. Den Missis Wolf she look at darie paper an' she shake her head yust once. 'Yes,' ses she, 'I s'pose you will ha' to take it if you bargained for it atween you, but — you le' me have darie paper an' den I 's'll have a few remarks too wid Ou' Wolf when I see him agen,' an' she look at Ou' Jackalse as if dat was gun' to be a bit of all right.

"Ou' Jackalse he han' over darie piece o' paper as polite as sugar cane, an' he take over de hin' quarters of Eland wid a look on his face like dat meat was a hoe on a hot day. An' he grunt an' he grumble all de way he go till he 's out o' sight an' hearin'.

"Den, — well, if you want to know yust what sort o' good ole time he had over darie breakfas', you should ha' seen him comin' out in de sun agen ahter it, his hair all shinin' wid fat an' his tail a-hangin' down straight 'cause he 's too full to cock it.

"Well, ahter all, he 's got to be gittin' away an' seein' to King Lion pretty quick if he ain't a-goin' to get into moh trouble dan he can comb out of his hair in a twel'-mont', but he do feel so good an' comfy all inside him dat he ain't in any *baiya* hurry even yet. 'I s'pose I better

take a book wid me,' ses he to hisse'f. 'Wife,' ses he over his shoulder, back t'rough de do', 'gi' me some sort o' book; any sort; darie ole almanac Ainkye was a-screevin' picters in 'll do me yust a treat. Ou' King Lion he ain't a-gun' to look inside it.'

"So he gets dis almanac an' off he sets, an' if he don't skip and flick dis time, it 's only because his wais'coat 's too tight. But he pick 'is teef wid a long stem o' grass, an' he biff his hat back over one year, an' one time he 's a-winkin' to hisse'f an' t'oder time he wave one arm an' sing 'De Kimberleysa trainsa,' like a location Kaffir wid two tickies in his pocket.

"Well, by'n'by he come to de place, an' he hear King Lion a-roarin' fit to shake de wind, till yust at first Ou' Jackalse he miss a step or two, tinkin' what nex'. Den he tink again, an' it wahnt a minute till he wink at hisse'f, an' he touch up darie ol' almanac under his arm to make it look like it 's mighty important. Den he set his hat on mighty straight an' pull down his coat, an' in he go.

"'Vah vas yeh all dis time?' roar Ou' King Lion, makin' all de place tremble.

"'Please, sir,' ses Ou' Jackalse, terr'ble busy to look at, 'my fool missis she len' de medicine book to darie ou' gossipin' Missis Duck, an' I had yust a terror of a yob to spoor her out where she was a quackin' an' a scan'alin' till I got it back. But I sent de medicine on by Ou' Wolf here an' tole him what to do till I come.'

"'Did you?' roars King Lion, fair a-lashin' his tail in such a wax; 'an' here he 's bin standin' like a clay man all dis time, yust a-holdin' leaves an' roots, an' a-sayin' nawtin', an' my claw gettin' moh and wohse pain every minute!'

"Ou' Wolf he look at de King an' he begin to shake a bit. Den he look at Ou' Jackalse an' he won'er how in de worl' he come to forget what he ses he tell him. But Ou' Jackalse he look at Ou' Wolf yust as if he was fair disgusted wid such forgettin', an' den he look at de King's claw an' he shake his head. 'It 's gone pretty bad, but dere is yust one t'ing might cure it — it might.'

"'What 's dat?' roars King Lion, an' Ou' Wolf he begin to feel de air shake in de roots of his hair.

"'Well, sir,' ses Ou' Jackalse, 'if Ou' Wolf 'ud bring his uncle or his cousin I don't know. But,' — an' he shake his head, an' tap de ole almanac under his arm, an' look solemn all over — 'dis book ses de same an' I agrees wid it, 'cause I 's found it so; dere 's nawtin' else for it but you take de skin of a live wolf an' wrop it roun' you' paw till it get well. Ou' Wolf's uncle now —' ses he.

"'Ou' Wolf hisse'f!' roars King Lion, an'— *clip!* — he make a dive to gash a-hold of Ou' Wolf. But Ou' Wolf he 'd bin a-feelin' somet'in' comin', feelin' it in his bones, an' Ou' Jackalse had n't more 'n said 'Wolf!' dan Ou' Wolf was n't dere — he was yust a-streakin' out o' dat till you could n't see him for heel dust.

"'Well, sir,' says Ou' Jackalse, an' he heaves a whackin' big sigh 'cause he 's tinkin' what Ou' Wolf's gun' to do to him now when he see him agen — 'I 'm a gall darn sorry, you' Majesty, but now you 's let Ou' Wolf get away I can't do nawtin', on'y yest put some medicine on you' claw till you ketch him agen.' An' wid dat he ups an' he doctor darie ou' claw an' comes away. An' he ain't a-skippin' an' he ain't a-singin' nawtin' about de 'Kimberleysa trainsa' dis time nudder, 'cause he 's thinkin' a deal about what Ou' Wolf 's a-gun' to do.

"Ahter dat Ou' Jackalse keep his eye skin' pretty clear all de time, an' Ou' Wolf keep his eyes yust a-yinglin' till he hear King Lion 's got well again. Den he say to hisse'f, 'Now I 's gun' to get square wi' darie Ou' Jackalse — you watch me if I don't,' an' off he go to see Ou' Baviyàan in de koppies.

"'Mawnin', Nief,' ses he.

"'Mawnin', Oom,' ses Baviyàan.

"'Very dry,' ses Ou' Wolf; 'd' ye t'ink we 'll get rain pretty soon?' ses he.

"Ou' Baviyàan, he scratch his back, an' he look roun', an' he chew de bark off'n a piece o' stick. 'P'r'aps it rain by'n'by,' ses he. 'Dese yer koppies pretty hot dis mawnin'.'

"'Well,' ses Ou' Wolf, now he 'd cleared de groun' polite like dat, 'you 'members darie skellum, Ou' Jackalse, dat never pay you yet for all dat lamb meat an' dat kid meat you let him have, don't you?'

"'Don't I,' ses Baviyàan, puckerin' his eyebrows down an' makin' sharp eyes, an' grabbin' a fresh twig an' strippin' de bark off it — *rip!* — wid one snatch of his teef. 'I yust does.'

"'Well now, look a-hyere, Nief,' ses Ou'

Wolf. 'I cahnt stan' him no longer nohow. I's yust a-gun' to get even wid him. He done one t'ing an' he done anoder t'ing, an' he don't pay me for de hin'quarters o' de finest Eland you ever seen, an' so I votes we yust stops all dese little die-does of his. Wat you say now if we go an' give him such a shambokkin' till he don't stir out till dis time nex' year?'

"Ou' Baviyàan look at de little bird in de tree, an' Ou' Baviyàan look at de little shiny lizard on de rock. An' he looks at Ou' Wolf an' he looks round agen, an' he yumps an' he biffs a scorpion what he sees him wriggle his tail out from under a stone. Den he say, ses he, 'Yeh, but how 's I know you ain't a-gun' to streak it out o' dat as soon's Ou' Jackalse prance out for us? Den where'd I be, huh?'

"'But who's a-gun' to run away?' ses Ou' Wolf, swellin' hisse'f out mighty big. 'D' ye mean to say *I's* a-gun' to run away f'm a skellum like dat? Me scared o' him? Huh!'

"Ou' Baviyàan, he scratch hisse'f on de hip, an' he eat what you cahnt see out'n his finger an' t'umb. 'Den what you want me to help you foh?' ses he, kind o' puckerin' his eyes an' glintin' here an' dere in Ou' Wolf's face.

"'Oh, dat's all right,' ses Ou' Wolf, an' he try to t'ink so quick dat de inside his head tumble all over itself like rags in a basket upside down. 'On'y if I go an' do it my lone se'f, den people t'ink it's yust fightin', an' dey say, "Poor Ou' Jackalse." But if we go an' do it, all two of us, den dey say, "What's darie ou' skellum bin up to dis time?" Dat's why I come for you, Nief.'

"Ou' Baviyàan, he screw hisse'f roun' on his part what he sits on, an' Ou' Baviyàan, he screw hisse'f back, an' he look at a fly dat wants to light on Ou' Wolf's nose. 'Look a-hyer, Oom Wolf,' ses he; 'you show me some way to make sure dat you don't run off an' leave me on my own if Ou' Jackalse do somet'in', den I'll listen to you. You can run yust as fast as he can, but dere ain't no trees for me to yump for where Ou' Jackalse live.'

"Ou' Wolf he scratch his ear wid his back foot, but Ou' Baviyàan he scratch his tummy wid his front han'. 'Now you do dis, Oom Wolf,' ses he; 'you le' me tie our tails togedder good 'n fast so I know dey won't come undone, den I'll know you cahnt up an' dust it out o' dat an' leave me when de time comes. You say yes to dat, an' I'll come.'

"Ou' Wolf yust laugh right out. If he 'd axed for it hisse'f he cou'd n't a-done better. Dat way he's sure hisse'f dat Ou' Baviyàan can't skip out an' leave *him* needer, an' he know Ou' Baviyàan he's pretty full o' prickles to meddle wid in a tight corner. 'Dere 's my tail,' ses Ou' Wolf; 'you tie it fas', an' you yust keep on a-tyin' till you's satisfied.'

"So off dey starts.

"Well, I tole you Ou' Jackalse he yust keep his eye a-rollin' all dese days, an' dis mawnin' he was out in front of his house a-choppin' out yokeskeys, an' you believe me darie axe in his han' was yust so sharp an' yust so bright in de sun dat it flashed like streaks o' hot lightnin' when he chop an' chip, an' keep on chip-a-choppin'. An' all de time his eye was yust a-smokin' an' a-burnin' till a long an' a long way off he sees Ou' Wolf an' Ou' Baviyàan a-comin' a-wobblin', terr'ble close alongside each oder, an' mighty awk'ard.

"'Well, dat's about de funniest commando I ever did see,' ses he to hisse'f, wid his ear a-cockin' out, an' his nose a-cockin' up. An' den his tail begun to wilt a bit while he tink what he's goin' to do now.

"Den he scratch his ear, an' his tail begin to stick out agen, an' he wink one eye to his nose end. 'Ou' Frow!' ses he, back over his shoul'er to Missis Jackalse in de house.

"'Ya, daddy!' ses Missis Jackalse, stickin' her nose half an inch out o' de door.

"'Now you be careful an' do yust what I tells you,' ses he. 'When I stop choppin' den you pinch Ainkye, an' you pinch her till she fair bawls agen. An' when I shouts out for you to stop her a-squallin', den you answer up on you' top note an' say — "It's all you' own fault. You would bring you' baby up on nawtin' but wolf meat, an' now you shouts 'cause it cry fo' mo'." You hear me now, don't you forget,' ses Ou' Jackalse.

"'Dat's all right,' ses his ole missis.

"Well, along come Ou' Wolf, an' his commando — one Baviyàan — an' Ou' Wolf he say, 'What's dat flashin' like lightnin' in Ou' Jackalse han'? Hyere; I don't know what's a-gun' to happen,' ses he, an' he ain't a-comin' on so fast as he has bin.

"But Ou' Baviyàan he answer pretty scornful like, 'Dat's yust a axe he's a-choppin' out yokeskeys wid. You ain't a-gun' to turn afeard, huh?'

"'Who's afeard?' ses Ou' Wolf, in yust such a bi-ig voice. 'But it do look like a terr'ble sharp axe,' ses he. 'Why don't he use a rusty ole, gappy ole axe, like anyb'dy else a-choppin' out yokeskeys, I want to know?' An' Ou' Wolf he 'gun a-movin' slower an' slower. 'I tink dat's mo'en yust a axe,' ses he.

"'No backin' out now,' ses Ou' Baviyàan, kind o' rough.

"'Ain't my tail tied fast enough?' savages Ou' Wolf. 'Di' n't you tie it yourse'f?' ses he, trying to stop still an' argue de point.

"Ou' Baviyàan he give a yank. 'Come on now,' ses he.

"'Ain't I?' ses Ou' Wolf, an' he come yust half a step — to easy de pull on his tail. An' while dey start to quar'lin', Ou' Jackalse he stop choppin' an' he lift up, an' right den his Ou' Missis she pincht Ainkye so she fair opens out a-bawlin' till her eyes shut tight. You could hear it a mile off.

"Den Ou' Jackalse he shout out, 'If you don't stop dat Ainkye a-squallin' like dat den I'll come inside dere, an' she'll get somet'in' to squall for,' ses he.

"'It's all you' own fault,' screams Ou' Missis (an' don't she yust like to say it! It makes her feel good an' good to talk back to her Ou' Baas once, i'stead of on'y tinkin' back). 'You goes an' brings up you' chile on nawtin' but wolf meat, an' den you 'gins to shout when she's yust so hungry fo' mo' dat she cahnt hold quiet.'

"'Dat's all right,' ses Ou' Jackalse ('an' don' you get too high, Ou' Missis,' he puts in on de quiet, 'cause he hears what's in her mind). 'I send Ou' Baviyàan out t'ree days back to bring some wolf meat, an' here he comes now wid yust an ole scrag of a one. It look a bit flyblow a'ready, but it'll do better 'n nawtin' I s'pose,' ses he, an' he pick up his axe, an' he gin it a swing up an' roun' as if he's a-openin' his chest to slaughter lots.

"Ou' Wolf he hear dat an' he yust make one yump an' land right roun' wid his head where his tail was. He tinks it's nawtin' else but Ou' Baviyàan is drawed him on an' in to it, as Ou' Jackalse ses. 'Dat's why you wanted my tail tied so fast, is it?' ses he. 'Dat's it, is it?' an' he ramp an' he yerk, an' car' on.

"'It ain't, fathead! big fathead!' ses Ou' Baviyàan, rearin' an' yankin' to pull Ou' Wolf roun' again to face it. 'Dat's yust Ou' Jackalse's lies to scare you.'

"But Ou' Wolf he see Ou' Jackalse comin', a-skippin' an' a-runnin', wid de axe a-frolickin' in his han', an' he yust gi'es one yank an' lan's Ou' Baviyàan a yard back. Baviyàan he try to hold him, but about dat time Ou' Jackalse gets dere, an' he 'gins to yump an' dodge roun', an' all de time he's shoutin' out, 'Stan' over a bit, Nief Baviyàan; stan' wide a bit till I gets a cle'r biff at him. Yust shift you' head de oder side till I gaps him one wi' dis yere axe.'

"Den dere was de fuss. De more Ou' Baviyàan try to hol' back de more Ou' Wolf yerks him away, an' de wusser Ou' Jackalse sings out, till at last Ou' Wolf he get dat ter'fied he fair yanks Ou' Baviyàan right into de air an' over an' over, an' den streaks out straight for de koppies, wid him on de end of him like a dog an' a kettle.

"'I tink dat's about de finish to dat little lot,' ses Ou' Jackalse, watchin' de dust an' de hair fly."

Old Hendrik paused, looked the little girl very seriously in the eye; and then concluded, using his most impressive tones: "An' if you don' b'lieve me, den you yust look at Ou' Baviyàan's tail nex' time he comes stealin' in de garden — you'll see de kink yet where it ain't never straighten out f'm dat day to dis."

IN THE COILS OF DEATH

BY ALFRED H. MILES

PERHAPS of all modern boa stories, that narrated by Captain Speke of his own experiences when seeking the source of the Nile is one of the most thrilling. On one occasion, in company with Captain Grant, Captain Speke

THE BOA CRUSHES THE BUFFALO

left the camp in search of game, to replenish an exhausted larder. They had shot a young buffalo cow and sighted an elephant, which was engrossing their attention when the shouts of the native attendants caused Captain Speke to look round only to discover a huge boa-constrictor in the act of darting down upon him from a tree above. Caught in one of the coils of the snake Speke was thrown down beside the animal they had just killed.

"In a moment," says Captain Speke's narrative, "I comprehended all. The huge serpent had struck the young buffalo cow, between which and him I had unluckily placed myself at the moment of firing upon the elephant. A most singular good fortune attended me, however, for instead of being crushed into a mangled mass with the unfortunate cow, my left fore-arm had only been caught in between the buffalo's body and a single fold of the constrictor. The limb lay just in front of the shoulder, at the root of the neck, and thus had a short bed of flesh, into which it was jammed, as it were, by the immense pressure of the serpent's body, that was like iron in hardness.

"As I saw Grant about to shoot, a terror took possession of me; for if he refrained I might possibly escape, after the boa released its folds from the dead cow; but should he fire and strike the reptile, it would, in its convulsions, crush or drag me to pieces. Even as the idea came to me, I beheld Grant pause. He appeared fully to comprehend all. He could see how I was situated, that I was still living, and that my delivery depended upon the will of the constrictor. We could see every line of each other's faces, so close were we, and I would have shouted, or spoken, or even whispered to him had I dared. But the boa's head was reared within a few feet of mine, and a wink of an eyelid would perhaps settle my doom; so I stared, stared, stared, like a dead man, at Grant and at the blacks.

"Presently the serpent began very gradually to relax his folds, and after re-tightening them several times as the crushed buffalo quivered he unwound one fold entirely. Then he paused. The next iron-like band was the one which held me a prisoner; and as I felt it little by little unclasping, my heart stood still with hope and fear. Perhaps, upon being freed, the benumbed arm, uncontrolled by any will, might fall from the cushion-like bed in which it lay! And such a mishap might bring the spare fold around my neck or chest—and then farewell to the sources of the Nile! Oh, how hardly, how desperately I struggled to command myself! I glanced at Grant, and saw him handling his rifle anxiously. I glanced at the negroes, and saw them still gazing, as though petrified with astonishment. I glanced at the serpent's loathsome head

and saw its bright, deadly eyes watching for the least sign of life in its prey.

"Now, then, the reptile loosened its fold on my arm a hair's breadth, and now a little more, till half an inch of space separated my arm and its mottled skin. I could have whipped out my hand, but dared not take the risk. Atoms of time dragged themselves into ages, and a minute seemed eternity itself. The second fold was removed entirely, and the next one easing. Should I dash away now, or await a more favorable moment? I decided upon the former; and with lightning speed I bounded away towards Grant, the crack of whose piece I heard at the next instant.

"For the first time in my life I was thoroughly overcome; and sinking down, I remained in a semi-unconscious state for several minutes. When I fully recovered, Grant and the overjoyed negroes held me up, and pointed out the boa, which was still writhing in its death-agonies. I shuddered as I looked upon the effects of its tremendous dying strength. For yards around where it lay, grass, and bushes, and saplings, and, in fact, everything except the more fully-grown trees were cut quite off, as though they had been trimmed by an immense scythe. The monster, when measured, was fifty-one feet two and a half inches in extreme length, while round the thickest portion of its body the girth was nearly three feet, thus proving, I believe, to be the largest serpent that was ever authentically heard of."

BARON MUNCHAUSEN

[The writer known as Baron Munchausen doubtless had one of the most vivid imaginations ever bestowed upon a mortal. When anyone tells a most improbable story, it is commonly called a "Munchausen." We give an illustration of the Baron's whimsical ability for telling what could not be true.]

A TRIP TO THE MOON

I HAVE already informed you of one trip I made to the Moon, in search of my silver hatchet; I afterwards made another in a much pleasanter manner, and stayed in it long enough to take notice of several things, which I will endeavor to describe as accurately as my memory will permit.

I went on a voyage of discovery, at the request of a distant relation, who had a strange notion that there were people to be found equal in magnitude to those described by Gulliver in the empire of *Brobdignag*. For my part, I always treated that account as fabulous; however, to oblige him, for he had made me his heir, I undertook it, and sailed for the South Seas, where we arrived without meeting with anything remarkable, except some flying men and women who were playing at leap-frog, and dancing minuets in the air.

On the eighteenth day after we had passed the island of Otaheite, a hurricane blew our ship at least one thousand leagues above the surface of the water, and kept it at that height till a fresh gale arising filled the sails in every part, and onward we traveled at a prodigious rate. Thus we proceeded above the clouds for six weeks. At last we discovered a great land in the sky, like a shining island, round and bright; where, coming into a convenient harbor, we went on shore, and soon found it was inhabited. Below us we saw another earth, containing cities, trees, mountains, rivers, and seas, which we conjectured was this world which we had left. Here we saw huge figures riding upon vultures of a prodigious size and each of them having three heads. To form some idea of the magnitude of these birds, I must inform you that each of their wings is as wide and six times the length of the main-sheet

BARON MUNCHAUSEN HIMSELF. MELTING SNOW LEFT HIS HORSE HITCHED TO THE CHURCH STEEPLE WHICH THE BARON MISTOOK FOR A POST THE NIGHT BEFORE

of our vessel, which was about six hundred tons burden. Thus, instead of riding upon horses, as we do in this world, the inhabitants of the Moon (for we now found we were in Madam Luna) fly about on these birds. The king, we found, was engaged in a war with the Sun, and he offered me a commission, but I declined the honor his majesty intended me. Everything in *this* world is of extraordinary magnitude; a common flea being much larger than one of our sheep. In making war, their principal weapons are radishes, which are used as darts: those who are wounded by them die immediately. Their shields are made of mushrooms, and their darts (when radishes are out of season) of the tops of asparagus. Some of the natives of the Dog-star are to be seen here; commerce tempts them to ramble: their faces are like large mastiffs, with their eyes near the lower end or tip of their noses: they have no eyelids, but cover their eyes with the end of their tongues when they go to sleep: they are generally twenty feet high. As to the natives of the Moon, none of them are less in stature than thirty-six feet.

When they grow old, they do not die, but turn into air, and dissolve like smoke! They have but one finger upon each hand, with which they perform everything in as perfect a manner as we do who have four besides the thumb. Their heads are placed under their right arm; and when they are going to travel, or about any violent exercise, they generally leave them at home, for they can consult them at any distance. This is a very common practice; and when those of rank or quality among the Lunarians have an inclination to see what's going forward among the common people, they stay at home, *i. e.*, the body stays at home, and sends the head only, which is suffered to be present *incog.*, and return at pleasure with an account of what has passed.

Their eyes they can take in and out of their places when they please, and can see as well with them in their hands as in their heads! and if by any accident they lose or damage one, they can borrow or purchase another, and see as clearly with it as their own. Dealers in eyes are on that account very numerous in most parts of the Moon, and in this article alone all the inhabitants are whimsical: sometimes green and sometimes yellow eyes are the fashion. I know these things appear strange, but if the shadow of a doubt can remain on any person's mind, I say, let him take a voyage there himself, and then he will know I am a traveler of veracity.

A WHALE STORY

I embarked at Portsmouth in a first-rate English man-of-war, of one hundred guns, and fourteen hundred men, for North America. Nothing worth relating happened till we arrived within three hundred leagues of the river St. Lawrence, when the ship struck with amazing force against (as we supposed) a rock; however, upon heaving the lead, we could find no bottom, even with three hundred fathom. What made this circumstance the more wonderful and indeed beyond all comprehension, was, that the violence of the shock was such that we lost our rudder, broke our bowsprit in the middle, and split all our masts from top to bottom, two of which went by the board. A poor fellow, who was aloft, furling the main-sheet, was flung at least three leagues from the ship; but he fortunately saved his life by laying hold of the tail of a large sea-gull, who brought him back, and lodged him on the very spot from whence he was thrown. Another proof of the violence of the shock was the force with which the people between-decks were driven against the floors above them; my head particularly was pressed into my stomach, where it continued some months before it recovered its natural situation. Whilst we were all in a state of astonishment at the general and unaccountable confusion in which we were involved, the whole was suddenly explained by the appearance of a large whale, who had been basking asleep, within sixteen feet of the surface of the water. This animal was so much displeased with the disturbance which our ship had given him, for in our passage we had with our rudder scratched his nose, that he beat in all the galley and part of the quarter-deck with his tail, and almost the same instant took the main-sheet anchor, which was suspended, as it usually is, from the head, between his teeth, and ran away with the ship, at least sixty leagues, at the rate of twelve leagues an hour, when fortunately the cable

broke, and we lost both the whale and the anchor. However, upon our return to Europe some months after, we found the same whale within a few leagues of the same spot, floating dead upon the water; it measured above half a mile in length. As we could take but a small quantity of such a monstrous animal on board, we got our boats out, and with much difficulty cut off his head, where, to our great joy, we found the anchor, and about forty fathom of the cable concealed on the left side of his mouth, just under his tongue. (Perhaps this was the cause of his death, as that side of his tongue was much swelled, with a great degree of inflammation.) This was the only extraordinary circumstance that happened on this voyage.

THE LION-CROCODILE ENCOUNTER

After we had resided at Ceylon about a fortnight, I accompanied one of the governor's brothers upon a shooting-party. Near the banks of a large piece of water, which had engaged my attention, I thought I heard a rustling noise behind; on turning about, I was almost petrified (as who would not?) at the sight of a lion, which was evidently approaching with the intention of satisfying his appetite with my poor carcass, and that without asking my consent. What was to be done in this horrible dilemma? I had not even a moment for reflection; my piece was only charged with swan-shot, and I had no other about me; however, though I could have no idea of killing such an animal with that weak kind of ammunition, yet I had some hopes of frightening him by the report, and perhaps of wounding him also. I immediately let fly, without waiting till he was within reach; and the report did but enrage him, for he now quickened his pace, and seemed to approach me full speed: I attempted to escape, but that only added (if an addition could be made) to my distress; for the moment I turned about, I found a large crocodile, with his mouth extended, almost ready to receive me; on my right hand was the piece of water before mentioned, and on my left a deep precipice, said to have, as I have since learned, a receptacle at the bottom for venomous creatures: in short, I gave myself up as lost, for the lion was now upon his hindlegs, just in the act of seizing me; I fell involuntarily to the ground with fear, and, as it afterwards appeared, he sprang over me. I lay some time in a situation which no language can describe, expecting to feel his teeth or talons in some part of me every moment: after waiting in this prostrate situation a few seconds, I heard a violent but unusual noise, different from any sound that had ever before assailed my ears; nor is it at all to be wondered at, when I inform you from whence it proceeded. After listening for some time, I ventured to raise my head and look round, when, to my unspeakable joy, I perceived the lion had, by the eagerness with which he sprung at me, jumped forward, as I fell, into the crocodile's mouth, which, as before observed, was wide open; the head of the one stuck in the throat of the other, and they were struggling to extricate themselves. I fortunately recollected my *couteau de chasse*, which was by my side; with this instrument I severed the lion's head at one blow, and the body fell at my feet. I then with the butt-end of my fowling-piece rammed the head further into the throat of the crocodile, and destroyed him by suffocation, for he could neither gorge nor eject it.

Soon after I had thus gained a complete victory over my two powerful adversaries, my companion arrived in search of me; for finding I did not follow him into the wood, he returned, apprehending I had lost my way, or met with some accident. After mutual congratulations, we measured the crocodile, which was just forty feet in length.

"THE LION WAS . . . JUST IN THE ACT OF SEIZING ME; I FELL INVOLUNTARILY TO THE GROUND"

"I PERCEIVED THAT THE LION HAD JUMPED INTO THE CROCODILE'S MOUTH, WHICH WAS WIDE OPEN"

FOUR EVENTFUL SCENES: 1. THE BARON CARRIES OFF THE HORSES; 2. THE PEOPLE ARE SURPRISED AS THE SEA MONSTER DISGORGES THE BARON; 3. THE COMBAT WITH THE FISH ON OCEAN'S BOTTOM IS TRULY FIERCE; 4. THE VOYAGE FROM THE MOON IS CERTAINLY EXCITING IF TRUE

ROBINSON CRUSOE

THIS story, which made its author world famous and will be read as long as boys live, was at first named: "The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner, who lived eight-and-twenty years all alone on an uninhabited Island on the Coast of America near the Mouth of the great River Oronoque, having been cast on shore by shipwreck, wherein all the men perished but himself. With an account how he was at last strangely delivered by Pirates. Written by himself." The title tells the story. The book is long, too, but what reader ever found it too long? It pleased the men and women and children of two hundred years ago as much as it pleases them now. It has been printed in countless editions and in many languages. It was not written until Daniel Defoe (1661–1731), the author, was nearly sixty years old.

Defoe doubtless got the idea of "Robinson Crusoe" from the adventures of a Scots sailor named Alexander Selkirk, who quarreled with his captain and was set ashore upon an uninhabited island where he remained for more than four years, when he was rescued by a passing ship and brought home to England. Out of this real experience the author built his fascinating account of such adventures as no one else ever imagined. Our pictures show some of the striking incidents.

Of course our purpose is merely to remind you of the remarkable tale, which you will wish to read at length, if you have not done so. "Robinson Crusoe" and the other stories which he wrote afterward brought Defoe a comfortable fortune. He built himself a handsome house, had carriages and horses, and lived in good style. But one day he disappeared, and for two years lived as a homeless fugitive, dying in 1731 in loneliness. He made his stories so real that it is difficult to believe that Robinson Crusoe was not an actual person and his adventures true happenings. That is the highest art of the story teller.

The story recites at great length the hero's early life, his going to sea, suffering all sorts of dangers and fortune, and at last being wrecked on an island in the West Indies. Then begins the description of his lonely experiences. It was fifteen years before he saw a footprint, and eight more before he found his man Friday, so named because it was on Friday he appeared. Later, cannibal savages were overcome, a white man was rescued, and now a little company held the island, until one day an English ship came in sight. This made it possible to return to England, and after an absence of thirty-five years Crusoe reached his native land, bringing Friday with him. Other adventures he had, but the life on the island during the years when he was without a human companion forms the most engrossing part of the story. A good and inexpensive edition is that in "Everyman's Library."

ROBINSON CRUSOE AND HIS DOG

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S EXPERIENCES: 1. The lifeboat is soon swamped. 2. Crusoe gets a raft load from the ship. 3. Taking comfort with his dog and a fire. 4. Comradeship with the animal pets.

1. Robinson Crusoe looks out for savages or ships. 2. Crusoe and Friday build a boat. 3. Friday falls, pierced by arrows. 4. A thrilling encounter.

TOP: DON QUIXOTE IS KNIGHTED BY THE WORTHY INNKEEPER IN DUE FORM. BOTTOM: THE LION PAID NO ATTENTION TO THE VALOROUS KNIGHT'S DEFIANCE

CERVANTES AND "DON QUIXOTE"

THE most famous of Spanish authors is Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, commonly known as Cervantes. His masterpiece, *Don Quixote*, has been translated into all the languages of Europe, and has come to rank among the world's great books.

Cervantes was born in a small Spanish village in the year 1547. When he was seven years old his parents took him to live in Madrid. The family was of good birth, but was reduced in circumstances, and though Cervantes was a born writer, poverty compelled him to take up the career of soldiering. He went to Italy and served in wars against the Turks and African corsairs, winning a reputation for courage. At the battle of Lepanto, in 1571, he lost his left hand. A few years later he was captured by a pirate and was sold as a slave in Algiers, in which unfortunate condition he remained for seven years, until his family and friends were able to ransom him. After his escape from slavery, he returned to Spain and devoted the rest of his life to writing. He composed about thirty plays for the stage, wrote a number of poems and novels, and finally, in 1615, completed his *Don Quixote*, the work by which he will always be remembered. He died in 1616, the very year of Shakespeare's death.

DON QUIXOTE

Don Quixote was written in ridicule of the extravagant and high-flown romances of knighthood that flourished in Cervantes's day. They were wild tales that were likely to turn people's heads, and Cervantes's book made them appear so ridiculous and untrue to life, that it "laughed them out of Europe."

The hero of the story is a kindly old gentleman who has lost some of his wits through reading hundreds of these trashy novels. He imagines he was born to be a great knight, and so he sets forth on his wanderings, mounted on a bony old horse, whose high-flown name is Rozinante, and accompanied by a fat little servant named Sancho Panza. His aim is to rescue fair ladies in distress, to make war upon giants, and in general to do those impossible things that the knights-errant in the novels were accustomed to doing. And the book is made up of his wonderful adventures. It is crowded full of the most amusing incidents and situations. The selections that follow will give some idea of its humor.

DON QUIXOTE IS DUBBED A KNIGHT

But one uncomfortable thought chilled the heat of his enthusiasm — he had not yet been dubbed a knight, and was therefore still unqualified to engage in any chivalrous adventure. Accordingly, as soon as he had finished his scanty and sordid meal, he took the landlord aside, and shutting himself up with him in the stable and falling on his knees before him, said: "I will never rise from this posture, valiant knight, until thou hast granted me of thy courtesy the favor which I desire, and which shall redound to thine honor and to the benefit of the human race."

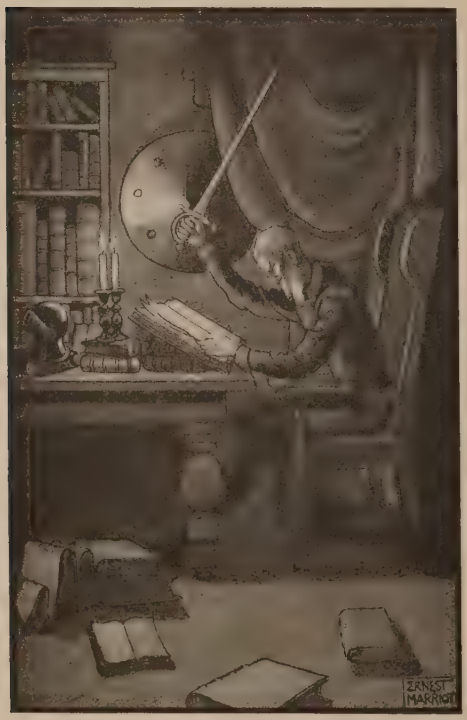
Dumfounded at the strange attitude and still stranger language of his guest, the landlord stared at him, not knowing what to do or say. He begged him to rise, but Don Quixote steadily refused, so that at last he was obliged to give the promise required.

"I expected no less from your High Mightiness," answered Don Quixote. "And now hear what I desire: to-morrow at dawn you shall dub me knight, and to that end I will this night keep the vigil of arms in the chapel of your castle, so that I may be ready to receive the order of chivalry in the morning, and forthwith set out on the path of toil and glory which awaits those who follow the perilous profession of knight-errantry."

By this time the landlord began to perceive that Don Quixote was not right in his wits, and being somewhat of a wag he resolved to make matter for mirth by humoring his whim; and so he replied that such ambition was most laudable, and just what he would have looked for in a gentleman of his gallant presence. He had himself, he said, been a cavalier of fortune in his youth — which in a certain sense was true, for he had been a notorious thief and rogue, known to every magistrate in Spain — and now, in his declining years, he was living in the retirement of his castle, where his chief pleasure was to entertain wandering knights; which, being

interpreted, meant that he was a rascally landlord, and grew fat by cheating the unfortunate travelers who stayed at his inn.

Then he went on to say that, with regard to the vigil of arms, it could be held in the courtyard of the castle, as the chapel had been pulled down to make place for a new one.



DON QUIXOTE IN STUDY AMONG HIS LOVED BOOKS

"And to-morrow," he concluded, "you shall be dubbed a knight — a full knight, and a perfect knight, so that none shall be more so in all the world."

Having thanked the landlord for his kindness, and promised to obey him, as his adoptive father, in all things, Don Quixote at once prepared to perform the vigil of arms. Collecting his armor, he laid the several pieces in a horse-trough, which stood in the center of the inn-yard, and then, taking his shield on his arm, and grasping his lance, he began to pace up and down with high-bred dignity before the trough.

The landlord had lost no time in informing those who were staying at the inn of the mad freaks of his guest, and a little crowd was gathered to watch his proceedings from a distance, which they were the better able to do, as the moon was shining with unusual brightness. Sometimes they saw him stalking to and fro, with serene composure, and sometimes he would pause in his march, and stand for a good while leaning on his lance, and scanning his armor with a fixed and earnest gaze.

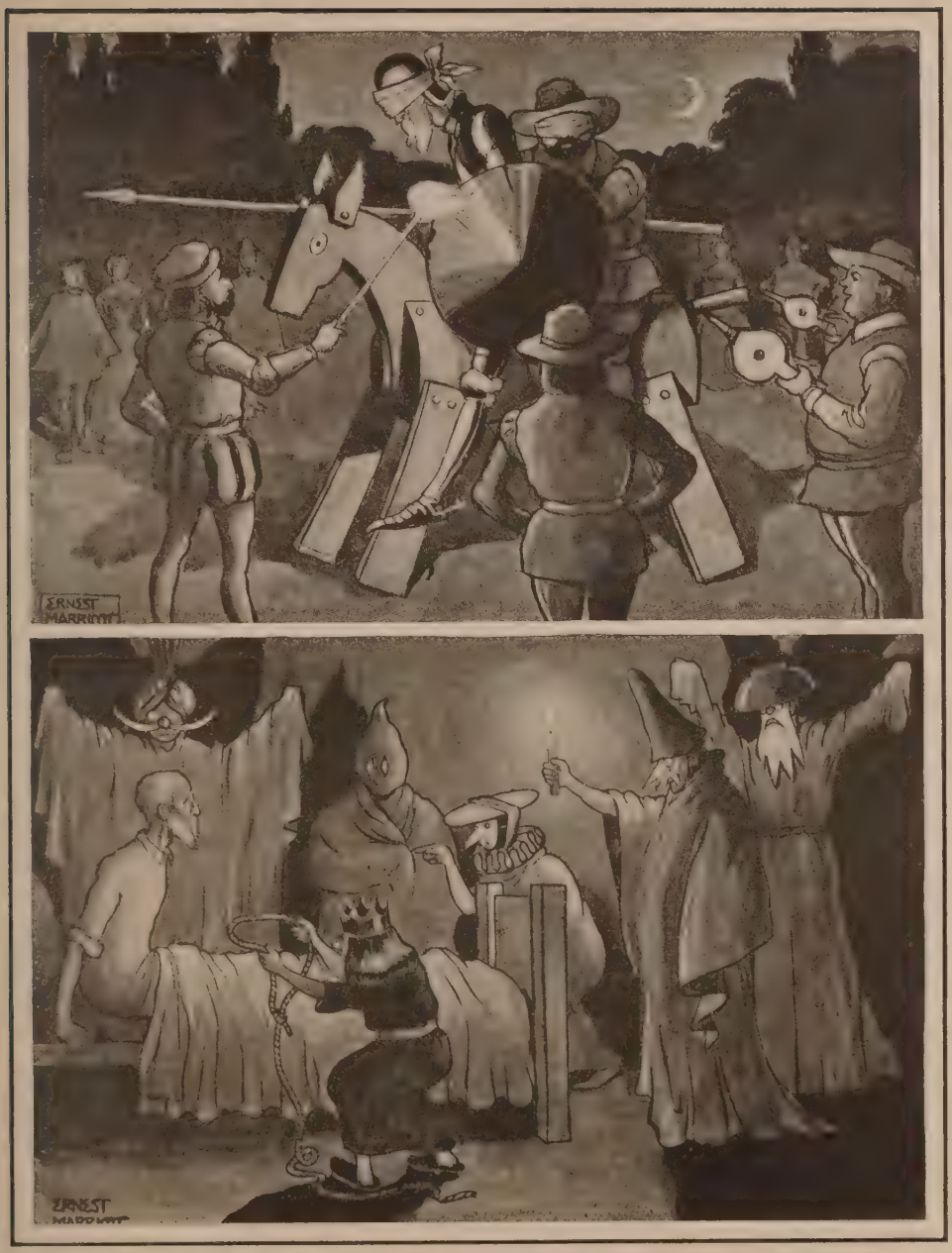
While this was going on, one of the mule-drivers took it into his head to water his team, and approaching the horse-trough prepared to remove Don Quixote's armor, which was in his way. Perceiving his intention, Don Quixote cried to him in a loud voice, saying: "O thou, whoever thou art, audacious knight, who drawest near to touch the armor of the bravest champion that ever girt on sword, look what thou doest, and touch it not, if thou wouldst not pay for thy rashness with thy life!"

The valiant defiance was thrown away on the muleteer, whose thick head needed other arguments, and taking the armor by the straps, he flung it a good way from him. Which when Don Quixote saw, he raised his eyes to heaven, and fixing his thoughts (as may be supposed) on his lady Dulcinea, he exclaimed: "Shine on me, light of my life, now when the first insult is offered to my devoted heart! Let not thy countenance and favor desert me in this, my first adventure."

As he put up this pious appeal he let go his shield, and lifting his lance in both hands, brought it down with such force on the muleteer's head that he fell senseless to the ground; and if the blow had been followed by another, he would have needed no physician to cure him. Having done this, Don Quixote collected his armor, and began pacing up and down again, with the same tranquillity as before.

Presently another muleteer, knowing nothing of what had happened, came up to the trough with the same intention as the first, and was about to lay hands on the armor, when Don Quixote, without uttering a word, or asking favor of anyone, once more lifted his lance, and dealt the fellow two smart strokes, which made two cross gashes on his crown.

Meanwhile the alarm had been raised in the



TOP: BRAVE SANCHO FLINGS HIS ARMS ROUND HIS MASTER, THE KNIGHT. BOTTOM: AT MIDNIGHT, WEARING MASKS AND STRANGE COSTUMES, THEY ENTERED THE KNIGHT'S ROOM

house, and the whole troop of muleteers now came running to avenge their comrades. Seeing himself threatened by a general assault, Don Quixote drew his sword, and thrusting his arm into his shield cried: "Queen of Beauty, who givest power and might to this feeble heart, now let thine eyes be turned upon thy slave, who stands upon the threshold of so great a peril."

His words were answered by the muleteers with a shower of stones, which he kept off as well as he could with his shield. At the noise of the fray the innkeeper came puffing up, and called upon the muleteers to desist. "The man is mad," said he, "as I told you before, and the law cannot touch him, though he should kill you all."

"Ha! art thou there, base and recreant knight?" shouted Don Quixote in a voice of thunder. "Is this thy hospitality to knights-errant? 'T is well for thee that I have not yet received the order of knighthood, or I would have paid thee home for this outrage. As to you, base and sordid pack, I care not for you a straw. Come one, come all, and take the wages of your folly and presumption."

His tones were so threatening, and his aspect was so formidable, that he struck terror into the hearts of his assailants, who drew back, and left off throwing stones; and, after some further parley, he allowed them to carry off the wounded, and returned with unruffled dignity to his vigil of arms.

The landlord was now thoroughly tired of his guest's wild antics, and, resolving to make an end of the business, lest worse should come of it, he went up to Don Quixote, and asked pardon for the violence of that low-born rabble, who had acted, he said, without his knowledge, and had been properly chastised for their temerity. He added that the ceremony of conferring knighthood might be performed in any place, and that two hours sufficed for the vigil of arms, so that Don Quixote had fulfilled this part of his duty twice over, as he had now been watching for double that time.

All this was firmly believed by Don Quixote, and he requested that he might be made a knight without further delay; for if, he said, he were attacked again, after receiving the order of chivalry, he was determined not to leave a soul alive in the castle, excepting those to whom he might show mercy at the governor's desire.

The landlord, whose anxiety was increased by this alarming threat, went and fetched a book in which he kept his accounts, and came back, attended by a boy who carried a stump of candle, and by the two damsels aforesaid. Then, bidding Don Quixote to kneel before him, he began to murmur words from his book, in the tone of one who was saying his prayers, and in the midst of his reading he raised his hand and gave Don Quixote a smart blow on the neck, and then taking the sword laid it gently on his shoulder, muttering all the time between his teeth with the same air of devotion. Then he directed one of the ladies to gird on his sword, which she did with equal liveliness and discretion — and she had much need of the latter quality to prevent an explosion of laughter; however, the specimen which the new knight had just given of his prowess kept their merriment in check.

When his spurs had been buckled on by the other damsel the ceremony was completed, and after some further compliments Don Quixote saddled Rozinante and rode forth, a new-made knight, ready to astonish the world with feats of arms and chivalry. The innkeeper, who was glad to see the last of him, let him go without making any charge for what he had consumed.

THE BATTLE OF THE WINDMILLS

Chatting thus they reached the top of a rising ground, and saw before them thirty or forty windmills in the plain below; and as soon as Don Quixote set eyes on them he said to his squire: "Friend Sancho, we are in luck to-day! See, there stands a troop of monstrous giants, thirty or more, and with them I will forthwith do battle, and slay them every one. With their spoils we will lay the foundation of our fortune, as is the victor's right; moreover, it is doing heaven good service to sweep this generation of vipers from off the face of the earth."

"What giants do you mean?" asked Sancho Panza.

"Those whom thou seest yonder," answered

TOP: RIGHT, DON QUIXOTE AT REST. LEFT, DON QUIXOTE CHARGES DOWN THE HILL. BOTTOM: THE TWO ADVENTURERS, DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO PANZA, ON THE ROAD

his master, "with the long arms, which in such creatures are sometimes two leagues in length."

"What is your honor thinking of?" cried Sancho. "These are not giants, but windmills, and their arms, as you call them, are the sails, which, being driven by the wind, set the millstones going."

"'T is plain," said Don Quixote, "that thou hast still much to learn in our school of adventures. I tell thee they are giants, and if thou art afraid, keep out of the way, and pass the time in prayer, while I am engaged with them in fierce and unequal battle."

Saying this, he set spurs to Rozinante, and turning a deaf ear to the cries of Sancho, who kept repeating that the supposed giants were nothing but windmills, he thundered across the plain, shouting at the top of his voice: "Fly not, ye cowardly loons, for it is only a single knight who is coming to attack you!"

Just at this moment there came a puff of wind, which set the sails in motion; seeing which Don Quixote cried: "Ay, swing your arms! If ye had more of them than Briareos himself, I would make you pay for it." Then, with a heartfelt appeal to his lady Dulcinea, he charged full gallop at the nearest mill, and pierced the descending sail with his lance. The weapon was shivered to pieces, and horse and rider, caught by the sweep of the sail, were sent rolling with great violence across the plain.

"Heaven preserve us!" cried Sancho, who had followed as fast as his ass could trot, and found his master lying very still by the side of his steed. "Did I not warn your honor that these things were windmills, and not giants at all? Surely none could fail to see it, unless he had such another whirligig in his own pate!"

"Be silent, good Sancho!" replied Don Quixote, "and know that the things of war, beyond all others, are subject to continual mutation. Moreover, in the present case I think, nay, I am sure, that an alien power has been at work, even that wicked enchanter Friston, who carried off my books; he it is who has changed those giants into windmills, to rob me of the honor of their defeat. But in the end all his evil devices shall be baffled by my good sword."

"Heaven grant that it may be so!" said Sancho, assisting him to rise; and the knight then remounted Rozinante, whose shoulders were almost splayed by his fall, and turned his face towards the Puerto Lapice, a rugged mountain pass, through which ran the main road from Madrid to Andalusia; for such a place, he thought, could not fail to afford rich and varied matter for adventures.

HOW THE EUROPEAN COURTIERS DRESSED IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES

Top Row: Silvester, Selden, Beaumont, Bacon, Donne, Raleigh, Earl of Southampton. Bottom: Camden, Sackville, Fletcher, Jonson, Shakespeare, Cotton, Dekker.

SHORT STORIES ABOUT GREAT MEN

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was born in the village of Stratford, beside the Avon River, on the 24th of April, 1564. He was the third child of John Shakespeare, by trade a tanner and glove-maker, and Mary Arden, a woman of gentler birth and breeding. At the Stratford grammar school young Shakespeare was taught the "small Latin and less Greek" which his scholarly friend Ben Jonson later on credited him with knowing. When he was about fourteen years old, his father's fortunes declined, and young Shakespeare was forced to leave school in order to help his parents. But to such a keen-minded and observing youth as Shakespeare must have been, education was no mere thing of books. Life itself was a true education, and we may imagine this most brilliant of boys schooling himself in knowledge of men and women as he associated with the townsfolk, absorbing a deep insight into nature as he wandered over the fields and highways of Warwickshire, and broadening the reach of his imagination as he stood dreaming before the splendid old castle at Warwick.

When he was eighteen years old, he married Ann Hathaway, a peasant girl eight years older than himself. Three years after this he went up to London; perhaps to seek his fortune, perhaps to escape the wrath of Sir Thomas Lucy over a deer stealing adventure in which tradition has it that Shakespeare was engaged along with some other wild young fellows of the village. At any rate, soon after arriving in London he became connected with a theatrical company which was headed by the famous actor James Burbage. Beginning in a humble position, he soon made himself indispensable as an actor and as a playwright who could make needed changes in old-fashioned plays to fit them for being acted. A few years later, Burbage and his company moved into a new theatre, called the Globe, and here Shakespeare wrote nearly all the great plays which have made him famous. Of his life in London we know little. We know

that he became a shareholder, or part owner, in the Globe Theatre, and that he made a comfortable fortune out of the theatrical business. We know, too, that when he was about fifty years old, he retired to Stratford and lived in a house called New Place, which he had purchased some years before, and wrote no more plays. Lastly, that he died there in 1616 at the age of fifty-two, and was buried in the old church beside the quiet Avon.

It seems strange, at first, that so little should be known about the life and character of such a great writer. But we must remember that in those far-off days actors did not have a very good social position in London, and that consequently the record of their lives was not so likely to be preserved as those of nobles, soldiers, statesmen, and other socially important people. We know more about Shakespeare, in fact, than we do about many other playwriters of those times. A very interesting book about *Shakespeare the Boy* has been written, which tells of Stratford-on-Avon, and the scenes in which he lived in his youth.

A LIST OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS

In this list of Shakespeare's plays, his most famous characters are mentioned, so that you can tell what play each one appears in:

Titus Andronicus, a play of bloody horrors.
Love's Labour's Lost, a comedy of society.
Comedy of Errors, full of humorous mistakes.
Two Gentlemen of Verona, a love romance.
A Midsummer Night's Dream, a fanciful fairy play.
Romeo and Juliet, a tragedy. (Mercutio, Juliet.)
Richard III, an historical tragedy. (Richard III.)
King John, a history play. (Prince Arthur.)
Henry IV, two parts, a history play. (Falstaff.)
Henry V, a history play.
The Merchant of Venice, a comedy. (Portia, Shylock.)
The Taming of the Shrew, a comedy.
The Merry Wives of Windsor, a comedy. (Falstaff.)
Much Ado about Nothing, a comedy. (Beatrice, Dogberry.)
As You Like It, a comedy. (Rosalind, Touchstone.)
Twelfth Night, a comedy. (Viola, Malvolio, Sir Toby Belch.)
Julius Caesar, a tragedy. (Brutus.)
Coriolanus, a tragedy.
Antony and Cleopatra, a tragedy. (Antony, Cleopatra.)
Measure for Measure, a bitter comedy.
Troilus and Cressida, a bitter comedy.
Hamlet, a tragedy. (Hamlet, Ophelia, Polonius.)
Macbeth, a tragedy. (Macbeth, Lady Macbeth.)
Othello, a tragedy. (Othello, Desdemona, Iago.)
King Lear, a tragedy. (Lear, Cordelia.)
Timon of Athens, a tragedy.
Cymbeline, a romance. (Imogen.)
A Winter's Tale, a romance. (Perdita.)
The Tempest, a romantic fairy play. (Prospero, Miranda, Ariel.)

SONGS FROM THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE

From As You Like It

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither! come hither! come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither! come hither! come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

From A Midsummer Night's Dream

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moonës sphere;
And I serve the Fairy Queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see:
Those be rubies, fairy favors,
In those freckles live their savors.
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

From Measure For Measure

Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Bring again;
Seals of love, but sealed in vain,
Sealed in vain!

BEN JONSON

"RARE BEN JONSON," as he was called, was born in 1573, and died in 1637. He was a very remarkable and powerful man. When he was a youngster he learned the bricklayer's trade, and then turned soldier for a while. Though he gave up the business of fighting, and settled down to the life of a poet and dramatist, he was always a fighter in everything he undertook to do. He inherited his fighting spirit from his mother, as this little incident will show. When he was put in prison on account of something he had written in one of his plays, and was threatened with having his ears cut off as a punishment, his mother prepared some poison which she intended to give him. Rather than have him disgraced, she preferred to have him die, — and she herself meant to take the poison too. But fortunately he was soon released from the prison with both his ears still on.

Jonson was very popular among the most intelligent people of London. After Shakespeare's death, he became the leading man of letters in England, and had many followers, who were known as "the tribe of Ben." He was a great scholar, a brilliant talker, and ranks among the leading English playwrights. His most famous plays were comedies. In these comedies he wrote about everyday life as he saw it, and made his audiences laugh at their own follies and shortcomings. Comedy of this sort is known as "comedy of manners," or "realistic comedy," and Jonson's realistic comedies are the finest in the English language. His masterpieces are *Volpone*, *The Silent Woman*, *The Alchemist*, and *Bartholomew Fair*. He wrote many charming songs and poems, one of the most delightful of them being the one here given:

To Celia

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I 'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not wither'd be.
But thou thereon did'st only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

SAMUEL JOHNSON was born in Lichfield, England, in 1709, and died in London in 1784. His long life was spent as a man of letters — reading, writing, and conversing being his chief occupations. He was the chief literary figure of his day, and was recognized on all sides as a great man. He wrote many books, poems, and essays, during the course of his life, but all save a few of these are now unread and half forgotten. His *Dictionary of the English Language*, the first important English dictionary (completed in 1755 after eight years of tremendous labors), and his *Lives of the Poets* are, however, works of real importance in the history of English literature.

But it is as a striking figure and a great man that Dr. Johnson is chiefly remembered. Outwardly he was highly picturesque and individual. His body was huge, his face was disfigured, he was extremely near-sighted and almost blind in one eye, was very slovenly and rough-mannered, muttered prayers to himself, had a habit of touching all the posts he passed as he walked along the street, was known to drink as many as twenty-five cups of tea in an evening, and had a hundred other peculiarities. Yet he was a heroic man, possessed of the finest qualities. He was generous, chivalrous towards women, tender, brave, large-minded, and loyal. We know him better than any other eighteenth century writer because he was the hero of the best biography ever written, — Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

OF the life and character of Abraham Lincoln, nothing need be said here, for he belongs among the great statesmen rather than among the great men of literature. Yet

as a master of the English language, Lincoln takes a high place. He knew how to say great things in the great way — that is, simply, honestly, and beautifully. We feel that his words come straight from the heart of a large-minded, courageous, and humble man.

ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG

Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. We are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation — or any nation so conceived and so dedicated — can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as the final resting place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

LETTER TO MRS. BIXBY

Dear Madam:

I have been shown, in the files of the War Department, a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts, that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours, very sincerely and respectfully,

Abraham Lincoln.

To Mrs. Bixby, Boston, Massachusetts.

SIXTEENTH CENTURY COSTUMES OF THE GENTRY

THE CHIEF ENGLISH POETS

Geoffrey Chaucer (1340–1400).
Edmund Spenser (1552–1599).
Robert Herrick (1591–1674).
John Milton (1608–1675).
John Dryden (1631–1700).
Alexander Pope (1688–1744).
Thomas Gray (1716–1771).
William Cowper (1731–1800).
William Blake (1757–1827).
Robert Burns (1759–1796).
Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772–1834).
William Wordsworth (1770–1850).
George Gordon, Lord Byron (1788–1824).
Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1821).
John Keats (1795–1821).
Walter Savage Landor (1775–1864).
Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809–1892).
Robert Browning (1812–1889).
Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1806–1861).
Matthew Arnold (1822–1888).
Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828–1882).
Christina Rossetti (1830–1894).
William Morris (1834–1896).
Algernon Charles Swinburne (1837–1909).

THE CHIEF ENGLISH DRAMATISTS

John Lyly (1553–1606).
Christopher Marlowe (1564–1593).
George Chapman (1559–1634).
Robert Greene (1560?–1592).
George Peele (1558?–1597?).
William Shakespeare (1564–1616).
Ben Jonson (1573–1637).
Thomas Dekker (1570?–1641).
Thomas Heywood (born? — died 1650?).
Thomas Middleton (1570–1627).
Francis Beaumont (1584–1616).
John Fletcher (1579–1625).
John Webster (1580 (about)–1625 (about)).
Philip Massinger (1583–1640).
John Ford (1586–1640?).
James Shirley (1596–1666).
John Dryden (1631–1700).
Thomas Otway (1652–1685).
William Wycherley (1640–1715).
Sir John Vanbrugh (1666–1726).
William Congreve (1670–1729).
George Farquhar (1678–1707).
Oliver Goldsmith (1728–1774).
Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751–1816).

THE CHIEF ENGLISH NOVELISTS

Daniel Defoe (1659?–1731).
Samuel Richardson (1689–1761).
Henry Fielding (1707–1754).
Tobias Smollett (1721–1771).
Laurence Sterne (1713–1768).
Frances Burney (1752–1840).
Maria Edgeworth (1767–1849).
Jane Austen (1775–1817).
Sir Walter Scott (1771–1832).
Edward Bulwer (1803–1873).
Charles Dickens (1812–1870).
William Makepeace Thackeray (1811–1863).
Anthony Trollope (1815–1882).
Charles Reade (1814–1884).
Charlotte and Emily Brontë { Charlotte, 1816–1855. Emily, 1818–1848.
Charles Kingsley (1819–1875).
Mrs. Gaskell (1810–1865).
George Eliot (1819–1880).
George Meredith (1828–1909).
Thomas Hardy (1840–?).
Robert Louis Stevenson (1850–1894).

TWENTY GREAT ENGLISH NOVELS

Robinson Crusoe, by Daniel Defoe.
Clarissa Harlowe, by Samuel Richardson.
Tom Jones, by Henry Fielding.
Tristram Shandy, by Laurence Sterne.
The Vicar of Wakefield, by Oliver Goldsmith.
Evelina, by Fanny Burney.
Pride and Prejudice, by Jane Austen.
Ivanhoe, by Sir Walter Scott.
The Heart of Midlothian, by Sir Walter Scott.
David Copperfield, by Charles Dickens.
Vanity Fair, by William Makepeace Thackeray.
Henry Esmond, by William Makepeace Thackeray
Wuthering Heights, by Emily Brontë.
Jane Eyre, by Charlotte Brontë.
Adam Bede, by George Eliot.
The Mill on the Floss, by George Eliot.
The Cloister and the Hearth, by Charles Reade.

Lorna Doone, by R. D. Blackmore.
The Ordeal of Richard Feverel, by George Meredith.
Far from the Madding Crowd, by Thomas Hardy.

THE CHIEF ENGLISH HISTORICAL, SCIENTIFIC, AND PHILOSOPHICAL WRITERS

John Wyclif (1320–1384).
Sir Thomas More (1478–1535).
Richard Hooker (1553–1600).
Francis Bacon (1561–1626).
Jeremy Taylor (1613–1667).
Jonathan Swift (1667–1745).
Bishop Berkeley (1685–1753).
Edward Gibbon (1737–1794).
Edmund Burke (1729–1797).
E. A. Freeman (1823–1892).
George Grote (1794–1871).
T. B. Macaulay (1800–1859).
Thomas Carlyle (1795–1881).
J. R. Green (1837–1883).
T. H. Huxley (1825–1895).
John Tyndall (1820–1893).
Charles Darwin (1809–1892).

THE CHIEF ENGLISH ESSAYISTS

Francis Bacon (1561–1626).
Sir Thomas Browne (1605–1682).
John Dryden (1631–1700).
Jonathan Swift (1667–1745).
Joseph Addison (1672–1719).
Sir Richard Steele (1672–1729).
Samuel Johnson (1709–1784).
Leigh Hunt (1784–1859).
William Hazlitt (1778–1830).
Charles Lamb (1775–1834).
Thomas De Quincey (1785–1859).
T. B. Macaulay (1800–1859).
Thomas Carlyle (1795–1881).
Matthew Arnold (1822–1888).
John Henry Newman (1801–1890).
Walter Pater (1839–1894).
Robert Louis Stevenson (1850–1894).

GOOD BOOKS TO READ

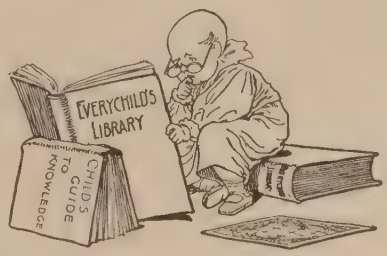
ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY VOLUMES THAT WOULD MAKE A HOME LIBRARY WORTH HAVING

So many books have been written that it is a very easy thing to find books to read. But it is not such an easy matter to find books that are worth reading. This list of books is meant to help you choose stories that will interest you and that you will be glad to have read. It contains only books that are worth reading.

In each case the title of the book is given, and the name of the author, except in a few instances when the author's name is unknown.

Nonsense Books. Lear.
Child's Garden of Verses. Stevenson.
Child's Book of Old Verses. Edited by Jessie W. Smith.
Story Hour. Wiggin.
Sandman, his Farm Stories. Hopkins.
Aesop's Fables.
Snow Baby, Children of the Arctic. Peary.
Just So Stories. Kipling.
Cruikshank's Fairy Book. Illustrated by Cruikshank.
The Birds' Christmas Carol. Wiggin.
Timothy's Quest. Wiggin.
Tommy-Anne and the Three Hearts. Wright.
Fairy Tales of the Brothers Grimm.
House in the Wood and Other Old Fairy Stories. Grimm.
Old Indian Legends. Zitkala-Să.
Uncle Remus; His Songs and His Sayings. Harris.
Lisbeth Longfrock. Aanrud.
Alice in Wonderland. Carroll.
Through the Looking Glass. Carroll.
Old Stories of the East. Baldwin.
Granny's Wonderful Chair. Browne.
King of the Golden River. Ruskin.
In the Days of Giants. Brown.
Seven Little Sisters. Andrews.
Golden Staircase. Chisholm.
Little Lame Prince. Craik.
Pinocchio, the Adventures of a Marionette. Lorenzini.
Mr. Wind and Madam Rain. Musset.
Celtic Fairy Tales. Edited by Jacobs.
Jackanapes. Ewing.
Little Lord Fauntleroy. Burnett.
Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts. Brown.
Water Babies. Kingsley.
Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens. Barrie.
Japanese Fairy Tales Retold. Williston.
Green Willow and Other Japanese Fairy Tales. James.
Captain January. Richards.
Arabian Nights.
Children of the Cold. Schwatka.
Heidi. Spyri.
Moni the Goat Boy and Other Stories. Spyri.
Nelly's Silver Mine. Jackson.
Peterkin Papers. Hale.
Wonder Book, Tanglewood Tales. Hawthorne.
Age of Fable. Edited by J. L. Scott.
Adventures of Odysseus. Marvin.
Heroes. Kingsley.
At the Back of the North Wind. MacDonald.
Gulliver's Travels. Swift.
Jungle Book. Kipling.
Second Jungle Book. Kipling.
Old-fashioned Tales. Edited by Lucas.
Pilgrim's Progress. Bunyan.
Robinson Crusoe. Defoe.

Don Quixote. Translation by Motteux.
Indian Boyhood. Eastman.
Heart, A Schoolboy's Journal. Amicis.
Tales from Shakespeare. Lamb.
Boyhood in Norway. Boyesen.
Castle Blair. Shaw.
The Wonder Clock. Pyle.
Story of the Grail. Pyle.
Age of Chivalry. Bulfinch.
Boys' and Girls' Plutarch. Edited by White.
Rip Van Winkle. Irving.
Golden Numbers. Edited by Wiggin and Smith.
Prince and the Pauper. Twain.
Tom Brown's School Days. Hughes.
Child's History of England. Dickens.
Captains Courageous. Kipling.
Rose and the Ring. Thackeray.
Swiss Family Robinson. Wyss.
When I Was Your Age. Richards.
Book of Famous Verse. Edited by Repplier.
Story of a Bad Boy. Aldrich.
Fighting a Fire. Hill.
Robin Hood. Pyle.
Stories from the Faerie Queene. MacLeod.
Hans Brinker, or, The Silver Skates. Dodge.
Tales from Baron Munchausen. Raspe.
Otto of the Silver Hand. Pyle.
Story of Siegfried. Baldwin.
Little Royalties. McDougall.
Our Young Folks' Josephus. Edited by Shepard.
Recollections of Anton House. Hoppin.
Tales of the Canterbury Pilgrims. Edited by Darton.
Wonderful Adventures of Nils. Lagerlöf.
Stories from Froissart. Edited by Newbolt.
The Man Without a Country. Hale.
Men of Iron. Pyle.
Story of the Iliad. Church.
Treasure Island. Stevenson.
Undine and Tales. La Motte-Fouqué.
Bevis, the Story of a Boy. Jefferies.
Bob, Son of Battle. Ollivant.
Being a Boy. Warner.
Fairy Tales. Andersen.
Cast Up by the Sea. Baker.
Three Musketeers. Dumas.
Old English History for Children. Freeman.
Cranford. Mrs. Gaskell.
Vicar of Wakefield. Goldsmith.
The Dove in the Eagle's Nest. Yonge.
The Lances of Lynwood. Yonge.
Book of Golden Deeds. Yonge.
Twice Told Tales. Hawthorne.
Mopsa the Fairy. Ingelow.
Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea. Verne.
Cudjo's Cave. Trowbridge.
Christmas Carol. Dickens.
David Copperfield. Dickens.
Pickwick Papers. Dickens.
Ivanhoe, a Romance. Scott.
Kenilworth. Scott.
John Halifax. Craik.
Leather Stocking Tales: Deerslayer, Last of the Mohicans, Pathfinder, Pioneers, Prairie. Cooper.
Lorna Doone. Blackmore.
Oregon Trail. Parkman.
The Blazed Trail. Stewart Edward White.
Rab and His Friends. Brown.
Little Women. Louisa M. Alcott.
Story of My Life. Keller.
Tale of Two Cities. Dickens.
Talisman. Scott.
Uarda. Ebers.
Westward Ho! Kingsley.
Boy's King Arthur. Lanier.
Two Years Before the Mast. Dana.
The Cruise of the Cachelot. Bullen.
Typee. Melville.
Household of Sir Thomas More. Manning.
Children of the New Forest. Marryat.
Huckleberry Finn, Tom Sawyer. Mark Twain.
Peter the Whaler, Three Midshipmen. Kingston.
Life of Nelson. Southey.
Autobiography. Franklin.
Kidnapped, Master of Ballantrae. Stevenson.
Henry Esmond. Thackeray.
Silas Marner. Eliot.



PICTURE BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

This is a carefully selected list of illustrated books that includes only the very best books of the kind. The name of the publisher is given for the reader's guidance, in addition to the name of author or illustrator.

Mother Goose. Big book of nursery rhymes; illustrated by Charles Robinson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.
Mother Goose. In silhouettes, cut by Katharine G. Buffum. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.
Caldecott Picture Books; illustrated by Randolph Caldecott. Four volumes. Frederick Warne & Co., New York. Paper, sixteen volumes. [These include "John Gilpin," and "Three Jovial Huntsmen," with many Mother Goose rhymes.] There is no other set of picture books that is better fitted to help train a child's taste in good pictures.
Three Pigs and Tom Thumb; illustrated by L. Leslie Brooke. Frederick Warne & Co., New York.

Golden Goose and The Three Bears, illustrated by L. Leslie Brooke. Frederick Warne & Co., New York.

Vieilles Chansons pour les Petits Enfants; illustrations par Boutet de Monvel, avec accompagnements de Widor. Delightful pictures in color by a master.

Brownie Books; illustrated by Palmer Cox. Seven volumes. The Century Company, New York.

Book of Cheerful Cats and other Animated Animals. Francis. The Century Company, New York.

Marigold Garden; illustrated by Kate Greenaway. Frederick Warne & Co., New York.

Indian Child Life. Deming. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

Fables, choisies pour les enfants et illustrées par Boutet de Monvel. La Fontaine. Brentano's, New York.

Pied Piper of Hamelin; Browning; illustrated by Kate Greenaway. Frederick Warne & Co., New York.

Crane Picture Books; illustrated by Walter Crane. Nine volumes. John Lane Company, New York. These form an excellent series. Of artistic value and educate taste for good drawing.

Farm Book; told and illustrated by E. Boyd Smith. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

Aesop's Fables; illustrated by Arthur Rackham. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.

Under the Window, by Kate Greenaway. Frederick Warne & Co., New York. Pictures of unfailing delight.

The Water Babies, by Charles Kingsley; finely illustrated by Arthur Dixon. Ernest Nister, London; E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

Alice in Wonderland; illustrated by John Tenniel. The Macmillan Company, New York. Some editions have colored pictures, but Alice lovers hold to Tenniel, the original illustrator of this children's classic.

Pilgrim's Progress; illustrated by the Brothers Rhead. The Century Company, New York. Remarkable drawings and a beautiful edition of an immortal allegory.

Send to the publishers for catalogues, which will give you the prices of the books named, and suggest others.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES

BESIDES the city and town libraries which are each year becoming more numerous, many of the states have library commissions which send out traveling libraries, especially to country communities, schools, and clubs. The following list is given in the hope that parents and teachers who desire more good reading than their community affords may come in touch with the possibilities in their own states. The "League of Library Commissions Handbook," compiled by the Minnesota Public Library Commission (The Capitol, St. Paul, Minnesota), gives much information about starting a library in your town. Other commissions besides those of which the address is here given may exist, and for any state not given questions should be addressed to the State House.

California State Librarian, Sacramento, Calif.

Colorado Traveling Library Commission, The Capitol, Denver, Colo.

Connecticut Public Library Committee, State House, Hartford, Conn.

Illinois Library Extension Commission, Decatur, Ill.

Indiana Public Library Commission, State House, Indianapolis, Ind.

Iowa Library Commission, State Historical Building, Des Moines, Iowa.

Kansas Traveling Library Commission, State Library, Topeka, Kans.

Kentucky Library Commission, Frankfort, Ky.

Maine Library Commission, Augusta, Me.

Maryland State Library Commission, Enoch Pratt Free Library, Baltimore, Md.

Massachusetts Free Public Library Commission, Boston, Mass.

Michigan State Board of Library Commissioners, State Library, Lansing, Mich.

Minnesota Public Library Commission, St. Paul, Minn.

Missouri Library Commission, Jefferson City, Mo.

Nebraska Public Library Commission, Lincoln, Neb.

New Hampshire State Library Commission, Concord, N. H.

New Jersey Public Library Commission, State Library, Trenton, N. J.

New York State Library, Albany, N. Y.

North Carolina Library Commission, Raleigh, N. C.

North Dakota Public Library Commission, Bismarck, N. D.

Ohio Library Commission, Columbus, Ohio.

Oregon Library Commission, Salem, Ore.

Pennsylvania Free Library Commission State Library, Harrisburg, Penn.

Rhode Island Department of Education — State Committee on Libraries, Providence, R. I.

Tennessee Free Library Commission, Carnegie Library, Nashville, Tenn.

Texas Library and Historical Commission, Austin, Tex.

Vermont Board of Library Commissioners, Montpelier, Vt.

Virginia State Library, Richmond, Va.

Washington State Library Commission, Olympia, Wash.

Wisconsin Free Library Commission, Madison, Wis.

The amount of service which can be rendered by these commissions varies with the different states, but each will send catalogues, furnish lists, and in most cases loan books. Organized for the public, they are glad to be called on for any information.

HUDSON'S SHIP, THE "HALF MOON," ON THE RIVER WHICH BEARS THE DISCOVERER'S NAME

BIRD'S-EYE VIEWS OF HISTORY

THE CONTRIBUTIONS OF THE OLD WORLD NATIONS TO CIVILIZATION

[For the bird's-eye views of history which follow we are indebted to Mr. John Chilton Scammell. A student of history in the large, he points the way to the intelligent study of history in detail. In the present day, when we must cultivate an international point of view, this mode of approach is doubly significant.]

IT is not our purpose to give a detailed account of what has occurred in the history of the nations, but rather to show in a brief, compact form the growth of civilization, to indicate what each period or nation has contributed to our modern system of living, and why this has been the case.

First of all, there are three great divisions in the world's progress — Ancient, Medieval, and Modern.

THE ANCIENT WORLD

Far back in the days when even Egypt was yet barbaric, and the sea-kings of Crete had only commenced to explore the Mediterranean, the region about the Caspian Sea was inhabited by wandering tribes who lived upon the flocks which they grazed upon those grassy plains. Imagine a vast district, much like our own prairies, bearing sufficient grass to nourish the flocks, provided they kept moving. It was not possible to settle in one spot; the fodder supply would then become exhausted, and the land, worn down by the close cropping and the sharp hoofs of the thousands of cattle, might not bear again for years, but remain a sterile, barren waste. These folk, then, were necessarily nomads, or "movers-on" from place to place; their numbers were limited by the very nature of their life. Should a drought occur, or too rapid an increase in the population, the surplus must either perish or depart from the land.

For some such reason we find that multitudes left this grass land and migrated in the only direction whither they had any hope of finding support, namely, southwest, toward the rich valleys of the Tigris and the Euphrates. Except in that quarter there was no hope of life — to the north the wastes of Siberia; to the east the wilds of Tibet or the hostile mountains of Afghanistan and the Himalayas; to the south the hot deserts of Persia or Arabia.

FROM WANDERER TO SETTLER

So it came about that there was a series of invasions of these cattle-grazing tribes into this fertile farming land. Here most of them settled,

THE BIRTHPLACE OF CIVILIZATION

conquering the natives, and establishing the kingdoms of Assyria and Chaldea; transforming themselves little by little from the wandering, independent clans of old to a town-dwelling, settled race. Hitherto they had been governed by their fathers, each family by itself, without recognizing more than ties of blood. So long as there was pasturage a-plenty, and so long as they were forced to wander here and there in search of fresh fodder, they had lived indifferent to one another. But now they had taken up a vastly different life. Permanency and stability, the direct opposites of the olden days, were its prominent characteristics. The ownership of land in itself must have caused them endless trouble and bewilderment, and the multitude of laws needed for the proper government of towns, themselves a novelty, must have produced continual anxiety. Still, there was no other means of subsistence afforded. In that rich land cultivation was the only method of obtaining food. Grazing in the care-free, wholesale manner of the prairies was out of the question. So it is that in the record of a small branch of one of these great invasions we find accounts of the old patriarchal or family system of government giving way to the rule of one monarch over all the tribes; the encounters with the earlier inhabitants; and the conquest at the hands of still later invaders, resulting in the captivity of the nation in Babylon. The Old Testament, owing to its religious significance, has been carefully preserved for us, and so enables us to follow the career of these early wanderers with great exactness from the time of the ancient nomadic career of Abraham down through the conquest of Canaan and the establishment of the Jewish nation, to its troublesome conflicts with the eastern powers; closing, in the Apocrypha, with the triumphal restoration of their dominion. From these records and from the monuments and inscriptions of Assyria and Chaldea we have been able to trace with remarkable fullness the rise and development of these early empires.

THE GREEKS

During the years that the Jews had been setting up their domain in Palestine another race had been founded on the shores of the Mediterranean, at a distance sufficiently remote in those days of tedious travel, but now so quickly accessible that it seems amazing to us at first sight that the Greeks knew practically nothing of Hebrew culture until long after their own civilization had been definitely determined. This was due, of course, to the absence of sea traffic with Palestine. With Crete, Egypt, and also Sicily the Greeks were continually in touch. To them the already aged world of the Pharaohs was a field for sight-seeing and wonder, much as Europe is with us to-day. Imagine the learning and delight to be gained from visiting an empire already three thousand years old and still flourishing; with palaces and temples of unequaled grandeur, and a system of priestly

government of intellectual authority. Moreover, the same was true of Crete, which had been the commercial center for centuries when Troy was but a village. To the Jews, who were practically cut off from the sea by the lack of safe harbors, these realms were but strange names. Egypt, it is true, they knew of, but mainly as the traditional land of bondage. Their tendencies led them away from a knowledge of all but local affairs.

due to the work done by these two races in the centuries between 500 B. C. and 500 A. D.

Five hundred years before this period there was already a well-developed mode of life among the Greek tribes. Even in Homer we find a clearly defined code of honor and of law, a refined appreciation of the fine arts, and an advanced skill in the liberal or domestic arts. Yet the story of the fall of Troy and of the wanderings of Odysseus shows that there was still a

THE THESEUM, A DORIC TEMPLE IN ATHENS

In considering the history of Greece and Rome we reach the first great influences upon modern life, apart from the inspiration of our religion. In all the forms of art, save painting, in government, and in social evolution they have contributed treasures from which we have drawn for almost all that constitutes our modern world.

The progress in the arts, in government, and in our relationships with our fellow-men — in other words, that which we call civilization — is

large amount of barbarism prevailing in the tribes of that day. The racial characteristics, love of beauty in every form, intellectual supremacy, and, on the other hand, craft and cunning, treachery and jealousy — all these are plainly revealed in the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," but the full flower of the Greek intellect was not to bloom until 400 B. C.

Through the intervening years the states of Sparta, Athens, Thebes, and Corinth, together with the colonies in Asia Minor and Sicily, had

been established, and through periods of petty warfare and also of increasing commercial importance Athens rose to the supremacy, in art as in empire, only to succumb to the forces of the other jealous nations. These in turn fell one after another, vanquished by the "barbarian," Philip of Macedon, whose son, Alexander the Great, perished dismally in his youth, after weeping for more worlds to conquer. And in due course of time the Grecian states were absorbed by the insatiable maw of Rome.

WHAT GREECE HAS CONTRIBUTED TO US

It remains for us to consider now what Greece has bestowed upon us. Not in the science of government, nor so greatly in social benefits, have we received instruction, but rather in the profound meditations of the Greeks upon the nature of life, and in their achievements in the arts of Poetry, Architecture, and Sculpture. Here their genius has never been equaled. None but the mightiest of minds since their day have been granted a position measurably within reach of the glory they attained.

The reason for this superiority lies first and foremost in the Greek appreciation of beauty in the broadest sense of the term, — beauty in contour, color, and composition, or the grouping of figures, and also beauty in deed and action, in thought and character, in literary expression. To them had been given the faculty to feel most keenly and delicately all the varying elements which must be combined in subtle proportion to gain perfection.

POETRY, ARCHITECTURE, SCULPTURE

To appreciate or comprehend this even in a slight degree, we must see something of the principles underlying that phase of human production which we call Art. By Art is meant the expression of man's impressions of Nature. It is more than the mere attempt to reproduce Nature accurately.

Think for a moment and you will see why this is so. Let two of the world's greatest painters make portraits of the same person. It is at once evident that they will differ in the pose, in the background, in nearly all the larger details of the picture. And of course the same will be true throughout the whole work. Their methods of expressing the personality will be thoroughly diverse. Not merely that, but the character of the person portrayed will not appear absolutely the same in both; for each artist will see his subject from a different point of view and will perceive the strong and weak points in varying values. This is why all Art possesses infinite possibilities and infinite variety. It is the product of the highest faculty of the brain, the imagination.

In the appeal to the eye sculpture and architecture presented a field of vast opportunity. It is clear that even in the days of Homer, Troy and Mycenæ were crowned with palaces and statuary of impressive majesty, so that it is no wonder that five hundred years later we find in Athens a development pure and refined, yet grand beyond belief. Through the love of beauty innate in every Greek it naturally came about that every man possessed taste which made him an authoritative critic, and that every artist was impelled to the highest exertion of his talents not merely through his own creative impulses, but also by the knowledge of the rare faculties which awaited the outcome of his efforts with trained eyes and the freest speech. Through their eras of production there ran a spirit of appreciative contemplation which gradually evolved the science or laws governing the execution of the artists' inspirations. In other words, by practical tests they established the rules which must be obeyed to produce successful work. Art requires the assistance of her handmaid, Science, in order to present her splendors in their perfect glory.

The same holds true of poetry, which appeals not to the eye alone, but to the reason as well. Even in the days of the warring tribes who besieged Troy, a thousand years before the commencement of the Christian era, there were bards whose genius still surpasses all epic poetry since that time. Not merely the splendor of war, but the loveliness of peace also is revealed, with a power and love that fills even the most scholarly and cultured minds of our own intellectual world with wonder and delight. The rich imagery, the living descriptions, even if written in primitive style, would glow with the fire of direct inspiration, so that in the actual

setting of Homer's matchless rhythm they are enhanced and illumined with additional and all but miraculous grace.

THE DRAMA

Another form of poetic expression rose to its greatest height in the days of the architecture and sculpture we have already mentioned. This was the drama, more especially tragedy. Originally no more than the choral singing, with solemn processional or dance at some religious festival, rehearsing the might and the deeds of some god or hero, two and three characters were introduced, and acting took the place of declamation. Throughout these stages the chorus remained, taking little active part in the drama, but commenting impersonally upon the progress of the events. In the work of the three greatest of tragic writers, Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles, the power of relentless, blind fate, compelling men to yield to its inexorable law, was always the underlying theme; the omnipotence of right, and the final destruction of wrong and falsehood, dominate their plays. As with the sculptors and builders, criticism and meditative judgment worked out the laws which must be followed in the composition of tragedy, and showed also wherein their value to mankind lay. Aristotle, of whom we shall speak again shortly, has revealed that through the sublime awe that fills the audience which beholds the inevitable consequences of evil wreaking vengeance upon generation after generation, the spectator's very soul is cleansed, as it were, from all petty vexations and frailties, uplifted to a loftier world, where the cares and troubles of everyday life are unfelt. The only similar impression to be obtained to-day is that which follows upon some rare production of Shakespeare's tragedies, or else upon an especially noble cathedral service.

PHILOSOPHY — THE "LOVE OF WISDOM"

In yet one other field of the imagination did the Greeks produce for us inestimable treasure. Through this same rich imagination they contemplated the universe, including not only the external world, but also the world within themselves, the possible motives which might influence both, and the true nature of their innermost being. At this same period, when the arts were so resplendent, Greek philosophy rose to its height. By philosophy is meant, literally, the love of wisdom, or of the power that comes from the consideration of knowledge. So profound are the thoughts of these philosophers that

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THE VICTORY OF SAMOTHRACE

the master thinkers of to-day have progressed but little further than these ancients, even with all the aids that Science has been able to extend. In early days we find them puzzled by the apparent riddle of the universe, for, says one of them, the only true things are those that are permanent, unchanging; yet, says another, there is plainly nothing permanent, for all things are continually being transformed. So they continue, until Socrates, the master of them all, appears, asking simple questions that

THE ACROPOLIS

perplex and vanquish all who attempt their answer, yet ever teaching that truth and good are the only values worth seeking, the only standards by which we should judge ourselves and the world.

These inquiries of Socrates are recorded in the works of his disciple, Plato, who stands second only to his master. In the "Dialogues" he portrays his master in conversation with his young followers, among whom were many of the most prominent men of the day. Apart from their intellectual significance these dialogues possess the highest literary merit; they are all but poetry. Following upon Plato came Aristotle, who played the part of critic upon the work of his predecessors, analyzing their thought and utilizing it for the basis of a system of the laws of the universe. Upon these three thinkers rested all the subsequent philosophy of the ancients.

ATHENS IN THE TIME OF PERICLES

Suppose now that a stranger had arrived at Athens in the time of Pericles, the prince-like ruler of the Athenian Republic at the height of its civic and artistic supremacy. As he drew near the city on his way up from the port, he would see rising above the houses a rocky mount at whose foot clustered group after group of theaters, temples, and other public buildings, all designed with the utmost skill; leading to its summit a broad stairway, forming an approach only surpassed by the refined splendor of the Erectheum and the Parthenon, resting calmly above. After wondering at the glorious statues and reliefs — which we still admire, though so sadly shattered by barbaric warfare — he might descend again, perhaps to hear Socrates, or to walk with Plato in the gardens beyond the city, or more likely still to attend with many thousands some one of the tragedies, then written veritably by the hundred, of which we now have but thirty-three. No city of the world, not even Rome, has ever been able to yield such delights for the eye and for the mind as Athens in the fifth century B. C.

Yet this loftiness of soul, characteristic of a whole race, was marred by a weakness so vital that it has forever prevented its name from being regarded as truly noble. Philip of Macedon, the conqueror of all this grandeur, declared that not a city in Greece was safe from him, no matter how impregnably fortified, if once he could get a mule-load of silver past its gates. He spoke the truth; in craft and deceit the Greeks worked their own ruin.

ROME, MISTRESS OF THE WORLD

A few more centuries have passed, the Christian era is about to begin, and Rome is mistress of the whole known world. In a day

when travel was dependent on wind and wave, or else upon sure-footed, cautious horses or mules, even the Mediterranean region was far more extensive, in point of time, than the whole world of to-day. It might well take months to go from Rome to Armenia or Britain, when the roads beyond Italy and Greece were trails or brook beds, the country wild, and the inhabitants mere barbarians. Yet what even Alexander and Cyrus had failed to do, the Roman had accomplished; his control was acknowledged wherever his legions penetrated. Save in northeastern Germany, where swamps, impenetrable forests, and the fierce, freedom-loving Teutons combined to protect a land which, when all was said and done, offered no possible advantage to Rome — save for this, the Empire controlled every tribe and nation yet discovered.

Seven hundred years earlier a mere hamlet was settled upon the protecting hills by the Tiber bank. Its inhabitants probably were of various neighboring tribes, gathered there for the sake of shelter from plundering inroads, but even more for the central trading location. Years went by, the little colony became something of a power in the land; its cosmopolitan stock would not recognize the hereditary rights of any one family to tyrannize over them, so without more ado they thrust out their kings and began to govern themselves by mutual agreement. Nor was it long before they proceeded to govern others as well. They had cast out their rulers, but had no objection to

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THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE, ROME

ruling over others. Little by little they acquired more and more hold upon the surrounding country, subjugating one neighbor, consolidating with another, making favorable treaties of alliance with a third, granting citizenship to a fourth, until Carthage, the mistress of the sea in commerce, discovered that she would soon have a rival.

ROME TASTES THE DELIGHT OF CONQUEST

As in more recent days, the love of money proved the root of evil. This competitor must be ousted at any cost. And to war they went, Carthage for her trade, but Rome for her very life. There could be no halfway measures, no compromise; either Rome or Carthage must perish. But Carthage had not anticipated any great difficulty in this matter. Her wealth was beyond estimation, her fleets were invincible. To her there was no question about the outcome of the war. The Roman barbarians would be subdued, Italy would be annexed, a comfortable tribute would pour into the Carthaginian treasury, and all would be well. Hannibal, one of the greatest military geniuses ever known, even down to our own day, was sent off to Italy with a fine army, the Carthaginian settlements in Spain were told to do their duty, and the nation went back to business again. But worse still, they also went back to politics, and since a family hostile to Hannibal and his party got control of the government it presently fell out that Hannibal received no support from home. Despite his continued success against the despairing Romans, reduced to their very last resources, the war office made no response to his requests for money, troops, or other needs. The end is but too obvious; defeated by his own nation through the political plots of some office-seeking, graft-loving fools, Hannibal mercifully dies before his whole race is swept off the earth, his magnificent city utterly devastated. Carthage sealed not only her own fate but that of the other nations. When once Rome had tasted the delight of conquest, she was not to be denied. She developed the most efficient troops in the world, offered them a good percentage of the spoils, and behold, Greece, Asia, Gaul, and Egypt all succumbed before the inevitable.

THE LESSON OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC

Then, amazing as it may seem to-day, when we are able to look from a distance at these affairs and see them in their proper relations as parts of the picture, Rome straightway yielded to the same vice that had caused the downfall of her enemy. She gave herself up to internal political hostilities. The wealthy landowners raised cattle because it was more profitable than raising grain. Meanwhile the prices of grain went up until the poor man was at his wits' end. And so throughout the years following we find the "malefactor of great wealth" and "the common people," much as we do to-day, quarreling, abusing one another in no very choice terms, both of them rather right and both of them very wrong, just as if there had never been a great philosopher or a great teacher or a great religion on the face of the earth.

Of course someone at last took advantage of the situation. One conspiracy and another failed, but the republic was doomed. It was only too clear that if a really clever man took up the problem it would be ended very simply. He would be master of Rome; Rome was supreme over the world. Julius Cæsar tried it, Pompey tried it, Antony tried it; they were all killed. Then a long-headed, sagacious, yet pleasant young man, a nephew of Cæsar's, appeared. Augustus, they called him, after he had once gained the upper hand, which he accomplished without any noise or disturbance whatever. With a genius for administration, he proceeded to set matters right throughout the world, so that his successors found the way already paved for them to govern all nations simply and systematically.

The art of war has become a science in these days of inventive genius; but despite all that modern talent can devise the art of government remains much the same. Human nature has altered very little even in two thousand years. The lesson of the Roman Republic is yet to be learnt: that party jealousy, the selfish pursuit of riches, and pride which will not condescend to realize national faults must bring decay and calamity. But we have already adopted much that is good in Roman methods; our present-day belief in efficiency and systematiza-

tion is distinctly Roman. The steady development of a commercial imperialism, which depends upon trade instead of war to extend its boundaries of influence, is but an adaptation from the Roman régime.

ROME'S GIFT TO THE WORLD

Most significant of all, our whole legal code rests upon the foundation of Roman law. Throughout the rise of Rome, and on down almost to her last years, the creation and improvement of laws and statutes was a most characteristic feature. There was a continual impulse to modify or establish legal authority to meet with the ever increasing complexity of the Empire. Finally, in the latter days, the Emperor Justinian caused the whole system to be codified and annotated, forming the *corpus juris* (body of the law), upon which all our modern constitutions and laws are founded.

In matters of art or philosophy Rome at once accepted the plentiful treasures of Greece and Asia Minor, importing not merely their works of art but the artists themselves. She drew upon the world for her sustenance and pleasure; the wealth and learning of every region was lavishly brought forth for her gratification. The end was inevitable. Softened by a long sojourn in the lap of luxury, far from the frontier, where the strenuous, severe work of governing the rebellious, checking the barbarians, and administering the revenues was carried on by salaried officials of foreign birth, Rome had to yield in her turn to the younger, more vigorous savages who lay in wait for the day of her infirmity.

THE MEDIEVAL ADVANCE

THE DARK AGES

BY 500 A. D. a new factor had become evident in the history of mankind. For some cause not yet clear to us, a series of wild races swept into Europe from the east. They were savages, but, more noteworthy by far, they were freedom-loving. Hitherto slavery had been the common condition of the tributary nations. More often than not the slave was granted his freedom after some years of faithful servitude, but even this eventual release did not alleviate the horror of slavery for these tribes. Although not all of the same blood, yet the majority of them belonged to what we call the Teutonic or Germanic folk. With them the modern feeling for the rights of the individual, no matter how poor or humble, first took possession of Europe.

In wave after wave of invasion they flooded the Old World, conquering, pillaging, destroying up and down through the length and breadth of the land. Very possibly the ancient civilization might have withstood one or two shocks of this nature, but the successive inroads of Goth, Visigoth, Ostrogoth, Hun, Lombard, and Vandal laid waste every city of importance. Learning, art, industry, government — all perished. The terror-stricken inhabitants tilled their fields fearfully, dared not accumulate more than the scantiest resources, and even the mightiest of strongholds felt unsafe at the bare rumor of another inroad. It was not until hundreds of years had gone by that the migrations ceased and the descendants of the barbaric hordes settled down to cultivate the regions which their ancestors had devastated.

THE MIDDLE AGES

But no sooner had the dread of further havoc left than a rich growth of a new culture appeared. In art the Normans, children of a Northern piratical race that had settled in the north of France, founded the style of architecture which is called after them, massive, elemental in its nature, as hardy as its creators. In this same era, which may be approximately dated from 1000 to 1400 A. D., the thirst for learning grew positively furious in England, France, and Italy; nor was Germany behindhand. Students came literally by thousands to the universities of Paris, Oxford, and Bologna. At all costs they had to obtain knowledge and wisdom. In the three institutions abovementioned the enrollment ran up to thirty and even forty thousand eager learners. Begging their way, on foot, without any shelter save what charity afforded, they reached the sources of intellectual life, and there they applied themselves with an ardor that seems incomprehensible to us, even in the enlightened twentieth

CHARLEMAGNE

century. They attached themselves zealously to some teacher, became his disciples, and defended his doctrine in heated arguments, with frequent recourse to bloodshed as the final method of settling the question; and this despite the fact that the vaster amount of so-called scientific knowledge was but mere speculation and theory, and that too thorough inquiry might result in the censure of church and state.

The religious life of these days was also characterized by fervor far beyond our understanding. Whether a man was inclined toward the meditative or active life, religion could find him definite occupation. The more refined natures withdrew to the seclusion of the monasteries, where they could pursue study or charity in peace, unfretted by cares for the morrow or by the turbulence of everyday life. On the other hand, were there any (and their numbers were legion) who demanded the exhilaration of strife, the joy of physical prowess, the Crusades needed them all. Army after army set out for the Holy Land, to redeem the City of David and the Sepulcher of the Saviour from the hand of the infidel. It is true they were but men, with all the imperfections of hot-blooded warriors, impulsive, greedy for plunder and bloodshed, jealous and envious of one another; yet their record is illumined with a devotion to what they believed with heart and soul to be the cause of Christendom. After the early days of these campaigns it was clear that not many could hope to return, that many would never even reach Palestine, but still men gladly enlisted in the cause, left all that was dear for the fleeting vision that their faith made all in all. To-day we have other ideals set before us, far nobler than the merciless destruction that was implied in their purpose; yet how few there are who enter upon it, as compared with the host of Crusaders, and how lukewarm is our zeal when contrasted with their insistent self-sacrifice.

Meanwhile the cities were rebuilt, men bought and sold throughout the nations, commerce had been revived, and the Teutonic spirit of freedom was in the air. Slavery had faded into serfdom, the omnipotence of monarchs was being continually checked and diminished by the exertions of their watchful nobles, whose own power in turn was lessening as their vassals gained opportunity to add to the authority of the common people. No more striking illustration of this can be found than the signing of Magna Charta, in 1215, when the barons forced King John to grant them more freedom from his paramount authority, and, most noteworthy of all, obtained for every free man the right of trial by his peers and immunity from imprisonment without trial. All this establishment of democratic foundations could not be accomplished by peaceful methods, so that the period is full of insurrection and civil war — relics of which still remain in the way of the historic castles of Italy and England. Still, by the close of the period the nations had become clearly defined and the onward march of progress toward a new civilization was well started.

THE RENAISSANCE, OR "RE-AWAKENING"

In the spirit of the Middle Ages there had lingered much that was barbaric; refinement and culture were yet to come. The chivalric ideals which appear in the poetic romances of the day, since made familiar to us in Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," were but rarely to be found in actual life. A further impulse was requisite before the fresh growth of the tree of knowledge should bear fruit.

This final aid was given by the invention of printing. It is true that for a century past Italy had shown a remarkable outburst of artistic creation, and that there were many indications of a desire for higher things in literature, art, and social life. Appreciative criticism of the great Latin authors and systematic study of the art of letters were already inaugurated. But in 1453, while Gutenberg and others were working over the problems of movable type, an event took place which gave a tremendous impetus to scholarship. In that year the Turk took Constantinople; the exiles from the city brought with them precious copies of Greek authors, hitherto unknown to the Western

MEDIEVAL WARFARE

world. Aristotle, the great authority of the Middle Ages on matters of art and philosophy, had been known only through Latin versions, which suffered not only from the customary weaknesses of translation, but also through intentional alteration or adaptation to suit the views of the Latin writer and commentator. At last the original text was given to the learned world, and, better still, much of the rest of Greek literature as well. In Italy, where the love of beauty and of artistic expression was now all-pervading, these discoveries were hailed with rapture. And finally, when it was found that unlimited copies of any text could be made by means of the new German invention, the learned felt that the millennium had come. All through Western Europe presses were set up, and books were published as fast as human energy could print and bind them. Tedious and slow as that would seem to us now, yet in comparison with the speed of the copyists it was marvelous.

Clearly the value of this one invention cannot possibly be estimated. The diffusion of learning was so accelerated, the elements of education became so accessible, that the intellectual progress of the world was increased amazingly.

It was in this same age, as we know, that the era of discovery set in. The newly awakened curiosity of mankind had to be gratified; no longer contented by the dogmatic answers of their predecessors, realizing through the sudden spread of fresh information from Italy that there was still much to be learnt about the world, men determined to inquire into the unknown seas and lands. Columbus, Vespucci, Da Gama, Cabot, and Balboa sailed north and south and west, all to some purpose, as we know.

The word "Renaissance" means literally a rebirth, or a re-awakening. It is applied to this period because through the discovery that the limits of possible knowledge of the world had not yet been reached, that in art, learning, and government there was much still undiscovered, mankind was startled into activity and summoned to further effort like a dreamer roused for his work. From now on, the childish zest and the equally childish brutality are outgrown, the nations are on the way to manhood. If we call the Dark Ages their infancy and the Middle Ages their childhood, we are certainly justified in feeling that the century of the Renaissance, from 1450 to 1550, when they first found that the realm of learning and of art was truly boundless, is the time when the nations came of age. From now on they take up the work of invention, discovery, and creation as men. They work with a purpose.

MODERN MOVEMENTS IN THE OLD WORLD

THE ELIZABETHAN AGE

IN England the withdrawal of the Roman troops for the protection of the capital against the barbarian attacks had inevitably drawn down the invasion of the unconquered tribes who had taken refuge in the fastnesses of the Welsh and Scottish hills. The movements of the Teutons upon the Continent later resulted in forays, followed by colonization, on the part of the natives of the coast of what is now Holland and Denmark. In fact, it is in some measure due to these Angles, Saxons, and Danes that England possesses so marked an individuality at the present day, for it was with these folk that the conquering Normans blended to produce the English. From the departure of the Romans about 400 A. D. until some time after the Conquest in 1066, we must think of England as passing through a period of creative molding, in which she was slowly being fashioned out of stolid Saxon and more brilliant Norman into a most remarkable personality.

Passing through the stormy medieval period, with which we have already dealt, into the less turbulent life of the Renaissance, England entered upon her first great period of national enterprise. With the reign of Elizabeth came statesmen, adventurers, warriors, poets, dramatists, and philosophers in throngs. Shakespeare is but the greatest of many geniuses. The enthusiasm of the times brought out latent talent from every quarter. No man with a spark of the divine fire but seems to have had it kindled to quivering flame. In days gone by, as in days to follow, ability, unless particularly adapted to shine in certain environments of

that day, remained unnoted. But in those days it does not appear possible that there could have been genius undiscovered. The dazzling court of Elizabeth, the ventures to the New World, the sudden flowering of the drama and verse, the romance and heroism of the Spanish Main, leading at last to the glorious year of the Armada — these afforded every opportunity for vigor of mind or body. Not since the Athenian glory of the days of Pericles had the world witnessed such a display of energy in so varied manifestations.

THE AGE OF CLASSICISM

By 1600 much of the brilliance of the Renaissance had died away, but the quickened desire for knowledge remained. Exploration continued, followed by merchant ventures for gold, and then by little groups of pioneer colonists. England, France, Holland, and Spain all established themselves on the shores of the New

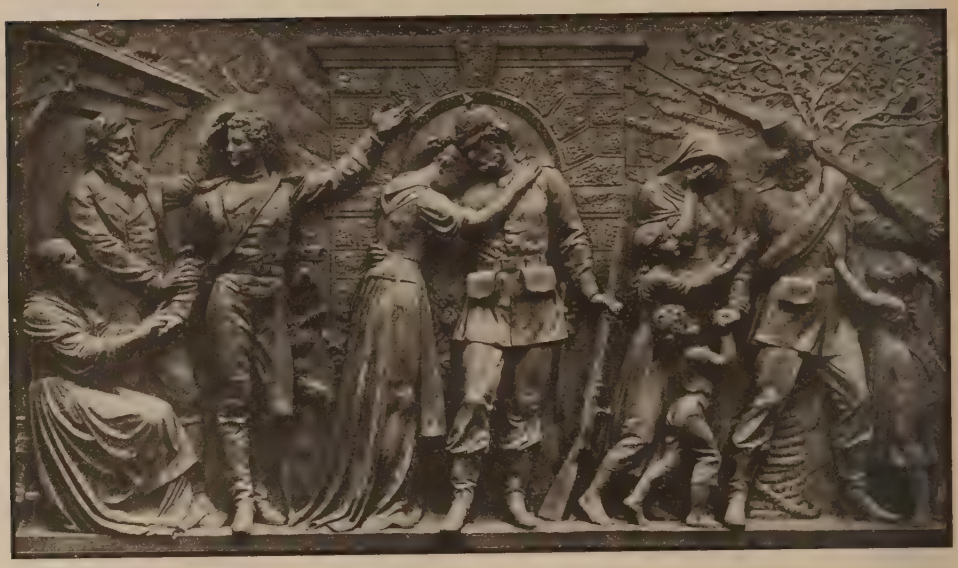
OLD ENGLISH THRONE CHAIR

THE TOMB OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

World, besides developing further trade in the Asiatic waters. Scientific investigation also had commenced upon modern lines. In other words, we can distinctly perceive that the modern spirit was prevalent.

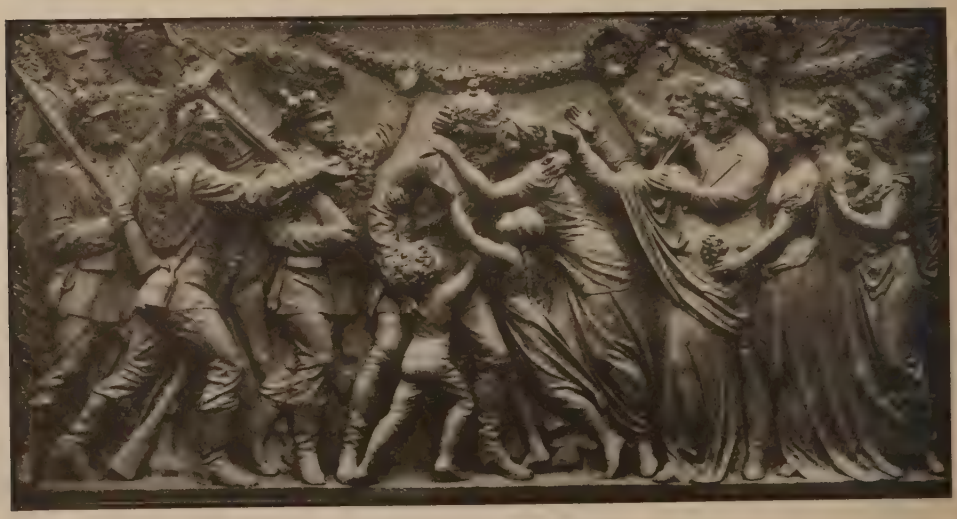
So matters progressed in learning, art, and literature until the same phase of culture appeared which we have noted before under similar circumstances. You will recall that when the greatest works in Greek art and philosophy had been produced, it was not long before Aristotle issued a critical analysis of them, showing the laws which regulated their construction or procured their beauty. From then on came a period when art was produced according to rule, and was too firmly bound by convention and the formal method to be really great.

In exactly the same manner the French, ever a race with a strong feeling for art, were not content until they had formulated rules



THE SOLDIERS' LEAVE-TAKING

for the guidance of writers, artists, and even for the conduct of life. Unfortunately, their tastes led them to the selection of Roman rather than Greek classics upon which to base their literary canons, with the result that they copied work which was nothing but a reproduction of the Greek, weakened by the inferior spirit and style of Rome. The spirit of the eighteenth century was distinctly conservative, then; men sought to live as far as possible by convention



THE RETURN OF THE VICTORS

and rule. At the outset the idea had value, for the purpose was the adaptation of the best of the days of ancient classicism. But before long this led to affectations and mannerisms, instead of the expression of simple feeling in a truthful form.

THE SPIRIT OF INQUIRY AND REVOLT

England followed France's lead to a considerable extent, as did Germany and Italy, but it is in France that the movement reached its fullest growth and the results can be most clearly traced. The desire for culture, or for advancing the refinement of civilization, still appealed to only a limited class. Far more people were educated than in the Middle Ages, it is true, yet the bulk of the population remained in gross ignorance. They knew little and therefore cared less about learning, art, or government. Any movement for greater intellectuality would leave them undisturbed. Under these circumstances it was no more than natural that the upper classes, who alone were stirred by the new spirit of inquiry, should disregard these masses of unlettered peasants. In previous days their existence had been ignored save in crises, when their fighting strength was needed. What freedom they had gained had not improved their social status, for they still remained the lowest class, next to the very brutes. Meanwhile the conventional basis upon which society was now constructed demanded elaboration, and of course wealth. Leisure was taken for granted, so that it fell upon the peasant to supply the means for this progress of society. He was taxed and retaxed until there was but the barest living left for even the thriftiest. Starvation stared him in the face; life came to mean nothing but the grimmest hardship without a glimmer of alleviation. The slavery of Greece and Rome was almost luxury by comparison, save in one respect; deep in his heart the peasant knew he was free. The knowledge burned within him till at last he rose and destroyed the tyrant forever. The process of evolution had brought about the devotion to formality of the eighteenth century, but it had brought also with the same infallibility the spirit of revolt against oppression and injustice. The learned few had started to find out what had been best in the life of the ancients, and to put this discovery into operation upon the life of the day. They had done so for themselves, the few who had leisure and learning sufficient to profit by it. Now the many, who had incidentally been trodden under foot for the benefit of this intellectual minority, at last took thought for their own interests to such effect that the world rang with the words "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity."

THE AGE OF DEMOCRACY

The terrible French Revolution was past and gone. With the sympathy of all thoughtful England, the American colonies had attained the rights of manhood. England herself, by 1832, had thrust aside her conservative potentates and by a bloodless revolution likewise procured adequate representation for hundreds of thousands of her people who till then had been taxed without the power of electing a representative of any sort to the House of Commons.

In other words, it was now indisputable that all men were entitled to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Since that time all the great nations have adopted this view. Even despotic Russia has inaugurated a representative government. Italy, Spain, Germany, the Balkans, and Turkey have all reached this goal toward which mankind has been steadily moving ever since the Dark Ages overwhelmed the Ancient World, breathing the spirit of individual freedom into a new epoch.

It would hardly seem as if more remained to be done. Upon the experience and treasures of the past had been erected an edifice containing the art and civic creations of antiquity, with the inspiration of the Renaissance and the great concept of liberty.

But just as the invention of printing stimulated the practical progress of the Renaissance, so the invention of the steam engine has caused a bewildering outburst of mechanical invention and scientific discovery. The complex nature of these new forces will be apparent to the reader by reference to other volumes of this work. Suffice it to say that the changes in the mode of life in the past century have been greater than have ever before been known, since the discovery of the lever, the inclined

plane, and the wheel, or of fire. Remember that Shakespeare, and, for the matter of that, Burns, used the same methods of travel and of illumination which were used by the Trojan heroes and by Joseph and Mary.

Ever since the days of Homer the creative spirit in man has evinced its immortality in

MARIE ANTOINETTE GOING TO THE GUILLOTINE

works that are unequaled of their kind, though produced three thousand years ago. With us there is only the additional opportunity afforded by the increased learning of these years. The field for creative genius is vaster than ever before, the spirit of humanity is kinder than it could have been in the older days. The very prisons prove that the world is seeking to benefit even the worst of mankind.

Unguessed possibilities still remain to be solved. We cannot say what strides are to be made in our civilization. But we know that the first steps in scientific alleviation of the difficulties of life have been taken, and that our path lies clear before us.

IN MODERN EUROPE

IN the midst of this age of democracy which we have just been considering, there suddenly flashed an explosion so overwhelming that our tranquil survey of art, science, commerce, and the rest of the manifold aspects of civilization, has been completely shattered. We are blinded and dazed. Our senses are bewildered, our judgment's very foundations shaken.

None the less the need is manifest for a comparatively calm and well-poised outlook upon this newest phase of our world. We have in the twinkling of an eye commenced to live history, history of precisely that vivid and transforming type which marked the days of Pericles of Athens, or of Julius Cæsar or of Napoleon. Our annals no longer deal with the gradual, unseen changes that alter the temper or the mood of a nation in times of peace. To-day the map, the national physique, the very geography of the countries alters month by month. In the era of peace we make little note of the growth of a racial spirit, but in the midst of war the endless charts of battle lines and disputed territory compel us to consider the forces, mental, spiritual, and physical, that are reshaping the world before our eyes.

This change that is transforming both the Old World and the New must be thought about; it is our manifest duty to look these facts in the face. Without presuming to prophesy the qualities and factors that are yet to be developed in this universal upheaval, we must gather what gleanings we may of the new era in which we are already living.

And first of all it is requisite that we look at Europe before the War; we must understand something of the position of the nations in that last moment of quiet. At the opening of the twentieth century England, France, and Germany had attained a position outranking the rest of the Old World. Italy, leader in the Renaissance, and Spain, foremost during the fifteenth century in discovery and empire-building, had lost their supremacy, because the younger lands followed and improved on their methods. Meanwhile Norway, Sweden, and Denmark were still hampered by geographical and climatic conditions, as well as by other limitations; yet they displayed a thorough ability to appreciate

and use modern invention and thought. Russia lay dormant in her infancy. She had offered little of value, except her music, to the modern world. Some slight attempts at a form of constitutional government had checked the despotism of the Tsar but slightly. Austria might even then be well considered as one with Germany, though disquieted by the anti-German attitude of Hungary and Bohemia. The Balkan States and Greece still remained a dubious problem; unable to handle their own affairs pacifically, they twice threatened to involve all Europe in their strife before Germany finally used them as the pretext for her avowal of active warfare.

The fate of Europe, then, lay not with these smaller or inert powers, but with England, France, and Germany; the individuality that each had formed through the past eras, and especially since the spread of commercialism, was naturally to prove an all-important factor in the world-wide upheaval.

England, as the place where the commercial and manufacturing activity first arose, profited by the impulse. Trading and manufacturing grew as rapidly as the invention of machinery would permit, fostered rather than impeded by her comparative isolation from Europe's ferment of racial antagonisms. The British policy of colonization gained fresh impulse through the extensive commercial interests that soon extended to every nook and corner of the seas. By the end of the nineteenth century England had established a vast organization of provinces and dominions, held not by autocratic restriction, but by goodwill and sentiment. Practically independent of the mother country, these offshoots held all the more closely to the ties of blood.

Meanwhile France and Germany were too profoundly occupied with internal affairs to build up such a merchant marine as England's. It followed that their voyages of discovery and colonization were fitfully conducted, with but slight results as compared to the progress of Britain's Empire. Indeed, it may be safely stated that this Empire is the result of systematic appropriation and sane government of productive lands at a time when the other nations were obliged to attend to important issues at home.

In the case of France, the demand of the masses for "liberty, equality, fraternity," was unheeded by the aristocracy until the people rose in arms and wrenched away their power with the horrors of the French Revolution. Hardly had the torrents of blood from the guillotine been washed off the streets of Paris when a genius of war awoke the ambitions of the nation, and Napoleon led his invincible army through the length and breadth of the continent, till the Russian winter accomplished the destruction of his unequaled regiments and his own downfall. Not even then did he yield; in one more campaign, known as the Hundred Days, he raised another army and all but regained his former height. It required the combined forces of Europe, led by the English army under Wellington and sustained by the German troops under Blücher, to annihilate Napoleon at Waterloo in 1815, and with him the plans of France. The opportunity of conquest by arms taken from her, France devoted herself to a mightier form of domination. The Franco-Prussian War, of 1870, has shown that France had realized the power of money, that thrift and finance formed a power of all but uncomprehended dimensions. She became the banker of Europe. By patient universal economy, in which every peasant as well as every townsman took part, she amassed funds sufficient to handle not only her own affairs, but those of other nations. Russia, Turkey, Germany, and many another state turned to her when they wished to float a loan. Even England, wealthy as she had become, must needs award the palm to her friend across the Channel. And this trait of thrift became the most steadfast and characteristic quality of the nation. Not the foreign gayety of Paris, nor the sad and noble devotion to the cause of the Lost Provinces, Alsace and Lorraine; nor the officialdom which has seemed to hamper her politics — none of these, but instead, the quiet frugality of the people, saving their profits for investment on a national scale — this became the phase of modern French life which was most vital.

The growth of modern Germany from a multitude of jealously independent petty kingdoms and principalities into a formidable commercial and military power was unquestionably the most salient movement of the past century. Furthermore, it was the most sinister; for behind the project of a united Teutonic realm, conceived by Frederick the Great, there steadily evolved the

purpose of constructing a Central European empire that should control with iron grip the thought and the civilization of not only Europe but Asia, and at least a large portion of Africa, with probably South America as well. William the First and Bismarck, the sagacious and Machiavellian chancellor, furthered the scheme of Frederick the Great, so that when William the Second ascended the throne the plans were fundamentally complete. Every means of influencing national mood, temper, opinion, judgment was centered on the one conception — "Germany above all else!" Schools, universities, banks, factories, science, art, the church, the very homes themselves all were brought into line with the one colossal Idea. Series upon series of publicity campaigns, some subtle and discreet, others blatant and coarse, yet all painstakingly devised to win the German heart and the German mind to the cause, were put into execution and carried through with the utmost efficiency. In fact, mechanical, automaton-like "efficiency" became the watchword of the state and of the people; every man, woman, and child became a cog in the soulless machine that was to establish the Teuton system of might instead of right. By the sheer force of overwhelming numbers supplied with superlative training and the most adequate tools and methods, in other words by an army not of fighters alone, but of workers in every possible field of human activity, Germany was to impose her views, her autocracy of "the State owns the citizen" upon the world. Democracy was to be banished and silenced. Insidious currents of reverence for German modes of study were implanted in the Old World and the New; universities, schools, laboratories, and business houses were encouraged to believe in the enterprise and dominance of German methods, whether of teaching, governing, investigating, or executing. In spite of warnings from far-sighted soldiers and statesmen, England, France, America alike ignored the ominous preparations for war; they refused to heed the danger until the trap was sprung.

Such then were the conditions immediately prior to the outbreak of hostilities: England self-satisfied, busied with trade and dominion; France thriftily storing her wealth; the United States aloof, occupied with mercantile and financial problems of ever-increasing breadth and intricacy; Germany alert and astute, spreading her net ever wider, devising ever more means of securing the mastery.

Yet the calculations of Germany were at fault in spite of superhuman efforts to assure precision both in knowledge and in execution. She had failed to understand the undercurrents of the English and the American mood and temper. When the vital question of individual freedom and personal rights arose, both Britain and the United States laid aside their more trivial and private interests to declare themselves on the side of democracy. Russia's collapse, a sad blow at the time, none the less has already proved to be a notable step forward in the progress of freedom, for whatever their differences all Slavs are agreed on one vital point, namely, that lack of education is to blame for their disorganization. They have learned the great lesson, that democracy can only be achieved through universal education. For Russia as for America, and indeed for Germany, this war is but one more outburst of the French Revolution, one more phase of the struggle of the common man against the aristocrat. It has demonstrated with constantly growing clearness that true nobility and heroism are not the inheritance of a class, are not a birthright of blood or family, but lie waiting in the hearts and souls of every true man, be he peasant, laborer, lawyer, teacher, or what you will. Whatever the losses in men, money, or immediate contentment, our world is far more earnestly determined that every man and woman shall have a justly proportioned share in national and international government.

It is the present reward of Americans that we have established for ourselves a nobler ideal than money-making. We sincerely feel the richness of giving thought and deed to a splendid cause. We and our Allies have at last found and accepted the opportunity to spread throughout the whole world Abraham Lincoln's splendid principle and practice, "government of the people, for the people, and by the people," and we are prepared to spend our last dollar and to give our last man in order that this principle "shall not perish from the earth."

SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. FROM PAINTING BY JOHN TRUMBULL

THE BIRTH OF A NATION

FROM the earliest days it was clearly destined that the land which is now our United States should be a home of freedom. With hardly an exception, the settlers from England had sought a habitation where they might worship God and conduct their lives without let or hindrance save from their own consciences. During the laborious pioneer days of the seventeenth century their hardships bred in them still greater firmness of character and independence. Not merely by temperament, but also through the free, and at that time advanced, education which they established for their descendants, the love of liberty was deeply inculcated. Of the conservative feeling of the Old World in the eighteenth century there was little trace, for the majority of the colonists were born of a stock that had been wresting a living from the rough, primitive soil in spite of the opposition of Indians and the austere New England climate, when their contemporaries in England were absorbing the influence of the classic ideas which molded the conservative adherence to the old-fashioned customs of a bygone day. There is little cause for wonder, then, that the harsh measures adopted by the short-sighted politicians in London served only to irritate the colonies instead of quelling their discontent. Taxation without representation might pass unheeded in England, but in the New World men were too earnestly awake to their rights to ignore such mismanagement. Further repressive legislation could not be tolerated. The Stamp Act, the Boston Port Bill, the annulment of the Massachusetts charter—all added fuel to the flame. Laying aside whatever matter of internal dispute there might be, the colonies determined to maintain their rights even at the expense of their loyalty to the mother country. The wiser Englishmen of the day, Burke, Pitt, and others, foresaw the consequences and foretold them, but without avail. The United

States owes its individuality in some measure at least to the pig-headed obduracy of George III and his followers.

We know that the War of Independence was not won without sacrifice and toil. Valley Forge alone recalls patience and heroism of Spartan or Roman magnitude. Not only the presence of foreign troops, the increased hardship of carrying on war in one's own territory, and the accompanying devastation, but also the lack of funds and of skilled warriors inevitable in so young a commonwealth—all these increased the natural terrors of war. At the same time they assured the more certainly the sturdy vigor of the youthful nation. No people could undergo these pains, or witness grim realities in their own land, without gaining a truer appreciation of the worth of their victory.

THE MARCH OF CIVILIZATION

Even after the outcome of the Revolution assured the country of its independence, it still had but a scanty conception of the vastness of the territory which was destined to come under its government. However, the pioneer work of the nineteenth century has at last bestowed upon us a united realm of amazing wealth. Pressing ever westward, we have absorbed first the rich prairies, then the grazing lands of the foothills of the Rockies, the mineral resources of the mountains themselves, and lastly the fertile valleys of the Pacific coast. Fortune has aided us by the rapid development of scientific invention, as if to provide us with additional means for solving the ever more numerous problems of engineering, transit, or agriculture. The European nations grew slowly in the days before mechanical aid had been discovered. But here is a country which has swept to the summit of modern attainment in commercial and scientific achievement at high speed. Institutions, laws, customs have had to be installed to meet the needs of the community, without the gradual processes of evolution within the state. The codes of other nations could be drawn upon, of course, but in many respects conditions in America demanded legislation and thought unrequired abroad. Nowhere else had the republican form of government been attempted on such a scale. Nor might it have been possible even here, had it not been for the fact that there was no delicate foreign policy, making intricate diplomatic maneuvering necessary.

WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

The isolation of America freed her from the bugbear of Europe; entanglements with other nations were only of rare occurrence and of comparative simplicity. She was able to devote almost all her time and consideration to the questions of her internal administration and polity. Meanwhile she was also able to extend welcome to the inhabitants of other lands; the population has needed these reënforcements. For them it has been a land of promise and fulfillment; for her it has been one means of establishing an individuality, a national character, possessing qualities envied by statesmen abroad. Many a foreign man of note, whose judgment has placed him among the lawgivers of his country, has spoken in public and private of the alertness and enthusiasm which form our most valuable asset as a people.

With so vast a territory to develop, with such resources to investigate and utilize, it is not to be wondered at if we have yet to reach the highest distinction in the world of art and letters. Toward that end we are constantly moving, as our appreciation of the Old World art and literature plainly shows. This mere fact of our desire to learn is enough to convince the thinker that the day of artistic creation in America is inevitably approaching.

With all the faults that may be attributed to her, the nation is taking a part proportional to her energies in the work of modern progress. Viewed from a position admitting of a wide survey, the United States has well met the demand for commerce on a vast scale, for the continued amelioration of labor conditions, combined with due respect for the rights of capital. This has not come to pass without experimental friction; and at present, upon examining the details of our financial life, phases still open to criticism may doubtless be found. We are not yet self-satisfied and conceited, and therefore are seeking to improve our conditions. It is for this very reason that we still make headway and hold a place among the foremost nations of the world.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH'S DUEL WITH THE TURK GRUALGO

EPISODES AND LEADERS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

THE EARLY COLONIES

JAMESTOWN AND JOHN SMITH

IT was as early as 1535 that the French came to Florida and built two forts and made a settlement of importance. For some time these French people lived in their settlement, happy and prosperous. But one day some Spanish adventurers arrived; and claiming the country because they had first discovered it, they took possession of the French settlement and massacred the people. Then they built a fort for themselves and made plans for building a town. This they did, and a successful town it proved; for it still stands — the old fort and all — at St. Augustine in Florida. And now people go to visit it, and wander about the old fort, and up and down the quaint narrow streets, and say, "This is the oldest town in America!"

It was not until 1607, however, that settlement by the English began in real earnest. At that time a number of men, having permission from the English government to come to America and found a colony, set sail from London. They reached the mouth of a river in Virginia, which they named the James, in honor of their English king. The town they began to build they named Jamestown. This was the first permanent settlement made by Englishmen in the New World.

One of the leading men of this company was John Smith. The story of his adventure with the Indian girl, Pocahontas, is the most familiar and most thrilling incident from early Jamestown history. John Smith had started up the river on an exploring expedition. Some Indians had been watching him, and when Smith left his boat they seized it, scalped the men he had left with it, and then ran to overtake Smith himself.

When he saw them coming he turned and fought them so furiously that, although there

ADMIRALL OF NEW ENGLAND. THE PORTRAICTUER OF CAPTAINE IOHN SMITH
These are the Lines, that shew thy Face; but those
That shew thy Grace and Glory, brighter bee:
Thy Fatre-Discoueries and Fowle-Overthrowes
Of Salvages, much Civillizd by thee
Best shew thy Spirit; and to it Glory Wyn:
So, thou art Brasse without, but Golde within.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

were many of them, they had much trouble to secure him. They led him to their camp. Here he entertained them by showing them his compass, and told them how the needle always turned to the north. This amused the Indians so much that they allowed him to live some weeks in peace. They decided at last that he was too wise, and therefore dangerous to have about, and that the sooner he was killed the safer it would be for them. So, when they had held a long council, and had performed some wonderful war dances around him, they led him forth to be killed.

Captain Smith could see no way of escape; and, as he used to tell afterwards, he was more frightened than he had been when in his younger days he was thrown overboard from a ship, or when he fought the Turks.

He was brought out, bound hand and foot, and a savage had already raised his war club to dash out his brains, when just then up rushed little Pocahontas, the daughter of the great Indian chief, Powhatan, threw her arms around John Smith's neck, and begged the chief to spare his life. Strange to say, the cruel old chief seemed moved by the child's pleading, and the prisoner was released, and even allowed to return to Jamestown.

For some time John Smith remained in the little white settlement, guiding the affairs of the colony. As long as he was there all went well; for Smith was a very wise man, and not afraid to work hard with the other men in making the settlement a pleasant home. At last, however, having met with a severe injury, he was obliged to return for a time to England.

You would suppose that after he was gone the men would have been wise enough to keep on tilling the ground and building their houses. But, instead, when John Smith returned to Jamestown he found the men quarreling among themselves. They had used up the provisions and were almost starving. Had Smith not returned just when he did, probably they would have given up the colony and gone back to England. But Smith worked hard to save Jamestown; and for a time he prevailed upon the men to stop their foolish quarreling, and to go to work to build up the colony and protect it from the Indians.

The Indians, however, were never quite friendly; and, after years and years of continual quarreling with them, the Jamestown colonists determined to have peace in some way. One of them, Captain Argall, thought it would be a good plan to steal Pocahontas, and then send

How they tooke him prisoner
Smith breaketh a sauages arme
fighteth with the King of Pamaunkee and
all his company, and slew 3 of them.

CAPTAIN SMITH FIGHTING WITH THE INDIAN KING PAMAUNKEE

word to the Indians that they would do her no harm so long as the colony was not troubled. Pocahontas was now a young woman nearly nineteen years old and was said to be very beautiful. At any rate, soon after coming to the colony she won the heart of a young Englishman named John Rolfe, and he took her to his old home in England, where she was received with much honor. Smith wrote a letter to the queen about her, telling how much she had done to save the colony from attack by the Indians, and highly commending her to royal favor. It was Rolfe's plan to spend a few months in England, and then return to the colony in America and make there a home for Pocahontas and himself; but they remained instead several years before their plans for sailing were perfected; and after passage had been secured, Pocahontas fell seriously ill, and died before the day of sailing.

This story is one of the most romantic of our early history, and although some historians throw doubt upon it, because Smith did not tell of it until his later narratives, there is still

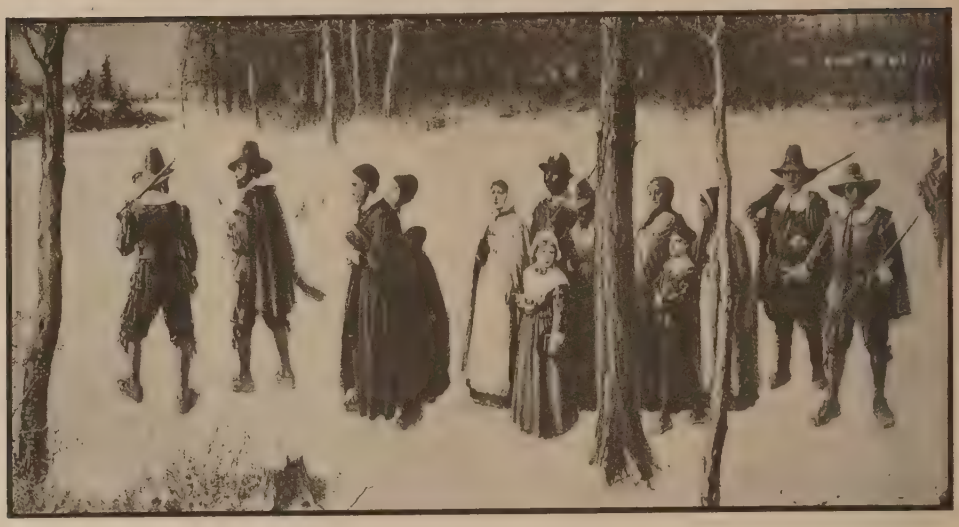
SMITH CAPTURED BY THE INDIANS

MATOAKA ALS REBECCA FILIA POTENTISS. PRINC. POWHATANI IMP. VIRGINIÆ.
Matoaka als Rebecka daughter to the mighty Prince Powhatan Emperour of Attanoughkomouck als virginia converted and baptized in the Christian faith, and wife to the Wor.ll Mr. Joh. Rolfe.

POCAHONTAS

good reason to cling to it. In his letter to Queen Anne, Smith says: "After some six weeks fatting among those Salvage courtiers, at the minute of my execution, she hazarded the beating out of her own brains to save mine, and not only that, but so prevailed with her father, that I was safely conducted to James Towne." It is well asked whether Smith would have written that if it were not true, when Pocahontas was herself in England and would surely be questioned about it.

The portraits of Captain Smith and Pocahontas, engravings of which we reproduce, were made in the same year and during Smith's lifetime, and are thought to be the most authentic in existence. If you would read a stirring book written in the old English style, get "The Adventures and Discourses of Captain John Smith." It is published in quaint form, with the old illustrations such as you see in these pages, and shows us the real John Smith, who is well worth knowing.



PILGRIMS GOING TO CHURCH

THE PILGRIMS AND PLYMOUTH COLONY

The first colony in New England was that of Plymouth, settled by a little band of English people called the Pilgrims, on account of their wanderings. They had left England because of religious persecution, and for a time found a refuge in Holland, where they were hospitably received. They were not very prosperous, however, and longed for a permanent home of their own. So their leaders made arrangements with the London Company to send them out to establish a colony in the New World, where they could worship God in their own way without interference, and have the kind of life which they preferred. The king gave his permission, and thus it came to pass that on September 15, 1620, the famous ship *Mayflower* sailed out of Plymouth Harbor, England, with 102 persons on board. They were plain people, nearly all without resources. Indeed, not a few of them had to bind themselves to work for a certain number of years until their earnings had paid the London Company for the money advanced to them for their passage. But they had in them the stuff of which nations are built, and believed that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

The next chapter of their story is told on the bronze tablet of the Pilgrim Monument at Provincetown on Cape Cod. "On November 21, 1620, the *Mayflower*, carrying 102 passengers, men, women, and children, cast anchor in this harbor, 67 days from Plymouth, England. On the same day the 41 adult males of the company had solemnly covenanted and combined themselves together 'into a civil body politick.' This body politic established and maintained on the bleak and barren edge of a vast wilderness a state without a bishop or a priest; a democratic commonwealth, the members of which were 'straightly tied to all care of each other's good and of the whole by every one.'"

After a long and hard voyage they landed in Cape Cod Harbor. They had intended to land farther south, where it was warmer, but the weather was so severe that the captain of the *Mayflower* said he must land wherever he could. It was in the dead of winter. They found only a sandy, desolate shore, with the trees leafless, the ground frozen, and the waters about the shores covered with ice.

But they were brave and sturdy; and, although they would have been glad to be welcomed by the pleasant warmth of the southern lands as they left their weather-beaten

vessel, still they bravely accepted what was before them, perfectly sure that they had been guided to this shore by Divine Providence. As soon as they had all landed, they gathered together about that large rock at the water's edge, known now as Plymouth Rock, and kneeling down thanked God for their safe deliverance from the perils of the sea.

They were terribly in earnest. They had left their native land and, with their brave wives, had come over to this wilderness to build homes for themselves. They named their settlement Plymouth, after the English town from which they had sailed.

The Pilgrims had expected to land within the territory of the London Company in Virginia. As it was, they found themselves under no authority and without any form of government. Hence it was that they gathered in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, and there formed and signed the agreement called the Mayflower Compact, commemorated in the Provincetown record. This was the first constitution of its kind, and may be regarded as the beginning of an independent State. In itself it gives evidence of the character of the Pilgrims, and of their serious purpose to found a permanent home where they could be free. It is well said that this little band of wanderers, in fighting winter, Indians, and death in the New World, were as brave as any who had fought despotism in the Old World. Moreover, they not only formed their first constitution themselves, instead of taking it as a charter from the king, but they elected their own officers from among themselves, and set up a self-governing body, although they regarded themselves as a colony subject to the king's commands.

THE PURITANS

The Pilgrims were the pioneers, and deserve the honor that belongs to those who blaze the way. They were soon followed by others, who formed scattered groups around Boston Harbor. These began coming as early as 1622; but it was not until 1628 that a really important company of Puritans came, under the lead of John Endicott, and settled at Salem, which at that time promised to be the most important coast center, and was indeed for a long time prominent. In the same year the Massachusetts settlers were granted a charter by the king, and in 1630 fifteen ship loads of Puritans, under the famous John Winthrop, started for Endicott's colony. This large body of newcomers, numbering over a thousand people, fixed upon Boston as the most desirable site for their home, and thus settled the question as to the metropolis of New England. These colonists differed from the first comers at Plymouth, in that they were not poor, nor the victims of violent persecution. They included men of wealth, education, and social rank. They had become so dissatisfied with the conditions in England under Charles I that they turned longingly to that new land of which they had learned, as a place where they might establish a government that should be ruled by the laws of religion. There were many ministers in the company, learned men, and they were most influential in shaping affairs. This Massachusetts Colony, too, was practically self-governing; for while it had a charter, its owners and governors did not live in England, but were members of the colony. Thus a little republic was established competent to make its own laws under its charter.

There were difficulties to be overcome. The climate was one difficulty, and over two hundred colonists perished the first winter, while a hundred more went back to England in despair. But many more came to take their places, and gradually the flourishing colony began to overflow; and its pioneer spirits founded colonies in other parts of New England. By 1640, it is estimated, at least twenty thousand Puritans, discontented in Old England, had come to the New England shores. If they settled closely together, and did not push far into the wilderness toward the west, it was largely because the Indians did not like to be driven from their ancestral hunting grounds, and made secluded dwelling perilous. Indeed, the Puritan of necessity went armed, whether going to work or to church. Going to church was a habit, not to practice which was to put oneself under suspicion, if not harsh discipline. The familiar picture by Boughton, which shows the stern Puritans, each with his gun, accompanied by wife and children, on the way to church, is true to life. These sturdy people,

HENRY HUDSON
Henry Hudson, an Englishman, sailed from Amsterdam in 1609, under Dutch auspices, in search of a passage by way of Nova Zembla to the East Indies. Baffled by the ice he steered westward in search of a passage through the North American continent in north latitude 40°. In this voyage he explored the Hudson River to the head of navigation. In 1611 he was set adrift by a mutinous crew in Hudson Bay and there perished.
ROBERT FULTON
Robert Fulton, who successfully steam navigation in 1807 with a steamboat named the Clermont, was born of Irish parents in Little Britain, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, in 1765 and died in New York City in 1815. He also made successful experiments in submarine navigation and in torpedoes, and in 1814 built the first war vessel to be propelled by steam alone.

HUDSON, THE EXPLORER, AND FULTON, THE INVENTOR

Their wonderful achievements were celebrated together in the great Hudson-Fulton Anniversary in New York.

whose little churches were unheated and whose ministers were expected to preach from one to two hours, were unflinching in obeying their consciences and responding to the call of duty. They were good stock out of which to build a mighty State. Yet, though seeking religious freedom for themselves, it was a long time before they came to be willing to grant it to others; and Roger Williams was one of the first to experience a persecution not less stern than that from which the Puritans had fled in England. It took people of the strong convictions and character of the Puritans, however, to build up a new nation, and their influence and descendants are to be traced in all the developments of our national life that make for soundness and permanence and true political and religious liberty. The New England town meeting was the seed-bed of democracy. The church and schoolhouse went together, and compulsory education dates back to early colonial days. When illiteracy was common in the Old World, it was almost unknown in the new colonies, and public schools were an institution here before such a system was dreamed of in Europe. A year after the first public school came the establishment of a printing press. The spirit of liberty grew as the colonies increased, and during the long struggle between king and colonists regarding the charter and governmental authority, the colonists in the main had the better of it, and stoutly maintained their rights. The seeds of the Revolution began to be planted more than a century before the final outbreak that resulted in the Declaration of Independence and the birth of the new nation.

THE DUTCH IN AMERICA

Holland was a small but liberty-loving and enterprising land; and Dutch merchants early became interested in the short route to China and the Indies. In the autumn of 1693 they engaged Henry Hudson, an Englishman, to search for the passage for them.

In the spring of the following year, Captain Hudson, with a crew of about twenty men, set sail from Holland in the *Half Moon*, and, following a map and letter sent him by his friend Captain John Smith, he arrived on September 31 at the fine bay now known as New York Harbor. He sailed as far up the beautiful river as he could with his vessel, and then sent boats up as far as what is now Albany. "Perhaps," said he, "this river cuts through the continent to the other ocean, and will prove to be a short route to the Indies."

But he was disappointed in this. The river grew less and less navigable as it neared its source, and Hudson was obliged to sail back into New York Bay. But so beautiful had the country seemed to him, and so valuable were the furs which the Indians offered in trade, that Hudson, on his return to Holland, gave a most glowing description of the opportunities for making wealth in this new world — so glowing, indeed, that it was not very long before the enterprising little country sent traders to settle upon the banks of the river, and to build up villages for themselves.

Holland, accordingly, now claimed the whole country around the river, and named it New Netherlands. Indeed, before long they began building their city, New Amsterdam, now called New York.

Some of the very first governors of this Dutch colony are said to have been rather remarkable men in one way or another. There was Peter Minuit, an enterprising man, one of whose first acts was to buy the whole of Manhattan Island from the Indians for twenty-four dollars, and that, too, paid mostly with beads and trinkets, of which the Indians were very fond.

Then, by and by, came Peter Stuyvesant. He was a grim old fellow, battle-scarred, and no more movable when his mind was made up than a wall of solid granite. How he did puff and steam as he stumped around on his funny old wooden leg, shouting his orders and telling of his own wonderful feats in battle! But for all this he was a good governor; and his love for the colony, his pride in it, and his honest desire to do the best he could for its people will ever keep his name in memory.

It was while Peter Stuyvesant was governor that the English first sailed into the harbor of New Amsterdam and demanded the surrender of the city, under the claim that the country belonged to the English, having been discovered by Cabot.

These Floats, which formed a notable feature of the Hudson-Fulton Celebration, tell much history in small space. On this page are represented: 12. The *Half Moon*, Hudson's Ship. 13. Hudson's Fate. 14. First Vessel built on Manhattan. 15. Presenting Wampum to the Indians. 16. The First Treaty. 17. Reception of Peter Stuyvesant. 18. A Scene in New Amsterdam. 19. Coming of the Huguenots. 20. Dutch House. 21. New Amsterdam becomes New York. 22. St. Nicholas.

The Dutch were too few to resist, and the appeals of Governor Stuyvesant to defend the city were vain, so New Amsterdam passed into the hands of the English on August 29, 1664. The city was then named New York, after the Duke of York, the English king's brother; and, although eight years later the Dutch retook the city, Holland finally gave up all title to New Netherlands and it became an English colony. This was in 1674. The Dutch had settled Albany and scattered along the Hudson and up the Mohawk Valley; and they, too, have had an important part in the making of our country. With them also were French Huguenots, among the best of the colonists not only in New York but in New England. Faneuil Hall, in Boston, called the "cradle of liberty," perpetuates the name of Peter Faneuil, one of these French citizens.

SOUTHERN COLONIES

At the time the Pilgrims left England, they were not the only people who were being persecuted. The Catholics, too, were having a hard time of it. At last, one of their nobles, Lord Baltimore, obtained from the English king, Charles I, a grant of land and permission to found a colony, to be called Maryland, on the shores of the Chesapeake Bay. Lord Baltimore died before he could carry out his good work, but in 1634, his son, Leonard Calvert, came over, bringing with him three hundred emigrants. After a voyage of four months, they reached the mouth of the Potomac, and there built a town, which they named St. Mary's.

As soon as these English people were settled in their new home, they made laws for their colony. Their laws were very just and generous, especially in regard to religion. All persons were free to worship as they pleased in Maryland. On account of this generous law, many Puritans from Virginia, who had been persecuted there by the Episcopalians, came to Maryland; Quakers came from Massachusetts, and all classes came from England. Among the latter were many Methodists, who not only desired to worship God in their own way, but sent missionaries among the Indians. Later, John and Charles Wesley, the founders of Methodism, came over to assist in the work; but the bad example of some of the white settlers often did as much harm to the Indians as the missionaries could do good.

During this time colonies had also been settled in North and South Carolina, and they had come to be important and flourishing.

On the southern border of South Carolina there is a large river, the Savannah. When the Carolinas were settled the Indians made great trouble for the white men. They felt that the white men were taking their homes from them and that something must be done to drive these newcomers away. A treaty was at last made with the Indians, in which the white men promised to make no settlements south of the Savannah River. This treaty was not broken for about seventy years. Then there came to be a new king in England, called George II. He gave permission to General James Oglethorpe, a wealthy, brave, and charitable Englishman, to found a colony south of the Savannah. His desire was to establish a place in the New World where poor people could obtain a new start in life; for at this time there was much poverty and wretchedness in England.

In November, 1732, his little band, 116 people in all, set sail from England. They arrived off South Carolina in February of the following year, and, ascending the Savannah River, chose for their home the present site of the city of Savannah. The colonists immediately set to work to build huts and cultivate the fertile soil, and by untiring industry during the spring and summer they had, when winter came, fairly comfortable homes.

Soon after their arrival their leader sent for the Indians, purchased the land from them, and made a treaty with them, which was faithfully kept as long as General Oglethorpe remained in the country. The territory was named Georgia in honor of the king, and, when the laws for this new colony were drawn up, General Oglethorpe firmly declared that there should be no rum allowed there, and that any sale of it to the Indians should be severely punished. When the Revolution came on no colony was braver or did more in proportion to its size for the cause than Georgia.

EPISODES IN COLONIAL LIFE

THE WITCHCRAFT CRAZE

IN the year 1692, there sprang up such a fire of excitement over the witch belief that no power seemed able to quell it. It seems to have started in the family of a Salem minister. One day his little girl began to behave very strangely. The minister, being a strong believer in witchcraft, declared at once that the child was bewitched. He begged her to tell him who had bewitched her, and she, frightened half out of her wits by her father's terrible stories, cried out that it was a certain poor old woman who lived near by. The latter was brought into the presence of the child. The little girl, excited as she was now, believed that the old woman had indeed afflicted her; and, frightened still more when she saw the woman, fell into convulsions. This, the minister thought, was sure proof, so the old woman was loaded with chains and thrown into prison.

Soon others in Salem began to say that they were bewitched. If the butter would not come, the housewives said there were witches in their churns. If the animals on the farms died, it was said to be the work of witches. Every possible disaster was laid at the door of witchcraft.

Although the excitement over witchcraft was highest in Salem, there was no small amount of it in other towns. In Boston it took such firm hold upon the people that an educated woman, the sister of a governor, who used all his influence to save her, was hanged on Boston Common as a witch.

By and by not only poor old women were accused, but young people, some of them from the leading families in the colonies. Everybody had accepted this cruel belief unquestioningly so long as no one but poor, friendless old women had been accused. But when at last the young people and the wealthy people, who had friends to defend them, began to suffer, then the people came to their senses.

"How do we know that this man saw Goody Glover flying on a broomstick? How do we know that he saw Martha Corey turn into a black cat? How do we know that he saw the children ride up the stairs on a white horse?" they began to ask when people came forth at a witch's trial to testify to these wonderful sights.

"We do not know," the judges at last honestly declared; and from that time the witchcraft excitement began to die away.

ROGER WILLIAMS AND RHODE ISLAND

In 1631 a young minister named Roger Williams came to Salem and soon began to give the Puritan leaders much trouble. He thought that people should worship where they pleased, and he publicly said so. But, what was still worse, he preached that the early settlers had no right to the very land they lived on unless they bought that land of the Indians.

As was usual with troublesome people in those days, Roger Williams was ordered out of the country. Fearing that, if caught, he might be sent back to England, he made his escape. It was midwinter, but the Indians welcomed and protected him. He gradually made his way to that part of the country now called Rhode Island. Here, in 1636, he purchased land of the Indians, and, before very long, many of his friends in Salem followed him and made a settlement.

They built a town and named it Providence. In this colony, it was declared that everyone should be free to worship as he pleased. There, for the first time in the history of the world, all people were given full religious liberty, and could follow their own consciences without interference from anybody.

Roger Williams, meanwhile, did not forget the kindness of the Indians. After he had learned to speak their language, he spent much of his time with them, teaching them to read and work. Through his acquaintance with the Indian chiefs, and their confidence in him, he was able to prevent more than one Indian war. He was a man who never counted danger, and more than once he undertook visits to the hostile Indians at the risk of his life. His fearlessness impressed the red man as much as his friendliness.

The members of the colony which he had founded all loved this good, broad-minded man.

WILLIAM PENN

The Quakers of England were in great need at this time of someone who would call them together and find for them a place of safety. Such a leader appeared at last, in William Penn. He was the son of Admiral Penn, of the English navy. Admiral Penn had been brought up to hold in contempt all such people as Quakers. Imagine his astonishment when his son told him that he had resolved to join these much abused people.

The old gentleman scolded and argued, raved and threatened, but not one whit was the son moved by it all. He was sent abroad, his father hoping that the gay life at Paris and other great cities of Europe would cure him of this foolish freak he had taken. But Penn came back to England still a Quaker. His father's patience was now exhausted; he allowed Penn to live in the house, but he would have nothing to say to him, and for years would not even look at him.

When his father died, Penn made up a large party of Quakers to come to America. On August 31, 1682, he set sail from Deal, England, in the good ship *Welcome*, and after a voyage of two months arrived at New Castle on the Delaware on October 27, 1682, and immediately began a settlement. To this settlement he gave the name Philadelphia, which means "brotherly love."

In payment of a debt owed to Penn's father, King Charles of England had already granted to Penn that tract of land which we now call Pennsylvania; still Penn was not willing to take the land from the Indians without paying them also for it. He held a council with them under a large elm tree. There he made a treaty with them, and the agreements were made peaceably and honestly.

Like Roger Williams, Penn was always loved and reverenced by the Indians. The great elm under which the treaty was made has long since decayed and fallen; but in its place to-day stands a monument which tells the story of Penn and the treaty.

The history of this treaty was kept by the Indians by means of their strings of wampum, and long afterwards they would tell the story over to their children, bidding them always in their fights and war-makings to remember their fathers' promises to the good Quaker, William Penn. So it was that, in the years that followed, when war was raging on every side in all the surrounding states, the Quakers were never attacked.

The settlement that Penn founded has also been one of the powerful forces in America making for liberty, peace, and brotherhood. Independence Hall, the old Liberty Bell, and other historic places in Philadelphia tell of the high rank of Pennsylvania in our national annals.

THE COLONISTS AND THE INDIANS

When the Pilgrims first landed at Plymouth, Indians had been seen on the top of the hill. They had fled at the sight of the white men, and were not seen again for some time. At last, one morning in March, when the people were holding a town meeting, in stalked a solitary Indian. The white men waited for him to speak. Solemnly he looked about upon them all, and then cried, in broken English, "Welcome, Englishmen! Welcome, Englishmen!"

Samoset (Sam'-o-set), for that was the name of this visitor, was a tall, straight man, with long black hair, and was arrayed in feathers and furs, and colored with bright paints. He was so much pleased with the hospitable manner in which he was received, that he declared his intention of staying with them all night. Then at sunrise he was ready to return to his home, and the Pilgrims gladly bade him farewell. To their great surprise Samoset appeared again the very next day, bringing with him five other Indians.

The Pilgrims were annoyed at this second visit; however, they gave the Indians food and drink, after which the six visitors danced and sang in a fashion peculiar to themselves. At night the five Indians went away, but Samoset had made up his mind to stay longer with his new friends. A few days later, seeing that he had no idea of going home, the white men sent him to find Massasoit (Mas-sa-so'-it), who, as Samoset had told them, was the chief of the Indian tribes in that neighborhood, the Wampanoags.

Soon Massasoit came, with sixty armed and

painted warriors. But Massasoit did not come to fight. He wanted peace between his tribe and the strange people. After a little talk, he sat down with John Carver, the governor of the young colony, smoked the pipe of peace with him, and promised to befriend the colony as long as he should live. This treaty he always kept, and, as he was a very powerful chief, the Pilgrims were safe from Indian attack as long as he lived. It was after his death that their real trouble with Indians began.

One day word came to the white men that Massasoit was dying and wished to see them once more. Quickly Edward Winslow, who knew a good deal about medicine, hastened to Massasoit's home. He found the tent in which Massasoit lay so full of people that the sick man could hardly breathe. These Indians, both men and women, were howling and dancing around him, trying, so they said, to drive away the bad spirits which were giving him pain.

Winslow went to work to do all he could to relieve the poor chief, who was suffering from high fever. In two or three days, Massasoit was quite well again. The Indians looked upon the cure as a miracle, and families came from miles and miles around to see the wonderful "medicine man."

No one was more glad of Massasoit's recovery than Winslow himself; for all knew that if Massasoit died the tribes of Indians on all sides would at once rush upon the white settlements, burn the houses, scalp the men, and carry away the women and children as captives. And this did happen within a very few years. After Massasoit's death, the Indians began to grow jealous, since they were being gradually driven from all their hunting grounds, and soon started a bitter and bloody warfare against the white men.

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BLACKFOOT INDIANS ON THE ROOF OF A NEW YORK HOTEL

WHAT LED TO THE REVOLUTION

THE STAMP ACT

ONE of the first things England did to raise money from the colonists was to issue the Stamp Act. Let us understand what this was.

The king sent over a large amount of paper on which had been put a certain *stamp*. This paper the king ordered the colonists to use in all their legal writing. Nothing would be considered of any value unless it was written on this stamped paper. For example, suppose a man owed another man a hundred dollars. When he paid the debt, the receipt would be worthless unless it was written on this particular paper. Suppose a young man and woman were to go before the minister to be married; the marriage was not legal, so the king said, unless the minister wrote the marriage certificate on this stamped paper. As a very high price was put on this paper, you can see how, by compelling the American colonists to buy it, it was but one way of getting a heavy tax from them.

The colonists all over the country were furious when this stamped paper was sent to them. The Boston people declared that they would not buy one sheet of it; they would buy nothing, sell nothing; the young men and women would not get married; they would do nothing, indeed, which should compel them to use this stamped paper.

In Virginia, a young orator named Patrick Henry so stirred the people that the older men, angry as they were with England, begged him to be careful in what he said.

Benjamin Franklin was sent to England by the colonists to see what could be done. When he reached there, he found that many of England's greatest men were on the side of the colonists, but the king stupidly continued the unjust taxation.

THE BOSTON MASSACRE

On the evening of March 3, 1770, not far from nine o'clock, several young men passed down King Street, Boston, toward the custom-house. When they drew near the English sentinel, the latter called out, "Who goes there?" There was a dispute, or perhaps a scuffle. Other soldiers heard the noise, and ran hastily from the barracks to assist their comrade.

At the same time many of the townspeople rushed into King Street by various avenues, and gathered in a crowd about the custom-house. It seemed wonderful how such a multitude had started up all of a sudden. The wrongs and insults which the people had been suffering for many months now kindled them into a rage. They threw snowballs and lumps of ice at the soldiers. As the tumult grew louder, it reached the ears of Captain Preston, the officer of the day. He immediately ordered eight soldiers of the main guard to take their muskets and follow him. They marched across the street, forcing their way roughly through the crowd and pricking the townspeople with their bayonets.

A man (it was Henry Knox, afterwards general of the American artillery) caught Captain Preston's arm. "For heaven's sake, sir," exclaimed he, "take heed what you do, or there will be bloodshed!" "Stand aside!" answered Captain Preston, haughtily; "do not interfere, sir. Leave me to manage the affair." Arriving at the sentinel's post, Captain Preston drew up his men in a semicircle, with their faces to the crowd. When the people saw the officer, and beheld the threatening attitude with which the soldiers fronted them, their rage became almost uncontrollable.

"Fire, if you dare, villains!" shouted the people, while the muzzles of the muskets were turned upon them; "you dare not fire!" They appeared ready to rush upon the leveled bayonets. Captain Preston waved his sword, and uttered a command which could not be distinctly heard amid the uproar of shouts that issued from a hundred throats. But his soldiers thought that he had spoken the fatal word, "Fire!" The flash of their muskets lighted up the street, and the report rang out loudly.

A gush of smoke overspread the scene, and when it rose eleven of the sons of New England lay stretched upon the street. Some, sorely wounded, were struggling to rise again. Others stirred not, for they were past all pain. Blood was streaming upon the snow; and that purple stain, in the midst of King Street, though it

melted away in the next day's sun, was never forgotten or forgiven by the people.

At once the bells were rung, and the citizens, rushing out to learn the cause, hastened to the fight. The people in the country round, hearing the bells, hurried in with their muskets to help the town. At last the soldiers, seeing that the whole country was aroused, took to flight.

THE BOSTON TEA-PARTY

The English had put a tax upon nearly everything, tea included. Now, when they found that the colonists were so furious about it, and seemed so determined to stand up for their rights, they began to think that perhaps they had gone a little too far. So, wishing to soothe the colonists, they took off the tax on everything *except* tea.

But the colonists were not to be quieted in that way. It was n't the money they were made to pay that had angered them; they were willing to pay that; but it was the *idea* of their being taxed *without* representation!

"Does England suppose it is the few paltry dollars that we care for?" said they. "No; we will show her that, while we would be willing to pay thousands of dollars if we were treated fairly, we will not pay *one cent* when she treats us like slaves!"

Not many days had passed before word came that a great vessel was nearing Boston Harbor, loaded with tea. A lively meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, and afterwards in the Old South Church; and the people declared that the tea should never be allowed to be brought ashore.

At evening the vessel was seen slowly nearing the wharf. Everything was quiet, and you would never have imagined what was going to happen. Slowly the ship comes in, nearer and nearer the little wharf. Now, with a heavy swash of water and a boom, she touches; out jump her sailors to fasten her ropes. But hark! what noise is that? It is the Indian war-whoop. And see! down rush the Indians themselves, yelling and brandishing their tomahawks. In an instant they have boarded the vessel. Down into the hold they go, yelling and whooping at every step.

The terrified sailors stand back aghast. Out come the Indians again, lugging with them the heavy chests of tea. Still they yell and whoop; and over go the chests into the dark water below.

And now, when every chest is gone, suddenly the Indians grow very quiet; they come off from the deck, and take their stand upon the wharf; then we see that they were not Indians at all. They were only men of Boston disguised. This, then, was the Boston Tea-party, which took place in Boston Harbor on the evening of December 16, 1773.

THE "MINUTEMEN"

In the spring of 1775, General Gage was told that the Americans had for a long time been secretly carrying to some place outside of Boston stores of gunpowder, guns, muskets, and bullets, that there might be a supply whenever they were needed. He also learned that in every town and village about Boston companies were being formed for military drill. These men called themselves "minutemen," because, as they said, they would be ready to enter battle against the British any time at a minute's notice.

Gage began to watch these signs of fight on the part of the colonists. Into all the towns about he sent spies to find out all they could about the military stores and the minutemen. Soon he learned that it was in the old town of Concord that the colonists were storing their ammunition, and he made plans to capture these stores. But the Americans were on the watch also, and had messengers ready with their strong horses to ride out into the outlying towns with the alarm, if the British troops were seen to show any signs of marching.

At last, on the evening of April 18, 1775, one of these sentinels heard sounds and saw a stirring among the soldiers. Soon he saw them creep quietly down to the water and hurry into boats. There was no doubt now that the British were planning to cross the Charles River and set out for Concord.

In twenty minutes, two mounted horsemen were galloping away to rouse the farmers in all the towns around and warn them to be up and ready for fight. One of these messengers was Paul Revere, of whom Longfellow wrote in the "Tales of a Wayside Inn."

THE MINUTEMAN, CONCORD, MASS. BY DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH

LEXINGTON AND CONCORD

In the little town of Lexington, a hundred brave minutemen awaited the coming of the British army. Of course there was no hope that a hundred farmer-soldiers could drive back the large army, but they were ready to do what they could.

Up came the redcoats, with Major Pitcairn at their head. "Disperse, ye rebels!" cried the major; "disperse! throw down your arms and disperse!" But the brave minutemen stood their ground. They neither threw down their arms nor did they disperse. Then one of the British officers, angry that they should dare defy him, discharged his pistol into the little band.

Now the minutemen, who had been told not to fire until they were fired upon, promptly returned fire, wounding three of the British soldiers. This was answered by a fierce volley from the British, and, when the army passed on, they left eight brave farmer-soldiers dead upon the green.

Then on the troops marched to Concord, their band playing "Yankee Doodle"—a song which had been composed by them to deride the colonists. On reaching Concord, the troops took possession of the ammunition, rolled a hundred barrels of flour into the river, and started on, intending to cross the bridge at Concord. But there they found the minutemen mustered on the bridge, a hundred and fifty strong.

Immediately the command to fire was given, and two of the minutemen fell dead. Now there blazed back a volley from the little band which compelled the British troops to fall back. From that moment the colonists had the best of it. Another volley, and away went the redcoats in full retreat toward Lexington, the minutemen in pursuit. On the British ran, while from every house and barn, from behind every fence and bush, rang the quick snap of muskets, shooting them down. On they ran until they came into Lexington again, panting for breath. Here they were met by Lord Percy's troops, which formed a hollow square about them; and they sank upon the ground, too breathless even to tell what had happened. Lord Percy's troops led them, when they had gained strength enough to march again, back to Boston. But all the way they were pursued and shot at from all sides by the colonists concealed by the roadside, until they were glad indeed, at sunset, to get back under the protection of the guns of the British man-of-war.

THE REVOLUTION UNDER WAY

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL

NOW the war was on in earnest. One result of Lexington was that about fifteen thousand men collected from the different colonies about Boston ready for action.

On the 16th of June, a detachment of the American soldiers, outside of Boston, was commanded to go over to Charlestown and fortify Bunker Hill. Under the cover of darkness, the soldiers climbed Breed's Hill, this being nearer Boston, and quietly threw up the earth in such a way as to form ditches and forts. Imagine the surprise of the British the next morning, when they looked across the water and found the Americans working away, busy as bees, finishing up their night's work.

The British cannon were turned upon them, but in vain. "We must march up the hill ourselves," said General Howe; and soon three thousand soldiers were on the way to attack the Americans. Eagerly the soldiers watched from behind their embankment; eagerly the British troops in Boston watched; and eagerly watched the women and children from the house-tops.

Up the hill climbed the British soldiers, firing at every step. At the top, behind the embankment, crouched the fifteen hundred, silent as death. "Boys," said Colonel Prescott, "we have no powder to waste; aim low; and don't fire until you can see the whites of their eyes."

The redcoats were nearly up the hill. Their waving plumes were nearly on a level with the hill-top. "Fire!" commanded the officer. Instantly came a volley from fifteen hundred muskets. The British soldiers fell, mowed down like grain before the scythe. Then on they came again. Again the Americans fired, and again the British fell back in dismay.

But soon the British forces rallied, and made one mighty rush over the dead bodies of their

"RING, RING FOR LIBERTY"

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL. FROM PAINTING BY JOHN TRUMBULL

fallen brothers upon the intrenchment. The Americans were now, many of them, without powder; and, although they battled hand to hand with clubs and stones, the British reached the summit and drove the Americans down the hill to Charlestown Neck.

This was the first regular battle of the Revolution; and, although the Americans were defeated, the defeat brought about so many good results that perhaps it was as good as a victory; for it showed the British soldiers and the British king that the colonists were not to be subdued by simple threats; while, on the other hand, it fired the colonists with courage and zeal. They knew now that there was no escape from war; they had learned that, untrained though they were, they could fight even the British regulars; and they knew that, had their powder not given out, the day would have been theirs. And so, although they had lost some of their bravest men and been defeated, there was no feeling of discouragement in the hearts of the colonists.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

At the beginning of the war the colonists had not expected to be free from British rule; indeed, they did not wish to be. All they asked was that they might be treated fairly. But, since they had begun to fight, they had grown more and more convinced that now nothing less than perfect independence of the mother country ought to satisfy them.

Then the leading men of the colonies met together at Philadelphia to draw up a writing, in which they declared themselves no longer subject to English rule. Five men — Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, Roger Sherman, and Robert Livingston — were appointed to write it out; and when this was done every man in the Congress signed it.

It had been agreed that as soon as the Declaration was adopted the old bell-man should ring the big "Liberty Bell" that hung in the tower of the old State House, in order that the great throng of people outside

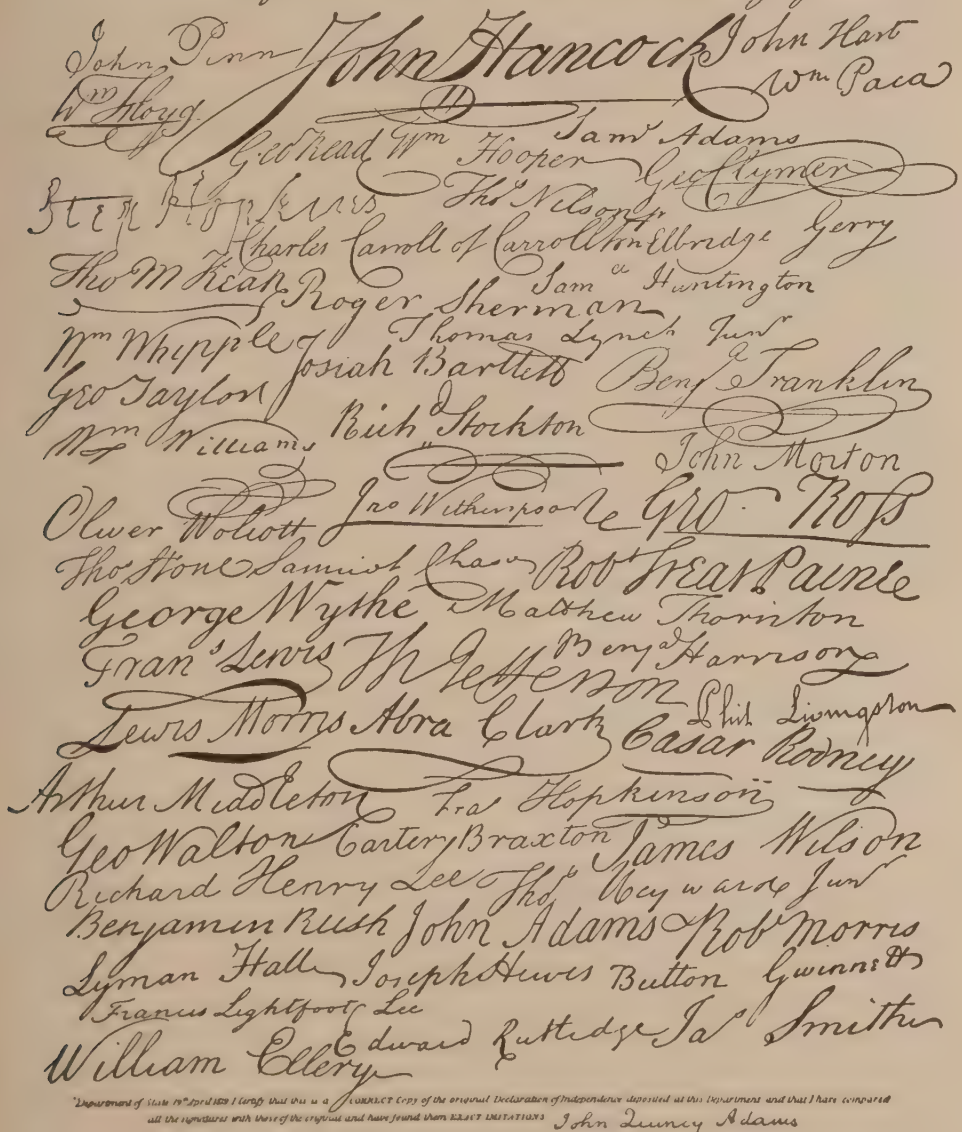
Declaration of Independence.

A Declaration by the Representatives of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. in General Congress assembled

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature & of nature's god entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal: that they are endowed by their creator with certain inherent & inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, & the pursuit of happiness: that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed: that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it.

Facsimiles of the Signatures to the Declaration of Independence July 4 1776



"Department of State 19th April 1823 I certify that the above is a CORRECT Copy of the original Declaration of Independence deposited at this Department and that I have compared all the signatures with those of the original and have found them EXACT IMITATIONS John Quincy Adams

might know it. This took place on July 4, 1776.

The old bell-man had taken his place up in the tower, and directed his little grandson to tell him when the time came to ring the bell. Messengers were sent in all directions to spread the news in every village and town; the boys lighted fires, the cannons blazed, and everywhere the people — men, women, and children — tried in every way to show their joy that they were now all to stand shoulder to shoulder, a *free nation*.

WASHINGTON'S CHRISTMAS GIFT TO THE AMERICAN ARMY

Washington's army had for some time met nothing but defeat. There were only about three thousand men with him, and these were suffering from cold and hunger.

Washington felt that a bold stroke must be made, and that very soon. He knew that encamped just across the Delaware was a body of Hessian troops, who had been hired and sent over here by the English government to fight against the colonists.

Washington knew the ways of these Hessians; and he was quite sure that they would spend Christmas day (1776) in a great celebration, and very likely would be "off guard" in the evening.

It was a terrible night. The sleet and rain were pouring down; it was bitterly cold, and the river so full of broken ice that, in the inky darkness, it seemed almost impossible to get across. But Washington was brave, his soldiers believed in him, and they struggled on.

It was four o'clock in the morning when the last boat load of men reached the Trenton shore. They crept silently along the bank to where the Hessians lay, tired out with Christmas revelry, and thus burst suddenly upon their unsuspecting enemy. It was a glorious victory. The Hessians were captured almost before they could rub their eyes open. Washington lost hardly ten men in all and captured almost one thousand Hessians, besides cannon, guns, and ammunition. The Hessians were sent off for winter quarters into central Pennsylvania, where they found many German settlers, who spoke their own language and treated them kindly. They had a very comfortable time there, and always spoke of Washington as "a very good rebel." And so ended with a success the year of 1776, which had for some months looked so dark and dismal to the American army. Many of these Hessians settled in Pennsylvania after the war was over.

VALLEY FORGE

All through the winter of 1777 and 1778 the British and the American armies lay only twenty miles apart. The redcoats with their commander, General Howe, were quartered in Philadelphia. There they were entertained by the Tories, who gave parties and balls and dinners, and did all in their power to make the winter a pleasant one for the British soldiers.

Twenty miles away, in a rocky, desolate mountain gorge known as Valley Forge, Washington had led his army from White Plains. When he went there in bitter December weather, his men, shoeless and scantily clad, had marked their way with blood from their bare feet. They reached the valley, and for want of tents were obliged to cut down trees and build huts of logs for shelter from the cold. Congress had no money to pay the men, no money to buy them food. For days together, during this winter, they had no bread and lived upon salt pork alone. They sickened with hunger and cold, and there was no money to buy medicines, no comfortable hospitals where they could be nursed.

It was a terrible winter for them all. Washington's heart ached as he saw his men starving, and freezing, and dying. It seemed almost as if the cause of the colonists must be given up. But you have heard the saying that "it is always darkest just before day." And so it proved just now; for in the spring word came from France that aid was to be sent them from that country. When the British heard this, they would have been very glad to make peace with the colonists. Indeed, messengers were sent over from England with very liberal offers — offers which, before the war, the colonists would have accepted; but that time was past now. Then these messengers tried to bribe some of the officers in the patriot army. It is said that one man, General Reed of Penn-

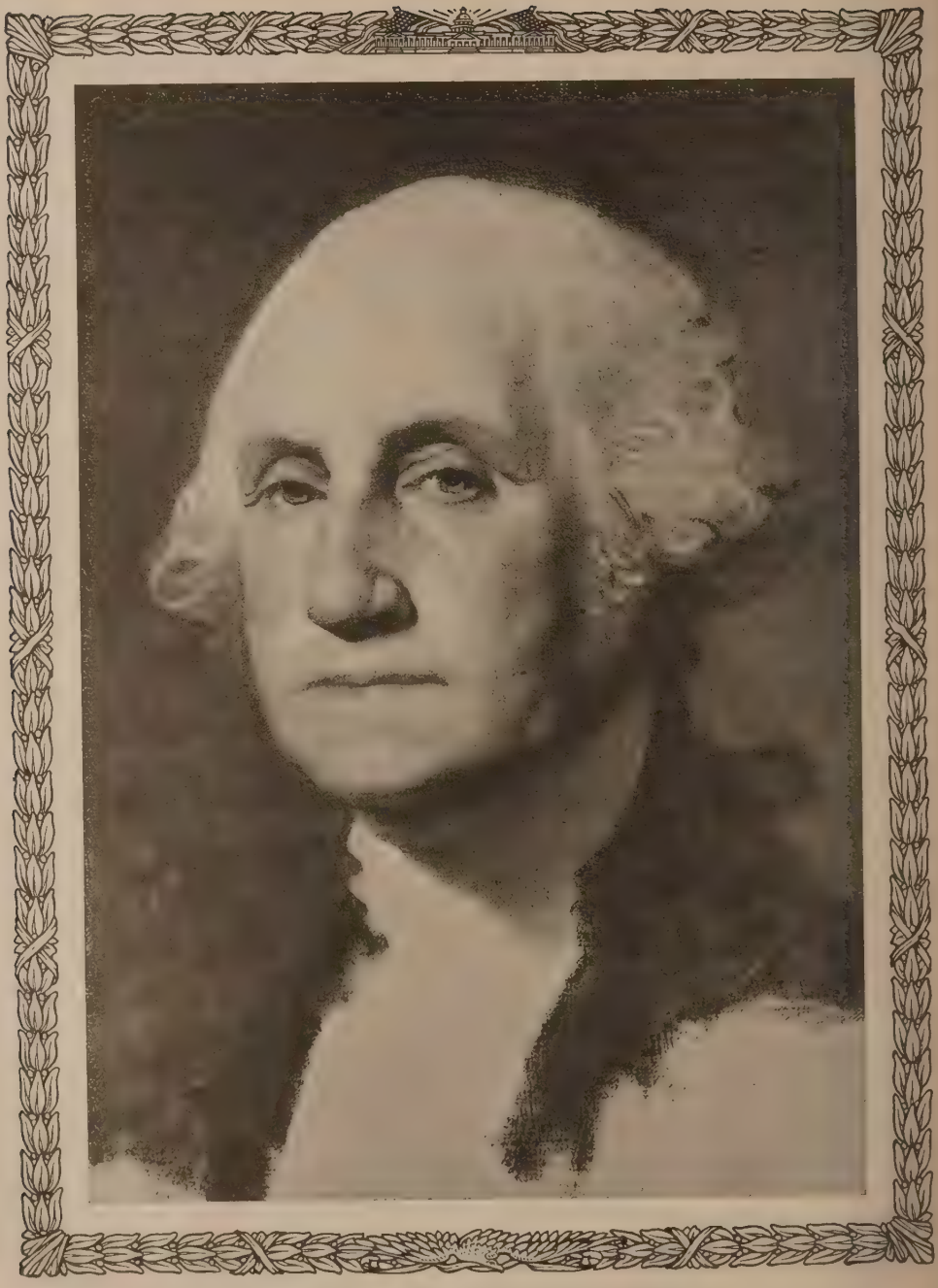
WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE

sylvania, was offered ten thousand guineas ($50,000) and distinguished honors if he would exert his influence to effect a reconciliation. "I am not worth purchasing," said the patriot, "but such as I am, the king of Great Britain is not rich enough to buy me."

THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS

The final great battle of the Revolution was between Cornwallis' troops and those of Washington at Yorktown. Cornwallis had been very busy fortifying this town, into which he had withdrawn his forces. He had dug trenches, and had thrown up earthworks all around the city. His army had now grown much smaller than the Americans had any idea of. Indeed, he had only 7000 men, 1000 of whom were negro slaves. In Washington's army there were nearly 16,000 soldiers, all well trained, and 3000 of them were "picked men" from the Virginia militia.

On September 28, 1781, the American army marched up and encamped one mile from Yorktown. Cornwallis withdrew all his forces into the city to wait for Clinton's promised aid. The Americans, however, had no thought of waiting. At once the batteries began their terrible work against the besieged city. Night by night the American forces drew nearer, under cover of the intrenchments which they threw up in the darkness. At length, on the evening of October 14, Washington ordered an attack, and after a hot battle Cornwallis, finding himself surrounded, gave up the struggle. Washington and his officers showed great kindness to their captives, and Cornwallis spoke of this in his report to General Clinton, his superior. With this surrender the war was really at an end. When, at two o'clock in the morning, the news of Washington's great victory reached Philadelphia, the people were awakened by the watchman's cry, "Cornwallis is taken! Cornwallis is taken!" Lights flashed through the houses, and soon the streets were thronged with crowds eager to learn the good news. Many wept, and the old doorkeeper of Congress died for joy. Congress met at an early hour, and that afternoon marched in solemn procession to church to return thanks to God.



GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAIT OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

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MOUNT VERNON

GEORGE WASHINGTON

PROBABLY we should not think about Washington as a boy at all but for that tradition of the Cherry Tree and the Hatchet — a tradition so dear that it will be believed, whether true or not. The boy was father of the man, however, and interesting from first to last.

George Washington died at Mount Vernon; you all know that, very likely, and you have seen pictures of the sacred and beautiful spot. You know, too, that he was born on February 22, 1732, for everybody celebrates his birthday. But how many of you know where he was born? It was in an old Virginia farmhouse, which had one low story, four rooms, and two great fireplaces that sent most of the smoke into the room and most of the heat up the chimney. Not a sign of the house remains, and its location in Westmoreland County is not easily found.

Washington's father, Augustine, would very likely never have been known in history but for the fact that he was the father of his son George. Yet he was a man worth knowing. George inherited from him love of truth, strict integrity and spirit, and sound mind. The cherry-tree incident might well have happened, for it fits well into the character of both father and son. The father died when the son was eleven, but he had done much to shape the latter's habits.

George's mother was still more influential in his life. The belle of her region, she was as beautiful in character as in face, and brought up her children in the fear of God and in reverence for their parents. She governed strictly though kindly, exacting deference while she inspired affection — a model mother. George got from her a high temper and spirit of command, but also the good sense to govern his temper and command justly. It is a fine picture we have of the widow, with her little flock gathered around her, reading to them daily lessons of religion and morality. The maxims reappeared in the boy's rules of conduct, some of which we shall see later. During all the years of his busy life Washington never lost the influence of those early teachings.

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Top: The Manor House, Sulgrave, England, where the Washington family lived; now preserved as a memorial.
Bottom: Interior of the Sulgrave church, where the Washington family attended service.

WHAT KIND OF AN EDUCATION DID WASHINGTON HAVE?

Not very much, according to our high school and college ideas, but he had a plain, thorough training in the elements of English education, and he mastered whatever he undertook. That is the lesson of education. Washington never learned a foreign language. He had no classic lore at command. But he did learn to write the English language remarkably well, so that his public papers did credit to his intellect as well as his judgment. He wrote out his lessons with utmost exactness. His schoolbooks are still preserved, and are models of neatness and accuracy — traits that tell. He was good at arithmetic, and as a young surveyor did careful work. Then, like all the best boys, he took his share in the simple sports, and liked the girls.

Can you imagine the grave, dignified Washington, whose pictures make you think he never could have laughed, as a shy country boy, diffidently "making eyes" at a lass known as the "Lowland Beauty"? Yet that is what he was doing at fifteen. And he even wrote some verses to this beauty, which prove that if he had not been a better soldier than poet he would scarcely have won first place in the hearts of his countrymen, any more than he did in the heart of Miss Betty Grimes.

THE YOUNG VIRGINIA SURVEYOR, DARING HORSEBACK RIDER, AND MAKER OF RULES

George was fond of athletics and outdoor life, and as a boy was one of the best riders to be found. It was by his daring horsemanship in a hunting chase that he won the admiration of Lord Fairfax, who did much for him in the way of polishing his manners and forming his literary tastes. In all the country sports Washington was foremost. If not generally popular, that was due to a natural gravity or seriousness. He wrote out a set of fifty-seven rules, very remarkable for a boy, and followed them assiduously. We can give only a few of them here, but you should read them all, as you may in the charming book which Edward Everett Hale wrote about him. Here are some of them, showing what kind of stuff was in the boy of fifteen:

1. Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

2. In the presence of others sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet.

4. Turn not your back to others, especially in speaking; lean not on any one.

5. Be no flatterer; neither play with any one that delights not to be played with.

7. Let your countenance be pleasant, but in serious matters somewhat grave.

8. Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another though he were your enemy.

12. Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive.

17. When a man does all he can, though it succeeds not well, blame not him that did it.

18. Take all admonitions thankfully, in what time or place soever given; but afterwards, not being culpable, take a time or place convenient to let him know that gave them.

20. Mock not, nor jest at anything of importance; break no jests that are sharp biting, and if you deliver any witty and pleasant, abstain from laughing thereat yourself.

21. Wherein you reprove another be unblamable yourself; for example is more prevalent than precepts.

22. Use no reproachful language against any one, neither curse nor revile.

23. Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any.

24. In your apparel be modest, and endeavor to accommodate nature, rather than to procure admiration; keep to the fashion of your equals, such as are civil and orderly with respect to times and places.

25. Play not the peacock, looking everywhere about you to see if you be well decked, if your shoes fit well, if your stockings sit neatly, and clothes handsomely.

26. Associate yourself with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone, than in bad company.

30. Speak not of doleful things in time of mirth, nor at the table.

33. Be not forward, but friendly and courteous; first to salute, hear, and answer.

35. Give not advice without being asked, and when desired, do it briefly.

44. Be not apt to relate news, if you know not the truth thereof. A secret discover not.

46. Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise.

52. Make no show of taking great delight in your victuals; feed not with greediness; cut your bread with your knife; lean not on the table; neither find fault with what you eat.

55. When you speak of God or his attributes, let it be seriously in reverence.

56. Let your recreations be manful, not sinful.

57. Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

A very remarkable code of conduct, certainly, for a boy of fifteen! The last one is worth its weight in gold; and you can see that spark in Washington to the end of his life and all through it.

TWO NARROW ESCAPES

At fourteen George wanted to be a sailor, the successes of the English navy having fascinated him. His mother was almost persuaded to let him go to sea, when a wise letter from her brother in England caused her to change her mind, and the boy was kept at home. How slight a thing seems to influence and even turn the course of a life! Destiny had something different from a middy's career for this lad.

Washington's escape at the battle near Fort Duquesne in Pennsylvania, where General Braddock was killed, was considered almost miraculous. He had two horses shot under him, and four bullets went through his coat. The story is that fifteen years afterward, when Washington again visited the Ohio country, a body of Indians met him, commanded by the same chief who led the Indians against Braddock. This chief looked upon Washington with the utmost reverence, and when the council fire was lighted and the pipe of peace was being smoked he addressed the Virginians. He said that at Braddock's fight he ordered his braves to aim at Washington, the tall young man, but that their aim was vain. They believed that he was shielded from harm by the Great Spirit, bore a charmed life, and would never die in battle. And they feared and reverenced him accordingly.

WHAT WASHINGTON WROTE TO HIS MOTHER

After that first disastrous campaign in Pennsylvania Washington's mother begged him not to enter military life again. This was his reply, beginning in the formal manner of his time:

"*Honored Madam:* If it is in my power to avoid going to the Ohio again I shall do so. But if the command is pressed upon me by the general voice of the country, and offered upon such terms as cannot be objected against, it would reflect dishonor upon me to refuse it. And that I am sure must and ought to give you greater uneasiness than my going in an honorable command."

That is the young man at nineteen. His timid mother would have made him a farmer for life, but his own convictions led him in the path of service, which became the path of glory.

EARLY RISING AND SIMPLE HABITS

Washington was always an early riser. When on his farm, it was his habit to rise at four, breakfast about seven in summer and eight in winter. His breakfast was two cups of tea, and three or four hoe-cakes of Indian meal. Then he would ride over his farms on horseback, when not away upon public service. He was careful about his dress and little things. He ate heartily, but was never critical about his food. Nine o'clock was bedtime at Mount Vernon. Washington was very regular in his habits, and to that owed his freedom from illness. Like most Virginians of that time as well as the present day he was fond of hunting. In the social life of the Potomac region he took his part whenever his other activities permitted.

DASHING AND BRAVE IN BATTLE

In battle Washington was more like gallant Phil Sheridan than like the stern and sedate leader whom the pictures show. When he was fighting for New York, General Green wrote this about him: "Fellow's and Parson's brigades ran away and left his Excellency on the ground within eighty yards of the enemy. He was so vexed at this infamous conduct of the troops that he sought death rather than life. 'Are these the men,' he cried, 'with whom I am to defend America?'" And Washington Irving says that in a fit of passion and indignation he snapped his pistol at some of the runaways and threatened others with the sword. Had not his attendants caught the bridle of his horse and turned him round, Washington would have dashed ahead into the enemy's line, so mortified and discouraged was he. The one thing he could not endure was cowardice.

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAIT OF MARTHA WASHINGTON

HOW WASHINGTON LOST HIS HEART AND FOUND A WIFE

A young officer, the handsomest in the army, Washington was on his way from Mount Vernon to his headquarters at Williamsburg. It was a beautiful day in May when with his servant Bishop he came down to the Pamunkey River, at Williams' Ferry. He was riding a powerful chestnut horse, and Bishop was as tall as himself. Major Chamberlayne, who lived across the river, saw the travelers as they crossed, and hailed Washington, begging him with true Southern hospitality to stay at his house for a day or two. Washington said he could not, as business was urgent. The Major pressed the invitation, and as an inducement said that the most charming young widow in Virginia was his guest at that moment. This lady was Mrs. Custis. Washington consented to stay to dinner. The young colonel was then the most distinguished soldier in Virginia, and Mrs. Custis was undeniably a beautiful widow, as the Major had said. It was a notable case of love at first sight. George did not hurry the dinner, and it was sunset when he again remembered his urgent business. But Major Chamberlayne said no guest ever left his house after sunset. So the young soldier had to stay, and surrendered at the first charge of the sparkling eyes, lingered in conversation long after the other guests had retired, and made sure that nobody should cut him out this time by coming to an understanding and pledging his troth with Martha Custis before he left the house next day. It was a love match to the end, and Martha Washington was worthy to share every honor that came to her gallant husband, filling most gracefully, for the first time it ever was filled, the position of the "first lady" of the land, as the first President's wife.

WASHINGTON'S FIRST GOVERNMENT SERVICE

Although a young gentleman of some prosperity, Washington chose surveying for a profession, and before he was sixteen was intrusted with an important survey of a Virginia estate. He did the work so well that he was made surveyor of Culpeper County, though only a boy. He was prouder of that first commission in the service of his country than of greater ones that came later. Some of his first experiences and the kind of young man he was at seventeen may be seen from this letter which he wrote to a young friend:

"*Dear Richard:* The receipt of your kind favor afforded me unspeakable pleasure, as it convinces me that I have still in the memory of so worthy a friend, a friendship I shall ever be proud of increasing. Yours gave me the more pleasure, as I received it among barbarians and an uncouth set of people. Since you received my letter of October last, I have not slept above three or four nights in a bed, but, after walking a good deal all the day, I have lain down before the fire upon a little hay, straw, fodder, or a bearskin, whichever was to be had, with man, wife, and children like dogs and cats; and happy is he who gets the berth nearest the fire. Nothing would make it pass off tolerably but a good reward. A doubloon is my constant gain every day that the weather will permit of my going out. The coldness of the weather will not permit of my making a long stay, as the lodging is rather too cold for the time of the year. I have never had my clothes off, but have lain and slept in them, except the few nights I have been in Fredericktown."

At this period, tall, athletic, manly for his years, a fine rider, frank and modest, Washington was looked upon with regard by the people generally, but who of the little circle that knew and loved the young surveyor could foresee in him the soldier and statesman who was to be forever first in the history of his country?

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL TO HIS OFFICERS

As soon as possible the British army embarked, leaving New York once more a free city. Then indeed there was great rejoicing, with a brave show of fireworks on Bowling Green, where the leaden statue of King George once stood, and where now skyscrapers tower far aloft. A week later Washington called together all his officers to bid them farewell, and thank them for their aid and courage. These brave men who had fought side by side for seven long years now met in sadness and

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WASHINGTON MEMORIALS

silence. When all were present, Washington said, with trembling voice, "I cannot come to each of you to take my leave of you; but I shall be glad if each man will come and take me by the hand."

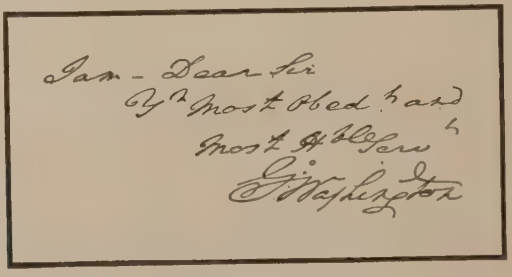
General Knox came forward, and, with tears in his eyes, attempted to speak. Though he could not say a word, Washington understood, and, with tears in his own eyes, drew his friend's head down upon his shoulder and kissed him. Then each officer came forward to take his leave of his commander. The bravest men were not ashamed to let the tears run down their rough, sunburned faces as they said good-by to Washington. He had been a wonderful leader in a remarkable war, unlike any other in history. Those who had been rebels were now to be the founders of a new nation, whose ruler would be chosen by the people.

THE CLOSE OF A GREAT LIFE

Washington's influence for good can be read in the words he addressed to his army: "The general hopes and trusts that every officer and man will endeavor so to live and act as becomes a Christian soldier, defending the dearest rights and liberties of his country." Washington never fought for glory. Declining to be reëlected to the presidency, in 1797 he retired with great delight to his beloved Mount Vernon. "My best wishes, however, for the prosperity of our country will always have the first place in my thoughts," he writes to a friend. Less than two years of peaceful life, and then, at sixty-seven, the end came. A cold fastened itself on his lungs, and he was first to know that it was the end. "I am not afraid," he said to his friend and physician; "it is a debt we must all pay." His last words were, "It is well." The "Father of his Country" left a great name and memory. We honor ourselves as we honor him; and the whole world honors him. Be sure to visit Mount Vernon if you possibly can. Standing by the bed upon which he breathed his last, looking into the tomb where his mortal remains rest, you will feel a peculiar reverence and thank God that such a man was our first great leader.

WASHINGTON'S ACCOMPLISHMENT AND LASTING RENOWN

It was Washington's military glory to lead on till the end of freedom was gained. With only the nucleus of an army, with small means, with almost no powder even, his Continentals laughed at by the British soldiery, he began what seemed to be a hopeless contest against the rich and powerful mother country. No general ever did so much with so small resources. No praise could exceed his merit. No tribute could estimate too highly his services. And not simply as a soldier, but as a statesman and patriot, above all as a good and noble man, his rank will ever be among the first names of the world. To the end of the history of this great Republic, George Washington will remain "First in War, First in Peace, and First in the Hearts of his Countrymen."



FACSIMILE OF WASHINGTON'S SIGNATURE ON A LETTER TO BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was born in Boston, though Philadelphia claims his most famous years. Born January 17, 1706, when only ten years of age he was taken from school to help his father in his business of tallow-candler and soap-boiler. In his autobiography, or story of his life, he tells us all about his early years. The story is one you should read, for there is no better to be found. "I was employed," says Franklin, "in cutting wicks for the candles, attending the shop, and going of errands." Candles gave most of the light in those days. At twelve Benjamin was apprenticed to his brother James, a printer, which was fortunate, for now he could educate himself. Great is the printer's trade for that. Five years he worked for his brother, and then he determined to start out for himself and seek his fortune. Read how he first left home, as he tells the story:

"My friend Collins agreed with the captain of a New York sloop for my passage to that city. So I sold some of my books to raise a little money, and as we had a fair wind, in three days I found myself in New York, near three hundred miles from home, a boy of but seventeen, without the least knowledge of any person in the place, and with very little money in my pocket.

"I offered my service to the printer in the place, old Mr. William Bradford. He could give me no employment, but says he, 'my son at Philadelphia has lately lost his principal man; if you go there, I believe he may employ you.' Philadelphia was a hundred miles further; I set out, however, in a boat for Amboy, leaving my chest and things to follow me round by sea. From there I proceeded on foot, fifty miles to Burlington, where I was told I should find boats that would carry me the rest of the way to Philadelphia.

"It rained very hard all day. I was thoroughly soaked, and by noon a good deal tired; so I stopped at a poor inn, where I stayed all night, beginning now to wish that I had never left home. I cut so miserable a figure, too, that I found by the questions asked me, I was suspected to be some runaway servant, and in danger of being taken up on that suspicion. However, I proceeded the next day and got in the evening to Burlington.

"Walking there by the side of the river a boat came by, which I found was going towards Philadelphia. They took me in, and, as there was no wind, we rowed all the way. We arrived at Philadelphia about nine o'clock on Sunday morning, and landed at the Market Street wharf.

"I have been the more particular in this description of my journey to Philadelphia, and shall be so of my first entry into that city, that you may in your mind compare such unlikely beginnings with the figure I have since made there. I was in my working dress, my best clothes being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul, or where to look for lodging.

"I was fatigued with traveling, roving, and want of rest; I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar, and about a shilling in copper.

"I walked up a street, gazing about, till, near the market-house, I met a boy with bread.

"I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he had bought it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in Second Street, and asked for a biscuit, intending such as we had in Boston; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia.

"Then I asked for a threepenny loaf, and was told they had none such. So, not knowing the difference of money, or the greater cheapness or the names of his bread, I bade him give me threepenny-worth of any sort.

"He gave me, accordingly, three great, puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other.

"Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Reed, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward and ridiculous appearance.

"I then turned and went down Chestnut Street, and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way. Coming round, I found myself again at Market Street wharf, near the

boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and being filled with one of my rolls, I gave the other two to a woman and her child who came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

"Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into a great meeting-house of the Quakers, near the market.

"I sat down among them, and, after looking round awhile and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continued so till the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me. This was, therefore, the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia."

This was the humble beginning of the man who made the first discoveries in electricity by means of his famous kite with a small thread which could bring down the lightning; who invented the Franklin stove, or "Pennsylvania fireplace"; who originated "Poor Richard's Almanac," which became almost as familiar in the household as the Bible; who was one of the foremost philosophers and statesmen of his day, and one of the truest patriots. Among other important facts that we should remember about Franklin are that he started the Philadelphia library and founded the American Philosophical Society and the University of Pennsylvania.

We have seen his awkward entrance into Philadelphia; but years later, when he went to England and France to represent his country, he delighted all by his wit and knowledge and courteous manners. It was largely due to him that France made a treaty with the colonies, which meant that the French would fight with the Americans against the English. Franklin never forgot that he was an American, and the country owed very much to him in the early and trying days. When he died, at the age of eighty-two, April 17, 1790, twenty thousand of his countrymen met to do him honor, and in English and French courts remarkable tributes were paid to him. A great throng of people followed his body to Christ Church cemetery, in Philadelphia, where it rests.

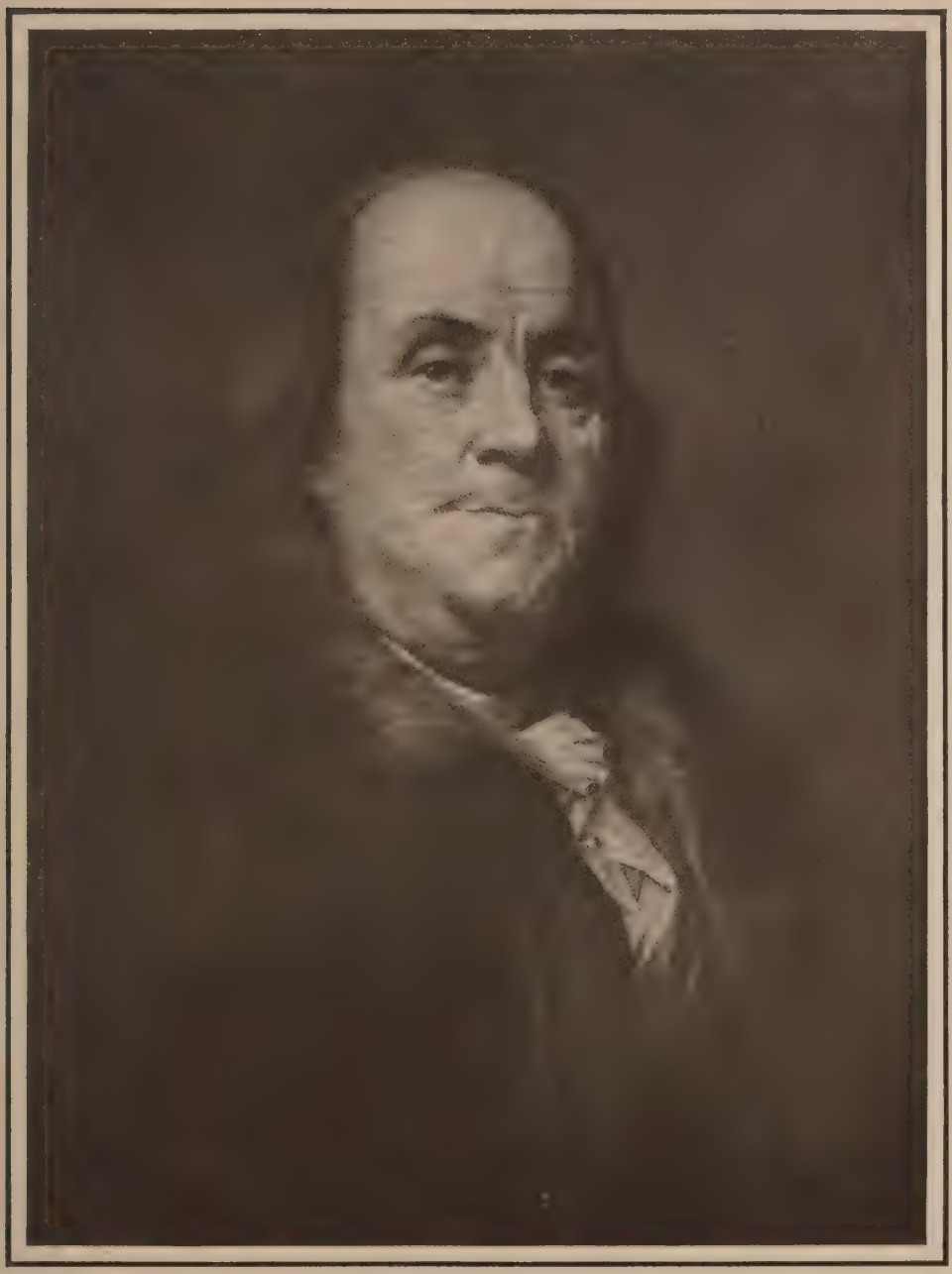
THE GALLANT LAFAYETTE

ONE of the soldiers of the Revolution whom we love to read about was not an American but a Frenchman — a rich young nobleman, the Marquis de Lafayette. It is said that the way Lafayette came to know about the war in America was through his happening to be at a dinner in Germany with a brother of the king of England, and the talk that followed about the trouble the king was having with his colonists in America. Lafayette had a strong love of liberty, and when he found that the Americans were fighting for freedom he resolved to aid them in every way possible. He asked leave of the French king, Louis XVI, to take part in the war, but the king did not wish to offend England, and refused consent. Lafayette then secretly bought and fitted out a vessel, and made his escape.

The captain did not know where they were going, and when well out at sea Lafayette ordered him to steer for the United States. He refused, declaring the English cruisers would capture them, but Lafayette said, "This is my vessel, and I command you to steer for the American coast. If you do not, I will put you in irons." The vessel was steered straight, and in a few weeks they landed in South Carolina.

Only nineteen, blessed with everything heart could desire, this young nobleman was ready to sacrifice all to help the despised colonists. His first act on arrival was to supply clothing and arms to the South Carolina troops, who were in great distress. Then he wrote to Washington, saying, "The moment I heard of America I loved her. The moment I heard she was fighting for liberty, I burned with a desire to bleed for her." He was a trained soldier as well as brilliant man, and Washington at once took him on his staff. His enthusiasm and fine spirits greatly cheered Washington, who treated him as one might a son. Lafayette served valiantly through the war, and rendered a noble service which Americans will never forget.

Lafayette was so long in this country, and so much heart and soul with us in our fight for independence, that whenever he referred to the Revolution after his return to France he spoke of himself as an American. One evening, in



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

1824, while visiting Boston, Mrs. Josiah Quincy said to him, "The American cockade was black and white, was it not, General?"

"Yes, madam," he replied; "it was black at first, but when the French came and joined *us*, *we* added the white in compliment to them."

After the war was over, Lafayette returned with high honor to France, and took a noble part in the events which brought about a new era in France, and made it a land of much greater liberty than it had been in the past.

Half a century later, when the United States had become a rich and mighty nation, and when Lafayette was an old man, he came to this country again, and was welcomed with honor and splendor such as no other foreigner had ever received. Congress voted him $200,000 and a whole township of land in Florida, not as a gift, but, as they courteously put it, as part pay for his service in the Revolution.

THE WAR OF 1812

EVER since the Constitution had been formed and the American nation had been so successful, England had been doing a great deal to injure American commerce. England had for a long time called herself the Mistress of the Seas and had prided herself on having the finest navy in the world.

It had long been the custom in England to fill up ships' crews by what the English called "impressment." When they were short of sailors, a party of men called the "Press-gang" would go ashore looking for hearty, strong men. When they found a man who seemed likely to make a good sailor, they would seize him, bind him, and carry him away to their ship. Sometimes they would invite a man to drink with them, and after making him drunk carry him off, throw him into the hold of their ship, and leave him to come to himself. If he refused to work, he was whipped until he cried for mercy. England argued that she had a right to do this because a man who had once been an Englishman was always an Englishman. The Americans, on the other hand, contended that a foreigner who was naturalized became henceforth an American citizen. The "Press-gang" was the terror of all Europe.

The United States dreaded to go to war again, so hundreds of Americans were carried away before matters were brought to a crisis by the British warship *Leopard* firing without provocation on the American vessel *Chesapeake*, killing and wounding several of the latter's crew, and ending by seizing three of her sailors.

It was at this critical point in United States history that Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun, two of the country's greatest statesmen, came into prominent notice. Henry Clay was the leader of the Federalists, and was opposed to the war; John C. Calhoun was the leader of the Republicans, and was in favor of war. Thus matters stood when in June, 1812, Congress declared war with England.

Great was the joy in the hearts of the impressed sailors on the English ships. Many of them at once refused to pull another rope on board a ship belonging to a nation at war with their own country.

"Will you do your duty on this ship?" asked one captain of an American who was suffering under the lash for refusal to work the ship. "Yes, sir," answered the man, with his back bleeding at every pore. "It is my duty to blow up this ship, an enemy to my country, and if I get a chance I'll do it."

The captain looked around in astonishment. "I think this man must be an American," he said. "No English sailor would talk like that. He is probably crazy, and you may untie him and let him go."

Over twenty-five hundred Americans who had been impressed and refused to serve were sent to prison in England, where they were kept in imprisonment until the war closed. Many of the men were flogged — some of them till they dropped dead — but they showed the same brave spirit that they had shown years before in the Revolution.

COMMODORE PERRY

There was in the navy a brave young captain — Oliver Hazard Perry — who had been busy building a fleet of nine vessels to attack the British warships which had taken possession of Lake Erie.

When these were finished, he named the

one which he himself was to command the *Lawrence*, in honor of the dead hero, Captain Lawrence, who fell in a naval battle in Boston Harbor.

After the vessels were finished, it was a long time before sailors could be found to man them. General Harrison sent one hundred riflemen from Kentucky, who, dressed in their hunting suits and deerskin leggings, made a very funny-looking crew; and a little later the New England states collected from their coasts another hundred men. These men were real sailors.

So twelve great coaches were fitted out; and with a band on top, flags and streamers flying, these merry sailors started off across the country, singing and shouting, the band playing "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia," and all the other national airs, as they rattled through the villages.

And now that the vessels were manned, Captain Perry had only to wait for the appearance of the English fleet. Day after day he waited; at last, one bright morning, the cry of "Sail, ho!" was heard from the masthead. The English were really approaching! Word spread from vessel to vessel, and every officer and every sailor was on the alert.

Perry watched their approach through his glass, and found that there were only six ships, while he had nine; but as they drew nearer, he found that each vessel carried sixty-three guns, while his carried only fifty-four. This convinced him that if his vessels could get close upon the English, the advantage would be upon the American side; but if he allowed an engagement to take place at a distance, the sixty-three guns could do the deadlier work.

Explaining this to his men, it was agreed to advance quickly, and save their fire till they were close upon the English fleet. Then, bringing forth a simple banner, on which was inscribed the motto, "Don't give up the ship!" Perry said, "Boys, these were the dying words of the brave Lawrence. Shall we hoist this banner upon our vessel?"

Of course the men understood his meaning at once, and "Aye, aye, sir!" rang forth over the waters.

For three hours the battle raged. The men fought on, regardless of everything, refusing to leave their guns, in spite of wounds. Captain Perry's courage was the more wonderful, since he had never seen a naval battle, while Captain Barclay, the British commander, was one of Nelson's veterans, and had lost an arm

COMMODORE OLIVER HAZARD PERRY

in his service. At last the *Lawrence* lay a battered hulk, at the mercy of the enemy. But Perry was not dismayed. Finding his own ship now helpless, only eighteen of his hundred brave men still standing, he ordered a boat to be lowered.

"To the *Niagara!* to the *Niagara!*" cried he, and wrapping himself in the flag he leaped into the boat and was rowed across to the *Niagara*.

Above him, below him, and on either side whizzed the English balls! Reaching the vessel, he hastily climbed her sides, and again the battle was renewed. Finally, the English ships were forced to surrender.

The English officers, one by one, tendered their swords to Perry; but he generously refused to take them, and treated the prisoners throughout with such kindness that the English captain himself said, "Perry's kindness alone has earned him the name of hero."

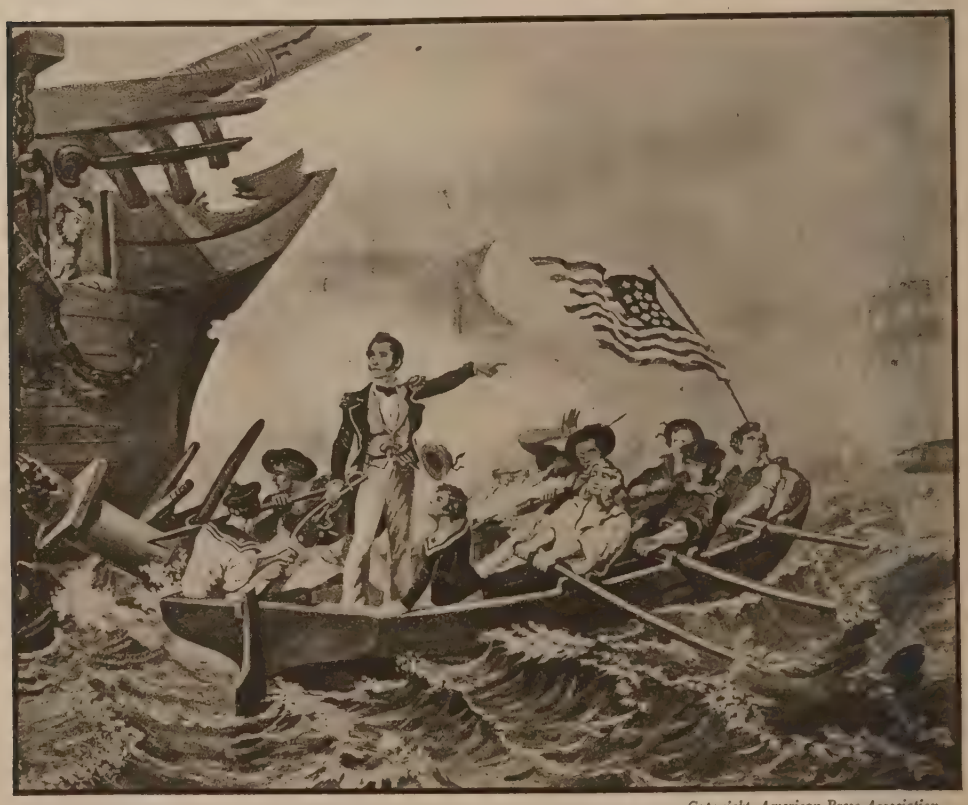
It was at the close of this battle that Perry sent to General Harrison the message that has become so famous: "We have met the enemy and they are ours."

The one hundredth anniversary of this victory was celebrated on Lake Erie with great enthusiasm.

THE END OF THE WAR

In a treaty signed at Ghent, December 24, peace was made with England, but it took so long for the news to reach our country that in the interim the terrible and unnecessary battle of New Orleans was fought on January 8, 1815. The commander of the American forces in this battle was General Andrew Jackson, who afterward became President of the United States.

The battle which followed ended successfully for the Americans, and with it closed the war. There was great joy throughout the country. Messengers were sent, as at the close of the Revolution, with all the speed their horses could make, from state to state; and everywhere the bells were rung, bonfires were built, bands played, and processions marched — anything and everything was done in celebration of another victory for the Union and of another time of peace.



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THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE

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THE CIVIL WAR

[The following excellent summary of the periods of the Civil War is abridged from Henry W. Elson's "A Guide to United States History," published by Doubleday, Page & Company, to whom we are also indebted for the anecdotes headed "Friendly Enemies," "Honoring Bravery," and "Coffee and Cordiality," and for the section "Manila and Santiago" from the same book.]

THE military operations of the Civil War may be divided for convenience into three periods.

First Period. From the firing on Fort Sumter in April to the close of the year 1861. There were simultaneous movements in two states a thousand miles apart — Virginia and Missouri. In each there was a serious battle in midsummer — Bull Run and Wilson's Creek — and a minor engagement in the autumn at Ball's Bluff. All resulted in Confederate victories.

A side movement of the period consisted of several successful naval expeditions down the Atlantic coast, the only victories of the year except those of McClellan in western Virginia.

This period is characterized by unreadiness on both sides and an absence of definite plans, by Union defeats, by great public excitement, and by bugle calls for men and the marshaling of great armies.

Second Period. From the beginning of 1862 to July 4, 1863. This year and a half was characterized by great battles, by war on a gigantic scale, by a gradual rise of the fortunes of the North, ending with the highly important simultaneous Union victories at Vicksburg and Gettysburg.

There were two seats of war — Virginia and the Mississippi Valley — and there was a twofold object of the North — to capture Rich-

mond and to open the Mississippi. But the armies east and west did not work in concert for want of a competent commander-in-chief.

The Army of the Potomac, under its successive commanders — McClellan, Pope, Burnside, Hooker, and Meade — failed wholly to reach its goal, met with many disasters, but won notable victories at Antietam and Gettysburg.

The Army of the West was more steadily successful. Beginning with a great victory at Fort Donelson, February, 1862, it opened the Mississippi to Vicksburg by one of the greatest flank movements in the history of warfare, covering a year and five months, and, being supported from below by Farragut, it gained control of the whole course of the river.

The side movements of this period were numerous and some of them of great magnitude, such as that of Buell and Bragg in Kentucky, the Pea Ridge campaign in Arkansas, Sherman's expedition up the Red River, Morgan's raid in Indiana and Ohio, and the like.

Third Period. This extends from the 4th of July, 1863, to the end of the war. It is characterized by the fact that the Northern armies east and west were under the control of one competent commander-in-chief, resulting in the great final double movement which ended the war.

Preliminary to this movement came the extensive operations around Chattanooga, preceded by the tremendous battle of Chickamauga. After this General Grant became commander-in-chief of all the armies east and west. He then planned the great double movement. Himself taking command of the Army of the East, Grant chose the strongest of his corps commanders, W. T. Sherman, to command in the West.

Grant's immediate goal was to capture Lee's army and Richmond; Sherman's was to cut the Confederacy into two parts by a grand sweep to the coast, thence to move northward through the Carolinas, and eventually to join Grant in Virginia.

It was believed that if either of these movements were successful the Confederacy must collapse and the war come to an end. Both were successful. Sherman had traversed about three fourths of his proposed route when Lee surrendered to Grant and Richmond fell. Johnston then surrendered to Sherman and the war was over.

WHAT LED TO THE STRUGGLE

The slavery issue was undoubtedly the main cause of the attempted secession of Southern States from the Union and establishment of the Southern Confederacy as a separate nation. For many years the sectional division had been growing; and the increase of abolition sentiment in the North, the agitation over the introduction of slavery into new states, the Dred Scott decision, and the John Brown incident with its tragic ending — all these things created a tense situation. When Abraham Lincoln, who had taken sides against the further extension of slavery, was elected President, the Southern leaders decided on secession, and established the Southern Confederacy, with Jefferson Davis as President, and Richmond as the capital.

In what follows we give merely some of the striking incidents of the long and terrible wars which proved the heroism and devotion of both sides to the cause which they held sacred and dearer than life. Probably no armies of equal intelligence and bravery, man for man, or of such individual initiative, ever faced each other in any struggle. This has been recognized by the military leaders of the world.

FORT SUMTER

During the last months of Buchanan's administration, Major Robert Anderson, who held command over the forts in Charleston Harbor, had asked over and over again for men and provisions for these forts. He had shown the President plainly that he could not much longer hold them against the "seceding" states unless help were given; but still no help had come. When Lincoln became President, Anderson asked again. Lincoln replied that help should at once be sent. The leaders of the "Confederates," hearing of this, went to Major Anderson and ordered him to surrender the fort to them at once.

Anderson, of course, refused. He knew only too well that he had no men, guns, or powder

with which to hold the fort if the Confederates saw fit to fire upon it; still, loyal Unionist that he was, he determined to resist as long as possible.

He had only eighty men, but he thought he could hold out as long as the provisions lasted, and so this little band prepared for action.

There were three more forts in the harbor, all in Confederate hands, and besides this they had built two great rafts upon which they had fixed cannon. These they floated round in front of the fort, and on Friday, April 12, 1861, the Confederates opened fire from these five points, all upon the one little fort with its eighty men. The Civil War had begun.

Down came the rain of shot and shell, around the fort, across the fort, into the fort. The wooden barracks inside took fire again and again; and on the second day they were burned to the ground. It was a hot time for the brave little garrison. The air was so hot, and the smoke was so choking and so blinding, that they could work only with their faces covered with wet cloths. Every hour the fort grew to look more and more like a great ruin.

It was plain enough that Major Anderson must surrender. All this time, however, the Stars and Stripes had been kept flying from above the fort. Even when they had been torn down by the flying balls from the enemy, some man had always been ready to nail them up again. But now the white flag of surrender had to be shown. The firing ceased, and the Confederates came over to the fort in boats to make terms with Major Anderson. It was agreed, after long discussion, that Anderson and his men should be allowed to march out with flying colors, should be allowed to salute the dear old flag with fifty guns, and then should march away in peace.

This was done; and as soon as they had gone General Beauregard, the Confederate leader, marched into the ruined fort, tore down the Stars and Stripes, and ran up the South Carolina state flag in its place.

Great was the excitement in the North and in the South after the taking of Fort Sumter by the Confederates. The effect was electrical. The North drew closer together in solid loyalty to the Union. At the same time the South became a unit for the Confederacy. Party lines vanished and individual strife was forgotten. Lincoln issued a requisition for 75,000 troops and it was responded to by 300,000 volunteers, the American flag, the symbol of revolutionary glory and national unity, being unfurled in the North. The Southerners were equally ardent in their military enthusiasm. Richmond, Va., was made the Confederate capital. Troops from the South pushed rapidly into Virginia and threatened Washington. The Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, hurrying to defend the national capital, was attacked in the streets of Baltimore, and several men were killed. This was the first blood shed in the Civil War.

THE *MERRIMAC* AND THE *MONITOR*

During the second year of the war there appeared in the ocean not far from Fortress Monroe a strange-looking craft, big and black and shining.

It was the iron-clad war vessel *Merrimac*, which had once belonged to the United States navy. The Confederates at the beginning of the war had sunk this vessel in the harbor; but afterwards someone had thought it would be a good idea to raise the hulk, and fit it up for a fighter. They found that the hulk was still firm and strong; so they had put a great iron roof over the deck, slanting it so that balls would glance off and do no harm, had plated her sides all over with iron, and put on a great beak of iron and wood, making her indeed a most terrible-looking enemy. The Federals knew the *Merrimac* was fitting for battle and therefore her coming was eagerly expected.

Down came this iron vessel straight upon the good old *Cumberland*. Of course, no wooden vessel could stand an attack from this iron monster. For two hours these two vessels fought, although the *Cumberland* knew there was no hope. Bang went the iron beak into the sides of the wooden *Cumberland*, and at last she sank, carrying with her the brave commander and his men, every one of whom fought to the last, preferring to sink rather than surrender to a Confederate ship.

Without a moment's rest this iron fiend turned upon another Union vessel, and soon she too was a wreck. On went the *Merrimac*,

THE "MONITOR" IN BATTLE WITH THE "MERRIMAC" IN HAMPTON ROADS

As shown in a woodcut in a contemporary issue of "Harper's Weekly."

attacking other vessels, until fortunately night came on and put a stop to this day's work.

But to her great surprise, when the sun rose on the following morning, there stood not far away a funny-looking little vessel, dressed in shot-proof coat just like her own. What in the world that box could be was a wonder to the *Merrimac*.

"Does that little Yankee cheese-box on a raft think to fight me?" said the *Merrimac*, puffed up with her victories of the day before.

But the *Merrimac* did not know that that cheese-box could revolve on a big screw, and that it had within itself some terrible guns which could be aimed almost as true as a rifle.

Up came the little *Monitor*, much like a little hornet at a great bull. The *Merrimac* laughed to see her coming. She did look so funny! But soon bang went one of the great two-hundred-pound balls from that little cheese-box, shaking the *Merrimac* and denting in her iron sides as if she had been made of tin.

No matter what the *Merrimac* did, it seemed to harm the *Monitor* not one whit. The balls from the *Merrimac* rolled from her like raindrops from a duck's back.

Next the *Merrimac* tried the game of ramming her foe with her great iron beak; but only found herself all the more at the mercy of those great guns turning round and round in the cheese-box.

For four long hours this battle went on. At last the *Merrimac* quietly sailed away, not half understanding yet what this little raft was and how it had been able to drive her away.

Cheer after cheer went up from the vessels lying about in the harbor; and there was no cause for further dread of the Confederate monster so long as the harbor was guarded by the "Yankee cheese-box."

It was a fortunate victory for the North, for had the *Merrimac* triumphed, aided by other iron-clad vessels then being prepared by the Confederacy, she might have destroyed the rest of the Union fleet in Hampton Roads, reduced Fortress Monroe, sailed along the coast and broken up the blockade, swept through the shipping at New York, opened the way for foreign supplies, and perhaps got the foreign nations to acknowledge the Confederacy. On this battle hinged great issues. The country owed a great debt to John Ericsson, who invented the *Monitor* and had her ready for action in an incredibly short time.

FRIENDLY ENEMIES

When the war first broke out, and for some time afterwards, there was a feeling of personal hostility between the soldiers of the two sides. A man in blue uniform was treated with indignity if he fell into the hands of the enemy, and the same was true of the man in gray. But the conditions were changed long before the war was over. The men of each side came to respect their enemies. They often talked and joked across the line when no battle was in progress. It has been said that pickets of the opposing armies would even meet and spend the night together in friendly companionship.

When the opposing armies were encamped on opposite sides of the Little Rapidan River,

in Virginia, sometimes even the officers in bathing would meet and shake hands in the middle of the stream. The men often traded, Southern tobacco usually being bartered for Northern coffee. Sometimes men scantily clad would swim across the river, merely to pay a friendly visit to the enemy.

One day the Southern general, J. B. Gordon, was riding along his lines, when at one point he noticed unusual commotion, and asked:

"What 's the matter here? What is this confusion about?"

"Nothing at all, General; it is all right," answered the men.

As he was about to ride on he noticed the tall weeds on the river bank shaking. He wheeled his horse about and asked:

"What 's the matter with those weeds?"

"Nothing, General, nothing."

"Go break them down and let me see."

The men did so, and there lay a man so nearly undressed that it could not be told by his uniform which side he belonged to.

"Where do you belong?" asked the officer.

"Over yonder," the man replied, pointing to the Union army across the river.

"And what are you doing here? Don't you know, sir, that there is war going on in this country?"

"Yes, General; but we are not fighting now, and I did n't think it any harm to come over and visit the Johnnies a little while."

The Union men always spoke of the Confederates as Johnnies, and the Confederates called them Yankees, or Yanks.

General Gordon could hardly keep from laughing, but pretended to be very stern, and said to the Yankee: "I 'm going to teach you that we are at war. I 'm going to send you to Richmond as a prisoner."

The man turned pale. Then the Johnnies spoke up: "Don't send him to prison, General; we invited the Yank over, and promised to protect him."

Gordon then turned to the trembling Yankee and said: "Now, if I permit you to go, will you promise me, on the honor of a soldier —"

The man did not wait till the general had finished. He shouted, "Yes, General," and leaped into the water like a bullfrog and swam to the Union side of the river.

HONORING BRAVERY

Another story comes from Tennessee:

When General Longstreet was besieging Knoxville, Tenn., a number of his troops made a brave dash to capture a fort, but were beaten back. As they fled they leaped into a deep ditch to escape the shower of bullets. From this they could not hope to get out before night without incurring the greatest danger. The sun was boiling down on them. They were out of water and almost famished with thirst.

A young soldier offered to go for water, though he took his life in his hands. He succeeded in reaching the river, filled several canteens, and threw them over his shoulder. He saw a score of muskets leveled at him. How could he hope to get back alive? But he was determined to risk the attempt. He started to run. The men in the fort were struck with admiration at his bravery. They fired not a shot. They raised a shout and cheered and cheered until the youth had reached his comrades in the ditch.

"UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER" GRANT

General Grant's name was Ulysses Simpson Grant, but he was known for a long time by a nickname which he got at the surrender of Fort Donelson, the Confederate stronghold. This had been thought impregnable, but Grant never stopped at difficulties, and at the end of some hard fighting the enemy was driven into the fort as night fell. In the morning General Buckner sent out to ask Grant on what terms he would accept their surrender. "Unconditional surrender," said Grant, "are my only terms." That was characteristic. He never wasted words.

General Buckner had nothing to do but surrender, and Grant's army marched into the fort.

On the same day the commander at Bowling Green saw fit to get his forces out of the way; and a few days later the commander at Columbus did the same. They knew that with both forts lost the cities too would have to go. Even in the capital of the state the governor packed his valuable papers and ran as if from a fire.

The great Confederate stronghold had fallen

into the hands of Union troops. Great was the rejoicing in the Northern States. "Unconditional surrender" came to be a by-word in every city and town; and Grant was called "Unconditional Surrender" Grant.

This must be what his initials "U. S." mean, the people said in their joy. And to this day no soldier hears of U. S. Grant without thinking of "Unconditional Surrender."

"STONEWALL" JACKSON IS KILLED

While the Army of the West had been full of success, the Eastern army had met with defeat. McClellan had been taken from the chief command, and Burnside put in his place. Burnside had made one unfortunate attack upon Lee in Fredericksburg, and had then settled down in huts by the riverside for the winter. Early in 1863, Burnside resigned his position; and General Hooker — called "Fighting Joe" — was given the command. He began at once getting the army in training for a new start.

His first move was to cross the river quietly, and creep up to Lee's army in Fredericksburg. This he did with such success that Lee knew nothing about it till he heard the army was at Chancellorsville, just outside of Fredericksburg. Lee, not wishing to be attacked in the city, marched out to meet Hooker. This attack was managed by "Stonewall Jackson," the general whose name the Union soldiers had learned to fear.

All day long the battle raged. Just at its close, Jackson, who had been the very life of the battle, was hurrying toward a company of his own men, when they, mistaking him in the smoke and fire of the battle for a Union man, fired upon him. He was terribly wounded, but lived on for several days, full of hope to the very last that he should yet be able to take his place again on the battlefield.

When Lee heard that Jackson had lost his left arm, he wrote to him, "You have lost your left arm; but I, in losing you, have lost my right arm."

A STORY OF STONEWALL JACKSON

Stonewall Jackson's victories in the Valley had won him great renown. Everybody was anxious to see him, but he was so retiring in his habits that he shunned the public gaze. His dress was generally so shabby that many did not know him, even when they saw him on his old sorrel horse. Once, about the time he joined Lee's army, he was riding with some of his officers through a field of oats. The owner ran after them in a rage, demanding Jackson's name, that he might report him at headquarters.

"Jackson is my name, sir," replied the general.

"What Jackson?" inquired the farmer.

"General Jackson."

"What! Stonewall Jackson!" exclaimed the man in astonishment.

"That is what they call me," replied Jackson.

"General," said the man, taking off his hat, "ride over my whole field. Do whatever you like with it, sir."

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG

Lee had now defeated the Union soldiers so many times that he began to think his army was equal to anything. And well he might; for he had defeated McClellan and Pope and Burnside and Hooker — four of the greatest generals of the Union army.

"Now," said Lee, "it is time for us to start again up through Pennsylvania, to New York, and on to Boston if we see fit." Again the Southerners began to make their threats of how the New York streets would soon be rivers of blood, and how proud old Boston should bow before the Confederate army.

Lee was now upon the borderland of the North. "If we only had a leader!" cried the Northern soldiers. And a leader came. Hooker gave up the command, and General Meade was put in his place. Meade, with new forces from the North, started on in pursuit of Lee.

When Lee found that so large an army was at his heels, he thought the best thing he could do would be to stand still and let Meade overtake him. A battle was sure to come sooner or later, and Lee was wise enough to know that the sooner it came the better; for in case of his own defeat, he would not be far from his own part of the country, and therefore not far from help.

So it happened that Meade came upon Lee at Gettysburg.

The battle began on the morning of the 1st of July. For two days it seemed as if again Lee was to win; but on the third day the tide turned. More than forty thousand men lay dead or wounded on the field. At the close of this third day Lee began to draw away his forces. Lee was at last defeated. And on the 4th of July, the same day that Grant's men were cheering within the walls of Vicksburg, Lee's army, what there was left of it, was marching away toward the South, broken, discouraged, defeated; and the North once more was saved.

"ON TO RICHMOND!"

This was the war-cry for the crisis year 1864.

Grant had now come to be spoken of in the papers as "that general in the West who talks little, but does much."

"I should like to talk with that little Western general," said Lincoln. "He seems to be the sort of a man to do." And so it came about that in the spring of 1864 Grant was made lieutenant-general of the United States armies and called to take command of the Army of the Potomac.

After looking over the ground, Grant said: "Our armies have been acting like balky horses — never pulling together. Now I propose to keep close at Lee's heels. I 'll hammer and hammer at him until he is all worn out."

Having visited all the armies to know just what sort of soldiers and officers he had to deal with, on the 3d of May, 1864, Grant started out to "hammer" Lee. At nearly the same time Lee started out. The armies met at a place called "The Wilderness." A terrible battle followed — one of the bloodiest of the war. Grant had begun his "hammering." All day long the armies fought, and when darkness came, fell back, tired indeed; still neither side was ready to yield. During the night aid came to Lee; but, at the same time, Burnside came to the aid of Grant. Lee planned to make an attack upon Grant's army at two o'clock in the morning; Grant also had planned to make an attack upon Lee's army at two o'clock in the morning.

Another day of terrible slaughter followed. Again night fell, leaving two bruised and broken armies, neither willing to admit itself defeated.

After such a battle as this the Army of the Potomac had been in the habit of falling back; so, when the order came from Grant to break up camp, the army supposed they were to fall back as usual. But that was not Grant's way. Although he had not defeated Lee, Grant knew that he had greatly shattered his forces. He therefore proposed to go on — the quicker the better.

When it was understood that Grant intended to go on, the soldiers, tired as they were from the long battle, sent up a shout.

On the army went, with faces toward Richmond. "Richmond, Richmond, Richmond," was all Grant seemed to think of. If an officer asked, "What for to-morrow, General?" he said, "Richmond." If an officer came to him full of hope and eager to go on, Grant gave him a good hearty handshake, and said, "Richmond, my man!" If an officer came discouraged and doubting, Grant still said, "Richmond."

It was at this time that Grant sent the telegram to Lincoln which became so famous: "*I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.*"

On the 2d of June another terrible battle was fought at Cold Harbor. Lee, who was now no longer strong enough to make an attack, fell back toward Richmond. Several months passed, with various events of an indecisive character, but by January of 1865 the coils were closing around the Confederates, and their leaders foresaw the end. Lee made one last sudden attack, but it ended disastrously; and Grant, reënforced by dashing "Phil Sheridan," with fresh troops, resolved to end the costly struggle.

Lee's forces were stretched in a circle forty miles around Richmond; but the lines were very thin, and Grant made up his mind that it was time to attack them. Sending Sheridan with cavalry to a place called "Five Forks," where Lee's force was especially weak, he himself began his "hammering" on Petersburg.

Lee was in a fix. He needed all his forces at Petersburg, and he needed them all at Five Forks. At four o'clock in the afternoon of April Fool's day, the charge was made. The Con-

federates fought bravely enough. But there was no hope. Soon they were in full flight, Sheridan's cavalry at their heels.

Lee was a brave, wise general. He was a hard man to conquer, but he knew when he was conquered. "Leave Richmond at once," he telegraphed to Jefferson Davis when his soldiers came flying into Petersburg with the news of their defeat.

The telegram reached Davis the following morning, Sunday, and was carried to him at church. Davis rose and quietly left the church. No one knew what the telegram had told him; nor did he intend they should until he had satisfied himself there was no help. Not until afternoon did he allow it to be generally known that the city was lost.

Then came confusion and horror indeed. All over the city it was the same—wagons, trunks, boxes, and their frantic owners filling the streets. The banks were all open, and people were as busy as bees removing their money. Night came, and with it came only worse confusion. There was no sleep for human eyes in Richmond that night.

An order had been issued from General Ewell's headquarters to fire the four principal tobacco warehouses in the city. The warehouses were fired. The rams in the James River were blown up. The bridges leading out of the city were also fired, and were soon wrapped in flames. By seven o'clock on Monday morning the Confederate troops were out of the city, leaving Richmond in flames. The streets were still filled with crowds of men and women, black and white, loaded down with plunder from burning houses and stores.

In marched the Union troops. As they entered the city, bursts of cheers went up from each regiment. "Richmond was taken!" and the war was really over.

Lee at once left Petersburg, hastening with his forces toward the west. Grant followed close upon him. There was little need to pursue them, for so broken and exhausted were they that thousands threw down their arms, too weak and ill to carry them. On the 9th of April Grant and Lee met and agreed upon the terms of surrender. It did not take them very long. The Army of Virginia was to disband and go home, each man promising to fight no more against the Union.

On the 12th of April the Confederate army came out for its last parade. Grant generously kept his troops out of sight, while Lee's men stacked their guns and covered them over with the Confederate flags, in sign of surrender.

Now that the war was over, General Grant received the highest honors that our country has ever given to any man. He was the first, after Washington, to be made general of the United States army, and he was twice elected President. He made a tour around the world as a private citizen and was everywhere received as one of the great men of the age. He was honored by kings and emperors, by the Czar and the Mikado, by queens and presidents. Yet, when he returned to the United States, these honors had not made him proud. Once again he took the place of a modest, quiet, plain American citizen. When, twelve years after his death, his magnificent tomb in New York was completed, the whole nation took part in the ceremony of laying his body in its final resting place.

ROBERT EDWARD LEE

THE hero of the Southern Confederacy in the Civil War is to-day respected and honored by all Americans. As a man and as a soldier he ranks with our greatest and best.

Born at Stratford, Va., January 19, 1807, Robert E. Lee was educated at West Point, graduating in 1829, and was commissioned second lieutenant of engineers and assigned to duty in Washington. The Lee family was one of the most prominent in Virginia, and the social prestige of the brilliant young officer was further increased by his marriage to Mary Ann Randolph, of the distinguished family whose sons and daughters play so prominent a part in our early history. This alliance made him in due time master of Arlington House and of the White House estate on the Pamunkey River.

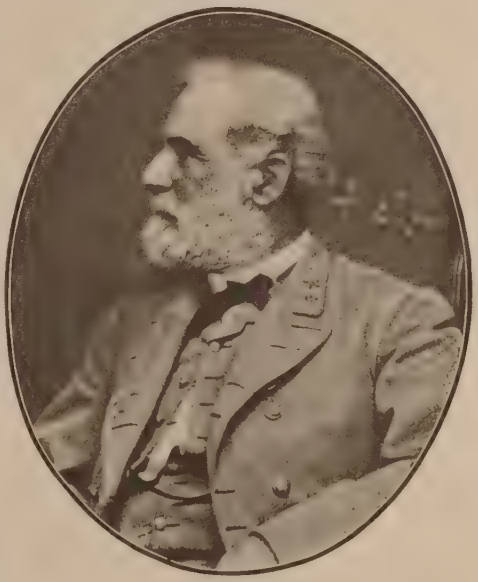
In the war with Mexico, Lee took an active part, serving as an engineer on the staff of General Winfield Scott, who says: "My success in the Mexican War was largely due to the skill and valor of Robert E. Lee, the best soldier I ever saw in the field; and if opportunity offers he will

show himself the foremost captain of his time." This prophecy was only too sadly fulfilled. When hostilities between the North and South appeared to be inevitable, Lincoln offered Lee the command of the United States forces. This Lee declined, resigned his commission in the army, and April 24, 1861, was made commander-in-chief of the forces of Virginia. To understand this action, it is only necessary to remember that Virginia had always regarded herself as a sovereign state and the Constitution of the United States as a voluntary confederacy. The United States as a sovereign unit, superior to the states, was an idea that was only beginning to appear, and that found little acceptance in Virginia, with its proud and high traditions. Lee was a loyal Virginian, loyal to what he understood to be his country. In accepting the command of the Virginia forces he said, "I devote myself to the service of my native state, in whose cause alone will I ever draw my sword."

His military skill soon became apparent in a series of brilliant victories over the Army of the Potomac. The first of these was Manassas, and the last Chancellorsville. There Lee with 53,000 men opposed Hooker with 138,378 men, forcing him to retreat. Chancellorsville, however, was soon followed by Gettysburg, where Lee, owing to a lack of reserve forces, was disastrously defeated. This battle proved to be the turning point of the war. The superior resources of the North began to tell. In the campaign that followed, Lee's diminishing army was crushed by overwhelming forces and he was compelled to surrender to Grant, April 9, 1865.

After the war, General Lee accepted the presidency of Washington College, Lexington, Virginia (now known as Washington-Lee University). There he served with distinction until his death, October 12, 1870. His beautiful home of Arlington is now the National Soldiers' Memorial Cemetery.

General Lee was not only a brilliant soldier, who made the most of his resources, but he won quite as wide distinction for his noble character. He did what he believed to be right, regardless of the consequences to himself. He was the idolized leader of the Southern army, and few men have been more beloved by a people than he was by the entire South; while the Northern people as well came to recognize his worth and pay him deserved honor. Grant and Lee, the opposing commanders-in-chief, had both fought in the Mexican War as they had both been trained at West Point; and it was characteristic that when Lee met Grant in the little McLean farmhouse, near the Appomattox apple orchard, where Lee had made his last stand, the two great generals should treat each other with the highest courtesy and friendliness. Lee recognized the unusual generosity of the terms proposed by Grant, in allowing officers and men to return to



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GENERAL LEE

their homes free on parole, the officers to keep their side-arms and private horses and baggage. When General Lee said that some of his men also owned their horses, General Grant said he would give orders that all men owning horses should retain them, adding, "They will need them for their spring plowing and farm work." Lee replied that Grant could have done nothing that would accomplish more good both for the men and the government. The terms arranged, the two leaders saluted each other like soldiers and gentlemen, and the war was closed, with highest honor to the chief commanders.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

PEN-PICTURES OF A GREAT LIFE

I

THE first picture is a boy of five, in a log cabin on a little pioneer farm in Kentucky, learning to read, with his mother as teacher and the Bible for his schoolbook. This mother was noted because she could read and write, which most of the neighbors could not do; and she could even "cipher" a little, or "do sums." The boy inherited from her a love of knowledge, good nature, and sympathy with all suffering, whether of people or animals. The one book in the log cabin was the Bible, and so it was the strong sentences and great ideas of that most wonderful of books that the little fellow came to know by heart, thus acquiring that gripping Saxon tongue that made him a master when he came to address juries or audiences, and that enabled him one day to write that Gettysburg dedication address which will always find place among the classics, or most perfect and enduring writings. By and by "Pilgrim's Progress" was added, with its stirring pictures that take hold of the imagination. So the little boy Lincoln read to good purpose, and we are glad that he had later among his treasures Æsop's Fables and Weems' "Life of Washington," and perhaps "Robinson Crusoe." But he also got hold of a big book, about as dry as you could imagine, the Constitution and Statutes of the State of Indiana. Because he had so few books, he knew them all, even the last, which started the lawyer in him. Then he had to read by the light of the pine logs on the hearth, for that was before the days of gas and electricity or even kerosene, and candles were too dear for the pioneer cabin. From his father the boy got a powerful body, that enabled him to perform remarkable feats of strength; also a serious temperament, with a saving sense of humor. In that simple home there were good health, fear of God, and kindness to neighbor — and a boy could hardly have better things. Out of such humble circumstances in earlier days came the majority of the men who have made our country great. We may well love to think of that cabin life, and of that thoughtful boy, taken from Kentucky to Indiana — an exchange of cabins — at seven, motherless at nine, and then coming under the influence of a stepmother to whom our country, as well as little Abe, owes much, for she helped and encouraged him in his study, and taught him that the greatest thing in the world was to be a pure-hearted, honest, manly man.

II

The second picture shows us a young man of twenty-one, six feet four inches tall, cutting down trees to get logs for another cabin; for Thomas Lincoln, the father, had decided to make one more emigration, and exchanged the fever swamps of Indiana for the prairies of Illinois. That was the way Lincoln got the reputation of being a rail-splitter, which became the favorite campaign cry when he was running for President. Then we see this angular and awkward young fellow, in his suit of jeans, clerking in a grocery store, and liked by everybody because he was always ready to help when there was a chance, was kind to the old people, and was so honest that he was nicknamed "Honest Abe." And he was prouder of that name than of any other that was given him. If you would know how honest he was, the picture shows it, for we see him leaving the little store, after the long day's work was done, and walking more than two miles along a muddy road to tell a farmer's wife that he had found, after she left, that there was a light weight on the scales when he weighed out her tea, so that she was four ounces short, and he had come to bring her the balance. Now, too, we see him studying in earnest. It seems hard to believe that such a writer of pure English never had a lesson in grammar until he was twenty-three. He never before had a schoolteacher who could take him as far as that. He had just the three "r's" — reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic — as they used to say. He had already served as a captain in the Black Hawk War, but had only now come to grammar. But he had also come to the question that makes this picture one of the most striking in his life, "Could he mingle with people in the occupation he might choose, endure the hard daily battle through which all who succeed must pass, and preserve his integrity,

his purity, his unsullied manhood?" That is the question he put to himself. In other words, could he be a business man or lawyer or a politician, and keep honest and good? He decided soberly that he could, in any conditions, maintain good habits, be temperate and industrious, and tell the truth. And he proved it.

LINCOLN AND HIS SON "TAD"

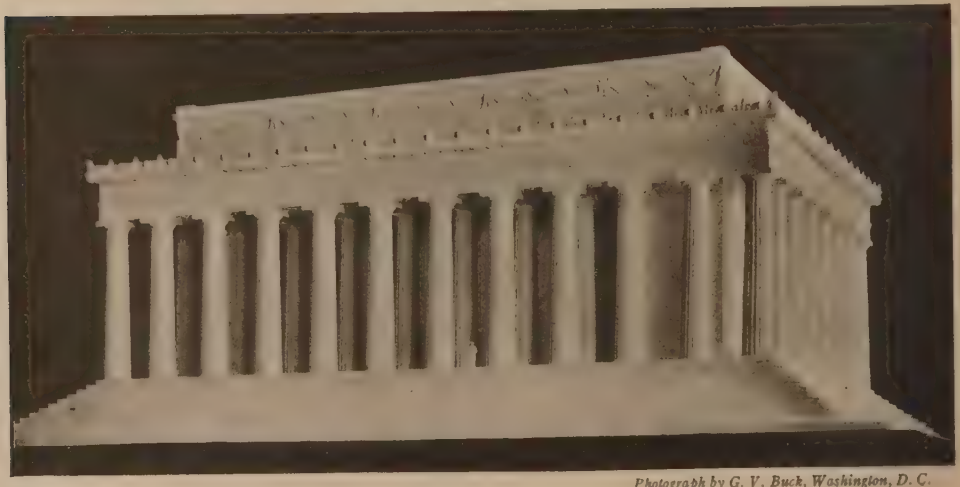
III

The next picture shows Lincoln at the crisis of his career. It is a purely moral crisis. He has become a popular lawyer, is forty-five years old, lives in Springfield, the capital of Illinois, and has served in the state legislature and one term as congressman at Washington. A leader was now wanted in the cause of human freedom. The question was, "Shall the institution of slavery be extended?" Kansas and Nebraska were to be made states, and there was a contest as to whether they should be free states, or whether slaves might be owned in them. One party was for slavery, another against it. The discussion was very warm. The future of the Union was at stake. Lin-

coln faced the question. To take up the side of the slaves meant almost certainly the loss of a United States senatorship from Illinois, which was plainly within his reach if he would merely keep still and let the slavery issue alone. It was a great temptation, but not to Lincoln, who had schooled himself from boyhood to do what he believed was right. His friends all advised him to keep still on this one subject. But he said he could not keep still and keep his conscience, and he was going to stand by his conscience. So he made a great speech, in which he declared that this country could not "be half-slave and half-free." That truth stuck. That sentence in that speech cost Abraham Lincoln the senatorship, but it won him the presidency and a name and fame second only to that of George Washington.

IV

In the last of our pictures, we see him in the White House at Washington, President of the United States. It is a time of war, and the great-hearted man is tested as few leaders have been; but the same simple, kindly, honest little Abe of the Kentucky cabin is alive in the President, who is going to do his duty whatever may come. We see him directing his cabinet, counseling his generals, seeking to give no needless offense, but quietly saying that the Union must and shall be preserved, and steadily using all the resources of the North to end the war. We follow him in the camps, among the soldiers, and note how they cheer him all along the line. There is no other picture in our history like it. See him sitting with Grant in a tent on the field, and you see the greatest statesman and greatest soldier of the nation. But you see more of the real Lincoln when you watch him in his office in the White House, as the young girl tells him tearfully about her brother, who has been sentenced to be shot for sleeping at his post, but could n't help it, for he had had no sleep for two days. And then, with a smile, the great man told her that Benny should not be shot, because he believed her story, and that she was a good girl to come so far to save her brother, who must be a good boy if he had such a sister. That is the kind little boy of the log cabin over again, with a soft spot for the stray dogs. You see his great gladness when the war is over, while his heart is sad for the conquered, who have suffered so terribly. Then the assassin fires, and the mighty leader falls, a martyr President, for whom the nation and the world mourn.



Photograph by G. V. Buck, Washington, D. C.

THE PROPOSED LINCOLN MEMORIAL, WASHINGTON

THE ENTRANCE TO HAVANA HARBOR

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

THIS short and decisive war was undertaken in 1898 solely in order to rescue Cuba from a condition of tyranny and revolution that had become intolerable. It was an intervention on the ground of humanity, without thought of territorial or other gain. Our troops were landed in Cuba, and our warships were on the lookout for Spanish warships or transports. Then there came the news of Dewey's victory at Manila, by which the Philippine Islands passed from the Spanish to the United States' control. This was followed by the taking of Porto Rico, and the "bottling" of the dreaded Spanish fleet in Santiago Harbor. On the island of Cuba there were a few engagements, but Spain sued for peace in time to prevent the annihilation of her soldiers and the loss of American lives. The story of this war does not need recounting here; but the manner in which the United States saved Cuba, put the island in a far better sanitary condition than it had ever known, set the Cuban Republic going, and then withdrew according to promise, forms one of the great chapters in our history.

MANILA AND SANTIAGO

The first notable conflict of the Spanish war was a naval battle in the far-off Orient. The Philippine Islands, which belonged to Spain, were guarded by a fleet, and against it was sent an American fleet, which was then in Chinese waters under the command of Admiral Dewey. On the last night of April, Dewey sailed stealthily, under the cover of darkness, into the harbor of Manila Bay. Next morning, May 1, he met the Spanish fleet, and after a battle of a few hours destroyed it utterly. This meant the end of Spanish rule in the Philippine Islands.

Two months later a similar naval battle occurred in Cuban waters, at the harbor of Santiago. For a month an American fleet under Admiral Sampson had watched at the mouth of the harbor for the coming out of the Spanish fleet under Admiral Cervera, which had taken refuge there. On the morning of July 3 a thin column of smoke was descried far up the bay, and it was soon discovered that the Spanish fleet was about to make a daring dash for liberty. The Americans were on the alert, and as the Spanish ships swung out into the open sea they were raked by shot from the enemy's vessels. They resisted as best they could, but their chances of victory or even of escaping were meager indeed, for they were outclassed in every respect. Not one escaped being captured or sunk, and hundreds of their brave defenders found a grave at the bottom of the sea.

This victory was very similar to that of Manila. Hundreds of Spaniards perished in each battle, while but one American was killed at Santiago and none at Manila.

THE STORY OF OUR FLAG

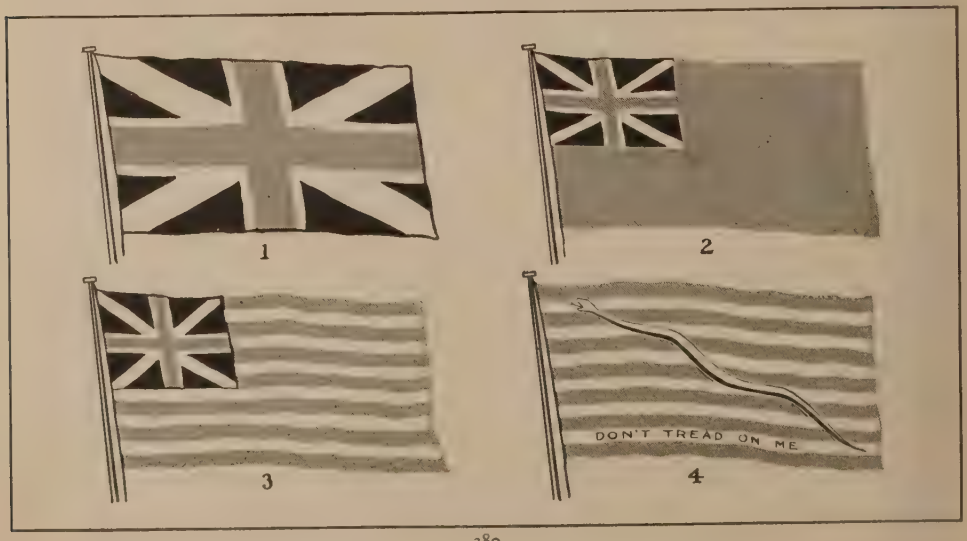
"I PLEDGE allegiance to my flag"; the words spring instantly to the lips of every American school child, and the thought flashes through the mind of every American citizen whenever and wherever the Stars and Stripes are flung out. For this is

"Your flag and my flag!
And oh, how much it holds —
Your land and my land
Secure within its folds!"

A flag is a symbol, a national flag the symbol of patriotism. It is the good fortune of the United States to have for its emblem a flag in which to natural patriotic appeal is added a historic and prophetic significance. For our flag is not a finished emblem handed down from a long-outlived past. Like the Republic it sprang into existence to meet a need; like the Republic it is and always will be in the process of making, "the symbol of all we are and of all we hope to be."

Our English colonies started their existence under the flags of their day, the English red cross of St. George upon a white ground, and the "king's colors" of 1606 in which with the red cross of St. George was combined the white diagonal cross of St. Andrew, the emblem of Scotland (Fig. 1). This and the British ensign, adopted by the Union parliament of 1707, a red flag with the "king's colors" in the upper left-hand corner (Fig. 2), was the flag of our colonial days, differing from the present Union Jack by the absence of the diagonal cross of St. Patrick. As one colony after another grew restive under British rule, patriotic symbols began to appear until in Revolutionary days there were as many flags as there were colonies, the two most popular being the rattlesnake of South Carolina and the pine tree of Massachusetts, the latter with the words "An Appeal to Heaven."

When in the fall of 1775 English troops were being besieged in Boston by Washington and his army, the need of a flag for the uniting colonies was felt. General Washington writes of the hoisting of what is now known as the



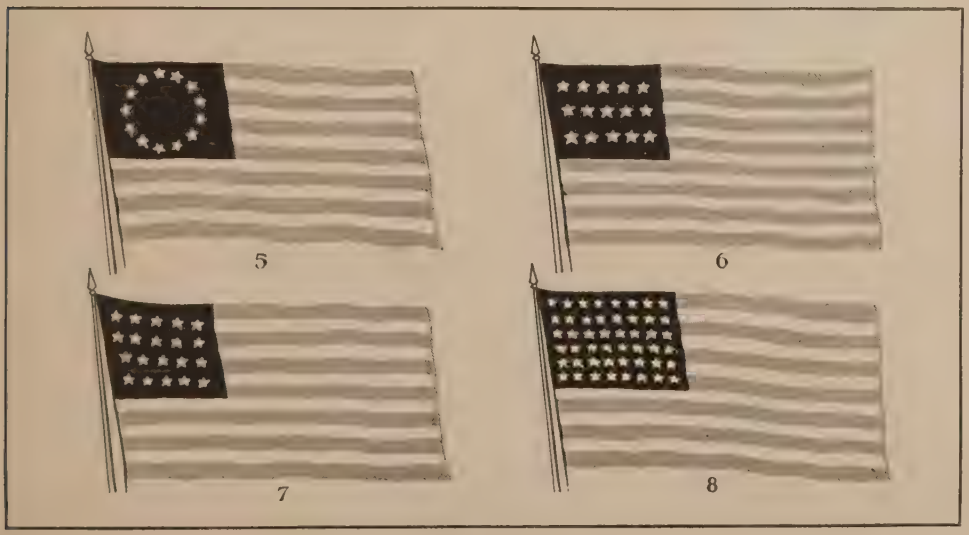
"OLD GLORY"

Grand Union flag (Fig. 3) "in compliment to the United Colonies, on the day which gave being to the new army." It is commonly supposed that this flag was planned in consultation with a committee, headed by Benjamin Franklin, which had been sent by Congress to confer with Washington on matters of state. This flag retained the Union Jack of the British ensign, but introduced the stripes representing the thirteen colonies. As the Revolution progressed the Union Jack came to be regarded as a sign of submission, and the rattlesnake, sponsored by Benjamin Franklin in his Gazette as a most appropriate symbol for the united colonies, became increasingly popular. A typical flag of this period has the stripes without the Union Jack, their significance interpreted by the rattlesnake lying across them and the ominous words, "Don't tread on me" (Fig. 4).

The United States found a better symbol in the thirteen stars, "representing a new constellation," white stars on a blue ground, combined with the thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, which Congress adopted on June 14, 1777, as our national flag (Fig. 5). "We take the star from Heaven," declared Washington, "the red from our mother country, separating it by white stripes, thus showing that we have separated from her, and the white stripes shall go down to posterity representing liberty." This is often called the Betsy Ross flag from the familiar story of the actual fashioning by Betsy Ross of a flag combining these elements. It was the flag of the nation until the admission of Vermont and Kentucky increased the number of both stars and stripes to fifteen (Fig. 6). To it Francis Scott Key wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner." As new states were admitted to the Union it was seen that it would be inexpedient to make such a radical and conspicuous change in a national emblem as would be involved in the frequent increase of the number of both stars and stripes. Congress voted therefore in 1818 that the number of stripes be limited to thirteen, seven red and six white, representing the thirteen original states, and that the number of stars be twenty, the number of states at that time in the Union (Fig. 7), the additional provision being made "that on the admission of every new state into the Union, one star be added to the union of the flag." Under this ruling the number of stars has been increased to forty-eight (Fig. 8).

This is the story of our flag as it embodies our past in the stripes, our present and our future in the stars, the story of

"Your flag and my flag —
And how it flies to-day
In your land and my land
And half a world away!"



OUR NATIONAL SONGS

AMERICA

"America," written in 1832 by Dr. Samuel F. Smith, was an outgrowth of an effort to introduce good music into the public schools. It was first used at a children's celebration in Boston. The music is practically the same as that of the English national song, "God Save the King."

MY country! 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee, —
Land of the noble free —
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break, —
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Francis Scott Key, pacing the deck of the captive Minden during the bombardment of Fort McHenry by the British fleet on the night of September 13, 1814, wrote his tribute to the Star-Spangled Banner flying over the fort and fitted it to the melody of "The President's March," an eighteenth century English song.

O SAY, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed, at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming;
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there:
O say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines in the stream:
'T is the Star-Spangled Banner; O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where are the foes who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war, and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust";
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

CHATEAU FRONTENAC, QUEBEC

THE ROMANTIC STORY OF CANADA

WHEN John Cabot, in the summer of 1497, returned to England with the news of his discovery of Canada (which he supposed to be some part of Asia), King Henry VIII bestowed upon the intrepid Venetian a reward of ten pounds — a price that to-day would not buy in any Canadian city enough ground on which to stand. The exploration and even the settlement of this vast empire, to which Cabot's discovery had given England a clear prior claim, was left to the French. And thereupon followed one of the most romantic chapters in the annals of exploration. Cartier and Champlain, La Salle, Joliet, and Marquette — their very names take us into the realm of daring exploits and blood-stirring adventure.

While these explorations were progressing, the enticements of the fur trade brought to the St. Lawrence and its tributaries a band of adventurous traders, both French and English, and when in 1608 Quebec was formally settled by Champlain, and the country was named "New France," a considerable population was ready to avail itself of the advantage of this new fortified post. It was in order to protect and extend this same fur trade that posts ("factories") were pushed westward, with some feeble attempts at colonization.

In 1628 war broke out between England and France, and an English fleet took possession of the posts along the St. Lawrence; but by the Peace of 1632 they were returned to France. At this time there were but three permanent towns in all Canada — Quebec, Three Rivers, and Montreal — all situated along the St. Lawrence. Settlements and posts were pushed up the tributary streams, but farmers and artisans were despised. The *voyageur* with his canoe was the man of the hour. One of the

most important of these tributary settlements was that of the Richelieu River, established with more than common care as a protection against the inroads of the dreaded Iroquois, the most courageous and relentless of North American Indians.

Between the restoration of Canada to France and the defeat of Montcalm by Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham, in 1759, which gave England permanent possession, there is a period of one hundred and twenty-seven years of active French colonization. The great name in this period is that of Frontenac, the most enterprising of the French governors. The land was divided among great "seigneurs," who had not only the territory, but a right of governmental jurisdiction which retarded the sound development of the country. More attention was paid to the aggrandizement of these seigneurs and the upbuilding of a vast empire than to the development of agriculture and commerce. Two hundred years after the first settlement of Canada she was still drawing food supplies from France — a weakness that proved fatal to the French cause when the final struggle with England came.

Quite apart, save for incessant quarrels, from this principal development of Canada, was the settlement of Acadia in Nova Scotia. This was a French settlement, and its position, exposed to the attacks of the New England colonies, made it an easy victim of the British. The principal settlement of Acadia was Annapolis. Longfellow's beautiful poem of "Evangeline" tells with some poetic license the story of the final tragedy, the deportation of the Acadians to various colonies on the Atlantic coast.

From 1760 to 1864, the period of direct British rule, Canadian development was principally affected by the independence and marvelous growth of the United States and by the influx of English and Scottish settlers.

The French had firmly established themselves in the province of Quebec, which remains to this day prevailingly French, while other provinces are principally Scotch and English. Canada was not, at this time, one country, save that all of it was dependent upon Great Britain. In all other respects it was a group of quite separate provinces. The great figure of this time was Sir Guy Carleton (Lord Dorchester), and the principal fruit of his labors for Canada was the so-called Quebec Act, by which the standing of the French inhabitants was defined and their rights were secured. This act, in addition to settling certain boundary questions favorably to the French, ruled that "in all matters of controversy relating to property and civil rights, resort shall be had to the laws of Canada as the rule for the decision of the same." And so it happens that to this day in Quebec we find English criminal law side by side with French civil law, while in other parts of Canada the English common law is the basis of civil rights.

The American revolution caused an emigration to Canada of about forty thousand people from the revolting colonies. Among them were families of wealth and culture. They settled for the most part in New Brunswick, determining in no small measure the character of the population of that district.

Canada was brought into the War of 1812 by her British allegiance. No question of the war directly affected her, and her attitude was almost wholly defensive. The war, nevertheless, aroused much patriotic enthusiasm and helped to unite the provinces and deepen their sentiment toward England. The only direct fruit of the war for Canada was the building of the Rideau Canal, a waterway from Ottawa to the St. Lawrence River. This was a military precaution, and the canal, although maintained, and an excellent and picturesque piece of construction, has never been important commercially.

The great commercial creation of these years of provincial government was the Hudson Bay Company. The French had long held the monopoly of the valuable fur trade. When England came into the enjoyment of full power, one of her first acts was to take steps to alter this situation. At first there were two rival companies, the Northwestern and the Hudson Bay. At last the Hudson Bay dominated. Great monopolistic privileges were granted to it, with tremendous land rights and wide powers of jurisdiction, especially over the Indians. The company is still a great factor in the Canadian Northwest, and has played a part of vital importance in the history of that extensive region.

For the growing Canadian sentiment of unity, the political machinery in existence prior to 1840 offered no expression. To the restlessness thus caused was added the deeper discontent bound to arise from the widespread knowledge of political corruption. The seigneurial system was becoming impossible.

Courtesy of Canadian Pacific Ry.

ONE OF THE GREAT WHEAT FIELDS OF CANADA

Power was in the hands of a few. Official corruption was everywhere. In 1837 the dissatisfaction was so great that armed rebellion broke out. Although this was speedily put down, the result was an immediate change for the better in British colonial policy. In 1840 the Union Act passed Parliament. By this act an Assembly was created, to which each of the provinces sent forty-two members. This not only served to create a demand for closer union, but gave rise to a kind of government by parties, as in the United States and England. The prominent political opponents were George Brown and Sir John Macdonald. The issue between the parties was created by the equal representation in the Assembly of provinces having very unequal populations. This issue reached a deadlock, and out of this political deadlock was born the Confederation, a party scheme which originated in the Assembly as a compromise measure.

The plan was referred to Parliament, where it was finally approved under the name of the British-American Act. While this Confederation is practically the Constitution of Canada, it was never submitted to the people for ratification, and is in form only an Act of Parliament. The maritime provinces were somewhat slow to enter the Confederacy, and

the island of Newfoundland still remains outside.

July 1, 1867, is called Dominion Day in Canada and is the national birthday, the beginning of Canada as we know it to-day. The great Canadian Northwest, now so important, was not brought into the Confederacy until 1870, after a payment of more than a million dollars to the Hudson Bay Company. This powerful organization still retains many special privileges.

Among the leaders in the work of consolidation was Sir John Macdonald, premier under the new régime for twenty-five years. The trouble which he experienced in securing the allegiance and good will of the remote western territories with their mixed and independent population led him to conceive the idea of building a great railroad to bind the Dominion together. Under his strong and enthusiastic guidance the little population (then not over 5,000,000) undertook the mighty enterprise of building a transcontinental railroad through an almost unpeopled wilderness. The story of the Canadian Pacific Railway is given under "Achievement," in Volume IV.

In 1879 Canada adopted the policy of protection, and an era of expansion followed. This protective tariff was modified by the enactment of a British Preferential Tariff. The Liberal party is the champion of free trade in Canada, and the Conservative party is the bulwark of protection.

In 1898 the Boer War broke out, affording an opportunity for the expression of Canadian loyalty to Great Britain. The response was general, and the policy of aiding the mother country proved to be popular. Canada sent a strong contingent to South Africa, and these forces served with honor and distinction.

The completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway naturally resulted in the settlement of the vast tracts lying to the west and northwest of Lake Superior. The development of this region was hastened by the discovery of gold in the Yukon, and of profitable mines of other minerals, especially in the Temagami district. Cities have sprung up almost in a day. The beautiful western metropolis of Winnipeg is already the third city in population in the Dominion. The Grand Trunk Railway is rapidly paralleling the Canadian Pacific with a second western service. From these trunk lines branches open up great and fertile territories, rich in timber, minerals, and tillage. The progress made in the development of this region has been astonishing.

Such, in briefest outline, is the history of Canada. It has been one of romantic interest, from the first days of discovery by Cartier and the settlement by Champlain to the present days of western pioneering and expansion. The three centuries have been crowded with events, and Canadians may well be proud of their great Dominion stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Comparatively few in numbers, in contrast to the great Republic south of them, they nevertheless form a notable part of the life on the continent of North America, and in the years to come are destined to exert an increasingly wide influence.

CANADA'S RESOURCES AND AREA

Those who know Canada best are most enthusiastic concerning its vast and undeveloped resources. Generations, centuries perhaps, must pass before these are made to yield their utmost for the benefit of mankind. And this fact must keep Canada well to the front as one of the great lands of opportunity.

The area of Canada is almost equal to that of all Europe, its population less than that of the smallest of European states. Indeed, it is not as large as that of the city of London alone. Canada occupies the greater part of North America north of the forty-ninth parallel, an area of 3,729,656 square miles, of which only 125,748 square miles are water. The Appalachian range, the principal heights of which are in the United States, extends northward into southeastern Canada. The rocks are old and much weathered, and the whole region is broken and picturesque. To the west of this Appalachian region lies a great plain, devoid of marked elevations, but abundantly watered with many small lakes and rivers, tributary either to the Hudson Bay or the St. Lawrence River.

Such a network of waterways do Canada's streams and lakes form, that with a few "carries" it is possible to travel in a small boat

from the St. Lawrence to the shores of Hudson Bay. These little lakes and rivers are the result of glacial action. The water is of a singular purity. The banks are bordered with deciduous or leaf-shedding trees that gradually change to spruce, pine, and other evergreens as we pass northward, until we reach the region of the Hudson Bay, where the timber disappears and the gray-green of lichens and moose-moss gives the prevailing tone to the landscape. The soil in this region is not deep, but it is very fertile, and seldom suffers from prolonged droughts.

Still moving westward, we come to the Canadian prairies — millions of acres of the finest wheat and grazing lands, now rapidly filling with an energetic population. In western Ontario are some 20,000,000 acres; in Manitoba, 41,169,098; in Saskatchewan, 255,092,480; in Alberta, 160,755,200; in British Columbia, 227,302,400; in the Northwest territories, 1,197,475,200; in Yukon, 132,113,280. The entire population of the world, it is estimated, could be given an acre apiece in this vast, unpeopled region.

As we draw near the Pacific coast, we begin to climb into the Canadian Rockies, with their unsurpassed grandeur of scenery. The greatest altitude is reached to the north, not far from the Alaskan boundary, in the St. Elias group. Of these, the highest peak is Mount Logan, 19,539 feet. At the southern extremity of the Canadian Rockies is another group of lofty peaks, reaching elevations of 12,000 feet or more.

The climate of Canada is far more temperate than might be expected from its latitude. This is doubtless due to the deep indentations of Hudson Bay and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, which temper the air. To the far west, especially where the land slopes toward the Arctic Ocean, the changes of temperature are more violent; but it is noted that as agriculture is extended a beneficial effect follows.

The area of bad lands in Canada is very small; nor are the droughts as prolonged as in more southerly latitudes. The timber wealth of this great empire is almost beyond calculation. Steps are being taken by the government to prevent the wasteful use of this great resource, and it is not probable that the terrible devastation wrought by ruthless and unintelligent lumbering in the United States will be repeated in Canada. One of the largest of the Canadian government timber reservations is that known as Algonquin Park. Here are to be found some 240,000 square miles of unbroken forest.

Naturally such an empire as this would develop a rich, energetic, and cultured population, with large cities, excellent institutions of learning, and beautiful public buildings. And all this we find. The capital of the Dominion of Canada is Ottawa, a beautiful interior city, situated on the Ottawa River. There resides the Governor-general, who represents the British Government, and there are the buildings of Parliament.

The ancient city of Quebec is often called the most picturesque city on the American continent. It is situated on a lofty plateau directly above the St. Lawrence River. To this plain the streets climb with many turns, often ending in long stairways. The city is a favorite summer resort. It is the metropolis of the French population of Canada, and is rapidly growing in commercial importance.

Montreal, situated midway between the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, is the most important commercial center in the Dominion. It is a wide-awake, progressive city, having much the appearance of one of the great cities of the United States.

Toronto is the great lake port of Canada. As the natural outlet of an important commerce, it is destined to become one of the great cities of the American continent.

In the west is Winnipeg, at the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains. Winnipeg is the Chicago of Canada. Its growth has been rapid, and, with the development of the country of which it is the natural market, that growth may be expected to continue at an equally astonishing rate. Vancouver is the Pacific port of Canada, the terminus of the great continental railroads. Victoria is the capital of British Columbia and one of Canada's finest cities. The eastern ports of Canada are Halifax and St. John, old cities and more conservative than western cities such as Vancouver and Winnipeg, but enjoying the solidity of their years and latterly doing much to increase their transoceanic facilities.

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THE "SANTA MARIA," THE FLAGSHIP OF COLUMBUS

From the after-deck of this little caravel the great discoverer looked out upon the islands of the new continent, in the dim dawn of a great day, October 12, 1492.

GREAT DATES IN AMERICAN HISTORY

PERIOD OF DISCOVERY: 1492 TO 1607

1000 — Leif Ericson discovered the North American mainland; supposed to have built stone tower at Newport.

1492 — Columbus discovers America October 12. (Really sees Bahama Islands, Cuba, and Hayti.)

1497 — John Cabot, an Italian in England's service, discovers Labrador.

1498 — Sebastian Cabot, John's son, explores Atlantic coast, sailing from Labrador to Carolina.

1499 — Americus Vespucius discovers South American coast.

1507 — Name "America" first applied to New World by Waldseemüller, German professor, who read Vespucius' story of his voyage.

1512 — Ponce de Leon, seeking the fountain of youth, discovers Florida on Easter Sunday, whence the name "Feast of Flowers."

1513 — Balboa crosses Panama and discovers the Pacific.

1519 — Cortez begins conquest of Mexico for Spain, completing it in 1521.

1520 — Magellan discovers the Straits named after him, and reaches the Pacific Ocean, which he names, completing the first voyage round the globe in 1521.

1534 — Cartier explores the Gulf of St. Lawrence and goes up the river to Mont Real (Montreal) and Lachine Rapids.

1539 — Coronado, Spaniard, marches northward from Mexico and first sees the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

1541 — De Soto reaches the Mississippi.

1584 — Sir Walter Raleigh sends colony to Pamlico Sound, naming the region Virginia, in honor of Queen Elizabeth. His colonies fail.

1603 — Champlain sails up the St. Lawrence, and takes possession for France.

1605 — Champlain founds Port Royal, Nova Scotia, and explores south to Cape Cod.

1606 — The Virginia Company is organized in England to found trading colonies in America. It has two divisions: the Plymouth Company and the London Company.

THE COLONIAL PERIOD: 1607 TO 1763

1607 — The Plymouth Company tries to establish a colony on the Kennebec River, Maine, but fails. The London Company founds the first permanent colony of English people on the continent at Jamestown, Va., May 13. (Named Jamestown after King James I.) This was Captain John Smith's colony.

1609 — Henry Hudson discovers and sails up the Hudson River for the Dutch East India Company. Champlain discovers Lake Champlain for France.

1614 — The Dutch establish trading stations on Manhattan Island and at Albany (Fort Orange).

1619 — Virginia settlers establish the first representative assembly in America, called the House of Burgesses.

1620 — Landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, November 11, and establishment of the first colony in New England, December 22. First republican form of government in America.

1623 — The Dutch found New Amsterdam on Manhattan Island; build Fort Nassau on the Delaware River.

1624 — Virginia becomes a royal colony.

1626 — Manhattan Island bought by Governor Peter Minuit from the Indians for $24. Land there now often costs more than $24 a foot.

1628 — Massachusetts Bay Colony settles Salem, under John Endicott.

1629 — Massachusetts Bay Company takes place of Plymouth Company. Hundreds of English Puritans come to find religious liberty.

1630 — Boston founded by English Puritans. First General Court in New England meets October 19.

1633 — Connecticut settled by Pilgrims, Windsor on the Connecticut River being the first location.

1634 — Lord Baltimore, an English Catholic nobleman, sends expedition to establish a settlement in Maryland, where all persecuted Catholics may find a home. St. Mary's is first settled, and Baltimore later.

1636 — Roger Williams of Massachusetts founds settlement of Rhode Island at Providence, on the principles of religious liberty. First free state in the world. Harvard College established in Cambridge.

1639 — First printing press set up at Harvard College.

1643 — First Intercolonial Union in America organized, called the Union Colonies of New England.

1649 — Toleration Act passed by Maryland Assembly; the first legislation asserting the principle of religious toleration.

1664 — King Charles claims for his brother the Duke of York the Dutch New Netherlands, and an English fleet takes possession without fighting, August 27; changes name from New Netherlands to New York. England now controls the Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida, the French claiming the land from Maine northward. New Jersey is given a grant, and Elizabeth is settled.

1668 — Father Marquette establishes first permanent French settlement in the Northwest at Sault Ste. Marie (Soo-san-mah-ree'), Michigan.

1682 — Pennsylvania chartered and Philadelphia founded as Quaker colony by William Penn.

1685 — New York becomes a royal colony.

1692 — Salem witchcraft trials and excitement.

1701 — Yale College established at New Haven.

1702 — Queen Anne's War, between France and England, Indians aiding both parties; long contest ending in 1713 by the Treaty of Utrecht.

1717 — New Orleans founded by the French.

1733 — Georgia, last of the thirteen original colonies, is settled.

1749 — Ohio Company is formed to colonize the Ohio Valley, and receives from King George a large tract of land.

1752 — Benjamin Franklin becomes famous for his discoveries in electricity.

1754 — Last intercolonial war between French and English. English fort on present site of Pittsburgh taken by the French and named Fort Duquesne. George Washington appears in this contest, heading a relief expedition for the English. A Colonial Congress meets at Albany to unite the colonies against the French and Indians.

1755 — General Braddock leads a force against the French, is defeated, and Washington saves the remnant of the English army. Removal of the Acadians from Nova Scotia (story told by Longfellow in "Evangeline").

1759 — General Wolfe, scaling the Heights of Abraham, conquers Quebec, and with the surrender of Montreal in 1760 the English conquest of Canada is complete.

1763 — Treaty of Paris ends the French and Indian War, and hopes of a New France vanish. England is now in control, with George III on the throne.

REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD: 1763 TO 1789

1763 — Patrick Henry of Virginia pleads right of colonies to manage their own affairs. This is the first note of serious revolt.

1765 — Parliament passes the Stamp Act, taxing newspapers, pamphlets, and legal documents; also the Quartering Act, requiring colonists to furnish quarters for British soldiers. Rioting and resistance follow. The Sons of Liberty organize. The Stamp Act Congress meets and issues a declaration of rights, objecting to taxation by Parliament. England repeals the Stamp Act.

1767 — Parliament puts tax on tea, glass, wine, oil, paper, and lead.

1768 — Merchants of Boston agree not to import anything from England until the taxes are repealed. Other colonies join. Massachusetts Legislature is dissolved by the King, and British soldiers are quartered in Boston.

1769 — All taxes repealed by England except that on tea, which is kept for the sake of the principle.

1770 — The Boston Massacre occurs, in which citizens and British soldiers engage and several citizens are shot, causing threats of rebellion.

1773 — The Boston Tea-party takes place, as a final protest against Parliamentary taxation.

1774 — Parliament closes the port of Boston, as a punishment, removing the seat of government to Salem, and placing General Gage over Boston as British governor. First Continental Congress meets at Philadelphia, September 4, with delegates from twelve colonies. Massachusetts Provincial Congress meets, and issues a call for 12,000 volunteers, known as "minutemen."

REVOLUTIONARY WAR: 1775 TO 1783

1775 — Parliament declares Massachusetts in rebellion and sends Lord Howe with a fleet and offers of conciliation. British soldiers are sent out from Boston to seize powder and arrest John Hancock and Samuel Adams as traitors. Paul Revere warns the country people. British troops fire on the minutemen at Lexington, killing eight. Battle of Concord follows, and armed resistance begins on April 19. Battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, first real battle of the war. Second Continental Congress meets May 10, votes to raise 20,000 men, and chooses Washington as commander-in-chief.

1776 — Declaration of Independence, July 4, by the Continental Congress in Philadelphia. Establishment of state governments provided for. British evacuate Boston but occupy New York. Washington crosses the Delaware at night and captures Hessians.

1777 — American army suffers at Valley Forge. Stars and Stripes adopted by Congress on June 14 as the American flag. Articles of confederation and perpetual union drafted; the confederacy to be called the United States of America.

1778 — Treaty of Alliance with France effected through Franklin, America's first foreign minister.

1781 — Cornwallis surrenders his army of 7000 at Yorktown, October 19. The Articles of Confederation, ratified by the states, become the legal government.

1783 — Congress proclaims cessation of hostilities on April 11. The Treaty of Peace is signed at Paris, September 3. Washington retires to private life.

1784 — First daily newspaper in America established in Philadelphia. Congress passes an ordinance for the government of the Northwest Territory, and Connecticut passes a state law for the abolition of slavery.

1787 — The Constitutional Convention meets in Philadelphia in May, with Washington as presiding officer, and after four months presents a Constitution of the United States, which is adopted and put into effect June 21, 1788.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE NATION

1788 — Under the new Constitution presidential elections are held in ten states. Washington receives 69 votes, and John Adams 34. New York is the temporary seat of government.

1789 — The first Congress of the United States assembles in New York, March 4. Washington is inaugurated April 30. Congress enacts the first tariff law, creates the executive departments, and begins national law-making.

1790 — The seat of government is transferred to Philadelphia. A national Thanksgiving day is proclaimed in November, and becomes an annual religious holiday. First official census gives the population as nearly 4,000,000, including 700,000 negroes.

1791 — First National Bank of the United States established.

1792 — Government coining mint established at Philadelphia. Washington reëlected President.

1793 — Invention of the cotton gin by Eli Whitney, revolutionizing the cotton industry.

1794 — Treaty with England made. A daily newspaper is begun in Boston.

1796 — John Adams is elected the second President. Washington refuses to accept a third term.

1799 — Washington dies at his home, Mount Vernon, December 14.

1800 — Thomas Jefferson is elected President, and the seat of government is transferred to Washington, in the District of Columbia, which is created as a national center, governed directly by Congress.

1803 — Territory of Louisiana purchased from Napoleon for $15,000,000.

1804 — Burr kills Hamilton in duel. Lewis and Clarke make an expedition to Oregon.

1807 — Robert Fulton runs his steamboat the *Clermont* between New York and Albany.

1812 — War declared against England because of blockade of American ports and many unfriendly acts. Americans successful in naval battles.

1814 — Peace treaty made at Ghent, December 24.

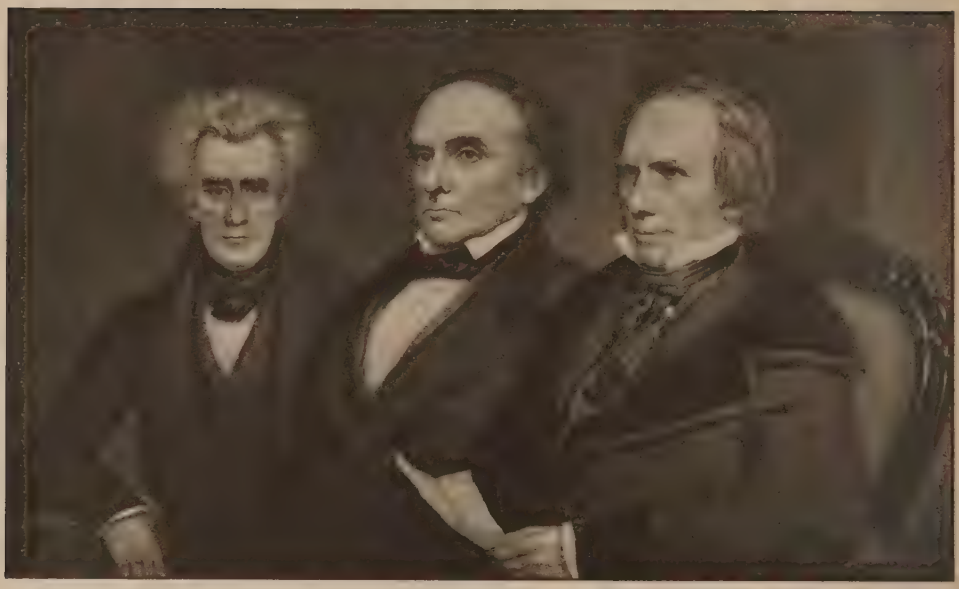
1819 — First steam vessel to cross the Atlantic goes from Savannah to Liverpool.

1821 — Florida bought from Spain for $15,000,000. Colonization of Texas by Americans begins.

1825 — Completion of the Erie Canal makes a water route from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic Ocean.

1826 — John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, two great Americans, die on July 4. Both had much to do with drafting the Declaration of Independence and establishing the Union.

1830 — Famous Webster-Hayne debate on the Constitution in the United States Senate. City of Chicago founded. Steam railroad for passengers begun between Charleston and Savannah. First astronomical telescope in America erected at Yale College.



ANDREW JACKSON, DANIEL WEBSTER, AND HENRY CLAY

Jackson, the seventh President; Webster, the defender of the Constitution; and Clay, the great pacificator. Webster and Clay were two of the greatest orators our country has produced and for a long time leaders in national affairs.

1831 — Steam railroad line completed between Albany and Syracuse, New York.

1836 — Gas first used for lighting the streets of Philadelphia. Friction matches introduced.

1837 — First great financial panic spreads over the country. Electric telegraph invented and operated by Samuel F. B. Morse.

1838 — The steamships *Great Western* and *Sirius* begin regular trips across the Atlantic. John Ericsson invents the screw steamship.

1842 — Boundary line established between United States and Canada.

1843 — The occupation of Oregon begins, and settlers crowd into the new territory.

1844 — Morse's electric telegraph is put into practical operation. First message, sent from Washington to Baltimore: "What hath God wrought."

1845 — Texas admitted to the Union as a state. Petroleum discovered in western Pennsylvania.

1846 — War with Mexico declared May 12. The sewing machine patented by Elias Howe.

1848 — War with Mexico closes. Oregon territory organized. By treaty Mexico sells for $18,000,000 the northern half of her territory, now occupied by California, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, and part of Colorado.

1849 — Discovery of gold in California. California applies for admission as a free state, raising slavery issue again.

1851 — Three-cent postage law passed. Henry Clay dies June 29.

1852 — Daniel Webster dies October 24. Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" arouses sentiment against slavery.

1854 — Japan is opened to American trade through treaty made by Commodore Perry.

1857 — Dred Scott decision increases anti-slavery feeling. Another financial panic sweeps the country. Railroad completed from Baltimore to St. Louis.

1859 — John Brown makes a raid into Virginia, is seized, tried, and hanged.

1860 — Lincoln is elected President, and the Southern States secede from the Union and form the Confederate States of America, with Jefferson Davis as President.

1861 — Fall of Fort Sumter begins the Civil War. First Confederate Congress meets at Richmond.

1863 — By the Emancipation Proclamation, issued January 1, President Lincoln declares all slaves free.

1865 — Lee surrenders at Appomattox Court House April 9, Johnston surrenders to Sherman April 26, and the terrible war is over. President Lincoln is shot by an assassin April 14, and dies the next morning.

1866 — The *Great Eastern* succeeds in laying the Atlantic cable in a permanent manner.
1867 — Alaska is purchased from Russia for $7,000,000.
1869 — Completion of the Union and Central Pacific railroads forms the first transcontinental line from Atlantic to Pacific.
1871 — Chicago largely destroyed by fire, causing loss of two hundred lives and $200,000,000 worth of property (October 8–11).
1872 — Alabama Arbitration Commission, first great case of international arbitration. Decision is that England must pay the United States $15,500,000 in gold for damage done by privateers. Great fire in Boston, loss $70,000,000.
1873 — Financial panic sweeps the country. Law passed demonetizing silver.
1875 — Electric light made practical for lighting purposes by Charles Brush of Cleveland.
1876 — Centennial of the Declaration of Independence celebrated by a great Exposition at Philadelphia. Electoral Commission created to decide whether Hayes or Tilden was elected President.
1877 — Telephone perfected and applied to business uses by Alexander Bell of Boston.
1881 — Garfield, inaugurated President in March, is shot by an assassin July 2, and dies September 19; the second President thus attacked. Edison's electric-lighting improvements lead to its general introduction, beginning in New York.
1883 — Two-cent letter postage established by Congress. First Brooklyn Bridge completed.
1893 — World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, celebrating the four hundredth anniversary of Columbus' discovery of America.
1898 — Hawaii is annexed to the United States July 6. War with Spain begins, owing to the oppression of Spain in Cuba. Commodore Dewey takes Manila, and the Philippine Islands become a possession of the United States. Porto Rico surrenders to General Miles; and after the destruction of the Spanish fleet at Santiago, July 3, Spain surrenders, and a treaty of peace is made December 10.
1899 — American troops take possession of Havana and begin restoration of the island.
1901 — President McKinley shot by an anarchist September 5; dies September 13. Wireless telegraphy established in America by Marconi.
1902 — United States troops withdrawn from Cuba. Wireless message sent across the ocean.
1907 — A financial panic spreads disaster over the country.
1909 — Salary of the President increased from $50,000 to $75,000 a year, with $25,000 added for traveling expenses. Peary reaches the North Pole, April 6.
1910 — Postal Savings Bank created by the Government.
1912 — Parcel Post established by Congress. South Pole discovered by Amundsen, and also by Captain Scott, who lost his life on the return trip.

Presidents of the United States

George Washington, 1789–1797.
John Adams, 1797–1801.
Thomas Jefferson, 1801–1809.
James Madison, 1809–1817.
James Monroe, 1817–1825.
John Quincy Adams, 1825–1829.
Andrew Jackson, 1829–1837.
Martin Van Buren, 1837–1841.
William H. Harrison, 1841, died in office.
John Tyler, 1841–1845.
James K. Polk, 1845–1849.
Zachary Taylor, 1849–1850, died in office.
Millard Fillmore, 1850–1853.
Franklin Pierce, 1853–1857.
James Buchanan, 1857–1861.
Abraham Lincoln, 1861–1865, died in office.
Andrew Johnson, 1865–1869.
Ulysses S. Grant, 1869–1877.
Rutherford B. Hayes, 1877–1881.
James A. Garfield, 1881, died in office.
Chester A. Arthur, 1881–1885.
Grover Cleveland, 1885–1889.
Benjamin Harrison, 1889–1893.
Grover Cleveland, 1893–1897.
William McKinley, 1897–1901, died in office.
Theodore Roosevelt, 1901–1909.
William H. Taft, 1909–1913.
Woodrow Wilson, 1913–

Twenty-eight persons have held the office of President. None has served more than two terms, following the precedent set by Washington.

As to birthplace, eight of the Presidents were born in Virginia, six in Ohio, four in New York, three in North Carolina, two in Massachusetts, and one each in New Jersey, New Hampshire, Kentucky, Pennsylvania, and Vermont. If place of residence when elected be considered, however, Illinois would have Lincoln and Grant as citizens; Indiana would claim Harrison; New York would have Arthur and Cleveland; New Jersey would have Wilson, thus reducing Ohio by two and Virginia by two, since William Henry Harrison was not a Virginian when elected President.

Vice-Presidents of the United States

1. John Adams, 1789; 2. Thomas Jefferson, 1797; 3. Aaron Burr, 1801; 4. George Clinton, 1805; 5. Elbridge Gerry, 1813; 6. Daniel D. Tompkins, 1817; 7. John C. Calhoun, 1825; 8. Martin Van Buren, 1833; 9. Richard M. Johnson, 1837; 10. John Tyler, 1841; 11. George M. Dallas, 1845; 12. Millard Fillmore, 1849; 13. William R. King, 1853; 14. John Breckinridge, 1857; 15. Hannibal Hamlin, 1861; 16. Andrew Johnson, 1865; 17. Schuyler Colfax, 1869; 18. Henry Wilson, 1873; 19. William A. Wheeler, 1877; 20. Chester A. Arthur, 1881; 21. Thomas A. Hendricks, 1885; 22. Levi P. Morton, 1889; 23. Adlai E. Stevenson, 1893; 24. Garret A. Hobart, 1897; 25. Theodore Roosevelt, 1901; 26. Charles W. Fairbanks, 1905; 27. James S. Sherman, 1909; 28. Thomas R. Marshall, 1913.

"HANDS UP!" A REMARKABLE SNAPSHOT OF THE VOTE OF A VAST BODY OF WORKINGMEN AT A STREET MASS MEETING

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS

ERAS AND EVENTS THAT OUTLINE THE DEVELOPMENT OF CIVILIZATION

THE three principal divisions of History are Ancient, Medieval, and Modern. Some historians define Ancient History as dating from the earliest known facts to the first migrations of the Teutonic tribes in 375 A. D.; others prefer to extend the period to the fall of Rome in 476, as one of the most significant events of all history. Medieval History covers the period from 476 (or 375) to 1492, the discovery of America; and Modern History begins at that date and extends to our own time. In tracing the development of nations we shall not observe these limits of classification, but shall follow each nation through its entire period of existence. One who accompanies the reading of our epitome of history with study of this outline by dates will get a fairly well-rounded view of this important subject. It should be remembered that many dates cannot be fixed with certainty. We have followed the best accredited authorities.

EASTERN PEOPLES

B. C.

5000 (?)–525 — EGYPTIAN EMPIRE. While the continuous written record begins about 5000, the continuous civilization of Egypt dated back to about 7000; some say 8000. An invading race came in about 5000. A wonderful Hamitic people, great in arms and arts, leaving architectural and sculptural monuments of amazing kind. Made valley of the Nile forever famous. Capital at first Memphis, then Thebes (2400 B. C.). Great Pyramid built about 3969. Hyksos or Shepherd Kings began to rule about 2100. Rameses II (1388–1322) covered Egypt with magnificent buildings. Egypt became a Persian province in 525. Since that time Egypt's history has been one of vicissitude; under Persian rule mostly until subjugated by Rome in 50 B. C. Constant wars followed, and in 641 A. D. Egypt became subject to Omar, the Arabian. Conquered by the Mamelukes in 1250, it was added to the Ottoman Empire in 1770; was invaded by the French under Napoleon in 1798; Turkish rule was resumed in 1805 under Mehemet Ali. First Egyptian newspaper published in 1820. Suez Canal opened in 1869. Since 1899 Egypt has been practically under British control, through agreement with France.

5000 (?)–538 — BABYLONIAN EMPIRE, reaching from the Persian Gulf to the Mediterranean. Babylon, its capital, was a marvelous city, one of the Seven Wonders of the World, with its hanging gardens, its walls 84 feet wide and 300 feet high, according to Herodotus (in parts 136 feet wide by actual measurement of modern excavators), its area 34 miles in circumference, and its estimated twenty million inhabitants. Arabian tribes swept over the country about

2500. Nebuchadnezzar, who built the hanging gardens for his queen, was the last great king (605–562). He captured Jerusalem and carried its people into captivity (598–588). Cyrus of Persia made Babylonia a Persian province in 538. In 63 Pompey made it a Roman province. In 750 A. D. the Mohammedan caliphs chose Bagdad as their seat; in 1638 Babylonia became subject to Turkey.

2000–70 A. D. — JEWISH NATIONALITY IN PALESTINE. Abraham, the Patriarch, came from Ur of the Chaldees about 2000, although all the Jewish dates are uncertain. The great names are Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, David, and Solomon. Joseph was sold into Egypt about 1550 (?). Moses led the Hebrews out of Egypt about 1320 (?). English scholars put these dates much earlier — 1728 and 1491. The kingdom was divided about 953; kingdom of Israel destroyed by the Assyrians in 722; Jerusalem taken by Nebuchadnezzar in 586 (?) and Jews carried to Babylon; exiles sent back to Palestine by Persian Cyrus in 537. Emancipated by the Maccabees (167–130), the Jews were made tributary to the Romans in 63 B. C. Herod the Great was recognized as dependent king of Judea in 40. Jesus was born in the year 4 before the era named for him. The Jews revolted against Rome in 66 A. D., and Jerusalem was destroyed by Titus in 70. Syria, which includes Palestine, or the Holy Land, was conquered by the Arabs or Saracens under Omar (634–644), and has remained under the Mohammedan rule of the Turks, in spite of the Crusades and various revolts and efforts to gain independence. The Zionist movement is an attempt to regather and reëstablish the Jews in Palestine.

1900–605 — ASSYRIAN EMPIRE, which rivaled Babylonia, showing great activity in architecture, sculpture, and literature. Nineveh, its famous capital, was destroyed in 605 by the Medes and Chaldeans, and the Assyrian kingdom came to an end.

1300–538 — THE PHŒNICIANS, with their Mediterranean ports of Tyre and Sidon, were the leading ancient mariners, and developed many arts and manufactures. After the fall of Babylonia, Phœnicia became subject to Persia, and centuries later to the Turks.

850 (?)–558 — EMPIRE OF THE MEDES. In 593 Media was the most powerful monarchy in Asia, but became subject to Persia in 558.

558–330 — ANCIENT PERSIAN EMPIRE, which became the ruling world power under Cyrus, its founder (558–529). He conquered Babylonia (538), and Cambyses, who followed him, conquered Egypt (525). Under Darius, Xerxes, and other rulers wars were constant with Egypt and Greece; and Persia was subjugated by Alexander the Great in 330. The battle of Issus was the decisive event. The Parthian Empire ruled Persia from 174 B. C. to 226 A. D., when the New Persian Empire was established, continuing until 652. Wars with Rome were waged until 563, when a definite treaty of peace was made. Persia was invaded by Arabs and Turks, and Ottoman rule was established by the battle of Nehavend (victory of victories) in 641. Since that time Persia has been governed by the caliphs as a part of the Turkish Empire. Jerusalem was sacked by the Persians in 615 A. D.

THE FAR EAST

1123 (?) — THE CHINESE date their history back thousands of years, but the first date regarded as historic is that of the Chow Dynasty (1123–255). The famous Chinese Wall was built by Chewang-te (246–210); is 1400 miles long, 1530 feet high, 1525 feet broad; a marvel of construction. Empire united under Suy Dynasty in 590 A. D. Confucius born 551, died 478 B. C. He founded an ethical religion, and the masses of the Chinese are Confucianists. The Chinese Empire was overthrown by revolution in 1912, and the Chinese Republic established at Peking the same year, with Yuan Shi Kai as the first President.

660 (?) — JAPAN also has its mythical period, but its first historic dynasty was founded by Jimmu Tenno, the first Mikado, in 660, and has lasted until the present time, the reigning Mikado being the 123d sovereign. This record is as remarkable as the growth of the Empire in recent years, when its war with Russia brought it into prominence and gave it place among the nations to be reckoned with. Japan was first opened to western nations by Commodore Perry, of the United States navy, who entered the harbor of Yeddo with four vessels in 1853, and on March 21, 1854, concluded a treaty between Japan and the United States. First Japanese embassy was sent to the United States in 1860. Feudalism was abolished in 1871. Japan now has a constitutional government, and is modern in ideas as well as in government.

WESTERN PEOPLES

2000 (?)–146 — GRECIAN EMPIRE. Grecian history before 1104 is mythical. Wars with Persia and strife between the Grecian states led to loss of independence in 338. The Græco-Macedonian period lasted until 146, when Rome subjugated Greece, and the ancient Empire fell. The Trojan War (1193–1184) is celebrated by Homer and Vergil in immortal epics (the "Iliad," the "Odyssey," and the "Æneid"). Great dates are: 820 Constitution and Laws of Lycurgus. 594 — Constitution and

Laws of Solon, paving the way from aristocracy to democracy. 500–449 — Persian wars. 490 — Battle of Marathon, in which the Athenians defeated the Persians. 480 — Battle at Thermopylæ, where the Spartan king Leonidas won lasting renown by his defense of the pass; also great naval battle of Salamis, the Greeks defeating the Persians. 359–336 — Rise of the Macedonian power under Philip. 336–323 — Dominion of Alexander the Great. 146 — Capture and destruction of Corinth by the Romans, who became the rulers of Greece. The Golden Age of Pericles (465–429) was the most brilliant period in the history of Athens, in political power, commerce, art, and literature. Its great names include Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Herodotus, Thucydides, Phidias, Socrates, and Anaxagoras. Plato came just afterward (427–348), as did Aristotle (384–322). Demosthenes, first orator of the world, lived from 383 to 322. Modern Greece has had a checkered history. The Turks conquered Morea (1714–1718) in the wars with Venice; the Venetians defeated the Turks (1687), captured Athens, and blew up the Parthenon on the Acropolis. Venice repopulated the Peninsula with Greek colonists. The independence of Greece was announced in 1830, under England, France, and Russia as guardian powers. Athens is the capital. King Constantine came to the throne in 1913, during the war with Turkey.

753 (?)–476 A. D. — ROMAN EMPIRE. The mythical period of the kings, beginning with Romulus, covers the years 753–510. The Roman legends are charming, but modern scholarship rejects them as history. Rome was a Latin settlement, the time of its founding unknown. The city, on the banks of the Tiber, was built on seven hills; sixteen great artificial roads led from it; its palaces and public buildings were in emulation of the Greeks. From the time of the Cæsars Rome has been a center of world interest. About 510 the Kingdom gave place to the Roman Republic, Tarquinius II and his family being expelled and royalty abolished. The rulers were called Consuls, and were elected annually from the Patricians, the upper class as distinguished from the Plebeians. From 510 to 264 the struggles went on between these two classes. The Gauls sacked Rome in 390. The Punic Wars, in which the Romans fought the Carthaginians (264–146), together with victories in Macedonia, established Rome as ruler of the world. Hannibal, the Carthaginian, crossed the Alps with his army in 218, a feat of lasting renown. Carthage was destroyed after a street fight lasting six days and a conflagration lasting seventeen days (146). Corinth also was destroyed. Wars and civil strife marked the period from 146 to 60, when the First Triumvirate — Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus — brought Cæsar to power as First Consul. The conspiracy of Catiline (66–62) established the fame of Cicero, who is ranked as an orator second to Demosthenes, the Greek. Cæsar's conquest of Gaul (58–51) resulted in destroying the Celts as a nation — saving for four centuries the Græco-Roman civilization from destruction by the German barbarians — and in enlarging the boundaries of the Old World. Cæsar became Imperator in 48. His remarkable reign ended March 15, 44, by his assassination during a session of the Senate. Rome's greatest soldier and leader fell, pierced by twenty-three wounds. The period of the Roman Emperors followed until the downfall of the Empire in 476 A. D. Augustus (31 B. C. to 14 A. D.) was Emperor when Christ was born. In his reign Roman literature reached its highest point; Vergil (70–19) and Horace (65–8) were the most distinguished poets. Rome was burned in 64 A. D., and the persecution of the Christians by Nero followed. Vespasian founded the Coliseum in 75. Herculaneum and Pompeii were buried by an eruption of Vesuvius in 79. Rebellion of the Jews (131–135) led to their being driven out of Palestine as wanderers over the earth. One of Rome's best Emperors was Marcus Aurelius (161–180). Emperor Constantine the Great (274–337) became sole ruler in 323, and recognized Christianity as the state religion. The first General Council of the Church was called by him at Nicæa, in Bithynia, in 325. Constantinople (formerly Byzantium) was chosen as his capital in 330. He was the last great ruler Rome had. The Goths swarmed into the Empire in 376; Rome was sacked by Alaric in 410, and by the Vandals in 455; and in 476 the German Odoacer (or Odovaker), a general in the Roman army, made himself ruler of Italy, and Rome was no more.

700 (?)–1914 — GERMANY. Teutonic or German tribes entered Germany about 700 B. C. They invaded Italy in 113, and from that time to the fall of Rome warfare was constant. Cæsar invaded Germany in 55 B. C., and Hermann freed Germany in 9 A. D. From 250 to 768 A. D. the period is filled with struggles between the German and invading tribes. Charlemagne (768–814) became King in 771, and in 800 was crowned Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. Germany separated from this Empire in 843. Otto the Great reëstablished the Empire of Charlemagne as purely German in 962. The last Asiatic invasion of Germany was checked by Frederick II in 1241. The Hanseatic League was founded the same year. About 1450 John Gutenberg practiced at Mainz the art of printing. The petty states were in constant strife with one another. Gradually Prussia became a ruling power in North Germany, and Austria in South Germany.

Frederick the Great (1712-1786), who began his reign in 1740, brought Prussia to the front rank. The Napoleonic wars (1792–1815) humbled Germany, but led the people to see the need of a strong, united nation. Demand for constitutional government resulted in the revolutions of 1848. In 1861 William I became King of Prussia, making Bismarck his Prime Minister in 1862. War between Prussia and Austria in 1866 established Prussia's supremacy, and the Treaty of Prague excluded Austria from German affairs. Victorious war with France in 1870 bound all the German states together, and in 1871 the German Empire was proclaimed, with William I as Emperor and Bismarck as Chancellor. This new German Empire comprised 216,770 square miles and twenty-five governments. William I died in 1888, and after a few months' reign his son Frederick III died, and was succeeded by William II. Bismarck, who had welded the German states into a great Empire, was retired from office in 1890, and died in 1898. While William II has maintained Germany as a great military power, his reign has also witnessed a remarkable industrial and commercial development.

A. D.

796–1914 — AUSTRIAN EMPIRE. East-Mark was founded by Charlemagne in 796; became known as Austria in 996; was made a duchy in 1156. The first siege of Vienna by the Turks occurred in 1529; their invasions were finally ended in 1683, and they were driven out of Hungary in 1716. Maria Theresa reigned from 1740 to 1780, a period of strife. The wars with France (1792–1814) greatly weakened Austria. The revolutions of 1848 brought Francis Joseph II to the throne for a remarkable reign. Hungary and Bohemia had been made Austrian provinces by conquest, rulers of Austria having been kings of Hungary and Bohemia since 1526, but outbreaks were frequent and discontent constant. The war with Prussia in 1866 left Austria outside of the German Confederation, and the Austro-Hungarian Empire was established in 1867, Austria and Hungary having equal rights. Vienna, capital of Austria, is one of the most beautiful cities of Europe. The weakness of the Empire arises from the radical differences in the German and Slavic elements of the population.

406–1914 — FRANCE. The Salic Franks gradually occupied northern Gaul. In 486 Clovis, their leader, defeated the Romans in the battle of Soissons, and established the Kingdom of the Franks, with himself as sole ruler. After his death (511) his four sons divided the Kingdom, which was reunited in 613. The Carolingian line of kings began in 751 with Pipin the Short. Charlemagne was the great figure of early France, as of Europe, in his period (768–814). In 987 Hugh Capet was chosen King, and Paris was made the capital of the new French monarchy. The great barons held power until Louis XI (1461–1483) laid the foundations of absolute monarchy. Conditions were seldom peaceful. The brilliant period of French literature was in the age of Louis XIV (1661–1715). He was an absolute and arbitrary ruler. His court at Versailles was the pattern for all Europe. Royal extravagance and bad government paved the way for the French Revolution in 1793, which overthrew the monarchy, executed Louis XVI, and set up a National Convention. The Reign of Terror that followed was ended in 1799 by Napoleon Bonaparte, who became First Consul. In 1804 he proclaimed France an Empire and was made Hereditary Emperor. Under him France became the conquering power of the world, and won successive victories over the combined Powers until his disastrous experiences in Russia in 1812. His final overthrow came at Waterloo, June 18, 1815, by the combined armies of England and Germany, and the domination of Napoleon and France in Europe was ended. Napoleon was confined on the island of St. Helena as prisoner of war, and died there May 5, 1821. In 1848 France became for the second time a Republic. Three years later (1851) Louis Napoleon was made President for ten years; and in 1852 was proclaimed Emperor of the French, retaining power until the war with Germany in 1870. Defeat cost him his throne, and the third Republic was proclaimed September 4, 1870. Napoleon III died in 1873 in England. Under a Republican government France had a long period of peace and general prosperity. Paris ranked as the most brilliant capital of Europe.

286 to 1914 — ENGLAND. The early name was Britain. The Celts occupied the island and Ireland also, probably a thousand years before Cæsar's invasion in 55 B. C. The mythical history goes back to 2000 B. C.; the actual history begins with the Roman conquests (55 B. C. to 80 A. D.). Britain became independent of Rome in 286. The Teutonic invaders — the Jutes, Angles, and Saxons — began coming in 449 (?), and gradually possessed the land, fighting among themselves. King Arthur belongs by Cymric tradition to this period (500–550). All England south of the Forth was first united under Egbert (Ecgberht), King of Wessex (802–837). The Northmen or Danes invaded and harassed the island from 789 to 1066, attempting conquest more than once, and actually holding supremacy from 1016 to 1042. The battle of Hastings, October 14, 1066, made William of Normandy King of England. He introduced continental feudalism and placed Norman barons over the English lands (1071). Through the power of the barons the Kings were held

in check, and finally Magna Charta was granted by King John at Runnymede in 1215. This charter secured personal freedom and right to trial, and was the people's first great victory. Wales was annexed to England in 1284, during the reign of Edward I (1272–1307). Summons of the first fully organized Parliament in 1295. Its separation into an Upper House (Lords) and Lower House (Commons) came in 1341. In 1348–49 the Black Death plague carried off more than half the population. The Wars of the Roses (the Red Rose of Lancaster and the White Rose of York) lasted from 1455 to 1485, when the House of Tudor came in with Henry VII. Henry VIII established the Church of England in 1537. The reign of Elizabeth (1558–1603) was the brilliant literary period of England, which had in its galaxy of stars William Shakespeare (1564–1616), Edmund Spenser, Sir Philip Sidney, and Ben Jonson. The destruction of the Spanish fleet, the Invincible Armada, took place in the English Channel in 1588. The execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, in 1587, marred Elizabeth's reign. Important dates following are: 1605 — Gunpowder Plot. 1611 — Completion of the King James or Authorized Translation of the Bible. 1628 — Passage of the Petition of Rights by Second Parliament of Charles I. 1642–1646 — The Civil War, which brought Oliver Cromwell (1599–1658) into command of the forces opposed to the King, and made him head of the Commonwealth from 1649 to 1658. Charles I was executed in London January 30, 1649. 1660 — Restoration of the monarchy, under Charles II. 1666 — Great Fire of London, lasting over a week and burning a region of 450 acres. 1688 — William of Orange landed in England. 1689 — Declaration of Rights, with offer of crown to William and Mary. William III reigned until his death in 1702, when Queen Anne succeeded him. 1707 — Union of England and Scotland under the name of Great Britain. 1714 — House of Hanover or Brunswick began with George I. 1727 — George II. Adoption of the Reformed (Gregorian) Calendar in 1752, making the year begin January 1 instead of March 25. 1760 — George III. 1775–1783 — War of Independence of the American colonies. 1757–1784 — War in India, which founded the British Empire there, beginning at Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta. 1801 — Legislative Union of Great Britain with Ireland under the name of the United Kingdom. 1812 — War with the United States. 1815 — Waterloo. 1820 — George IV. 1830 — William IV. Opening the same year of the Manchester and Liverpool Railway. 1832 — First Reform Act. 1833 — Abolition of slavery throughout the British Empire. 1837 — Victoria crowned Queen. 1840 — Penny postage introduced. 1846 — Repeal of the Corn Laws. 1851 — Telegraphic communication between France and England. 1853–1856 — Crimean War, in which England and France joined Turkey against Russia. 1870 — National education established by law. 1877 — Queen Victoria proclaimed Empress of India. 1901 — Death of Queen Victoria and succession of Edward VII. 1909 — Death of Edward VII, who was succeeded by George V. The Empire of Great Britain includes Canada, Australasia, parts of Africa, and India.

1096–1270 — Epoch of THE CRUSADES, or pilgrimages of the Christians to the Holy Sepulcher. French Peter the Hermit awakened the first enthusiasm. The First Crusade (1096–1099) ended in the storming of Jerusalem and establishment of a temporary feudal kingdom there. The Seven Crusades were the striking events of the Middle Ages, and had many important results, among which were the development of commerce, advance in knowledge, increased power of the Church, and perfection of the institution of knighthood or chivalry.

850 (?)–1914 — RUSSIA. Empire founded by Swedes who settled around Novgorod and subjugated the Slavs. From 862 to 1598, under the House of Rurik, many principalities arose. During the supremacy of the Mongols (1206–1480) the new grand principality of Moscow grew up and became the national center of Russia in 1320. The Mongols were conquered in 1480 by Ivan III, the Great, founder of the united monarchy. The House of Romanov succeeded that of Rurik in 1613. Peter I, the Great, who reigned from 1689 to 1725, introduced many reforms and European civilization, and made Russia one of the world powers. Under Catharine II (1762–1796) the division of Poland took place, with the aid of Austria and Prussia. Nicholas I declared war against Turkey in 1853, and the Crimean War resulted (1854–1856). The abolition of serfdom was proclaimed in 1858 by Alexander II (1855–1881). The Turco-Russian War (1877–1878) ended in a victory for Russia, followed by a reorganization of the Balkan States, under the action of the Congress of Berlin. Russia was the last great nation to grant a constitution, with a measure of parliamentary government, but autocratic rule still continues.

1100 B. C.–1914 — SPAIN. Iberians and Celts were the earliest inhabitants. Phœnician traders possibly reached Spain 1100 B. C. Rome occupied Spain 201 B. C., driving out the Carthaginians. Roman Spain gave way in 406 A. D. before the Vandal and Visigoth invasions. The Visigoths retained power until the Mohammedan Moors conquered the land in 711. Fernando I established the kingdom of Castile in 1037. The Christian reconquest of Spain began in 1050 and was completed in 1265,

except Granada. For five hundred years the struggle between Moslem and Christian lasted. When it was over two great states divided Spain — Castile and Aragon. These were united by the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella in 1469. Under their auspices Columbus sailed in 1492, and Spain had her great era. Napoleon attacked Spain in 1808 and put his brother Joseph on the throne; but in 1814 a Spanish sovereign, Ferdinand VII, resumed his rights of succession. Spain lost her colonies one after another, among the last being Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines in 1898. Spanish explorers and colonists made the first settlements in South and Central America, Mexico, and the West Indies; and at one time through discovery Spain laid claim to a large part of North America. A revolution in 1868 deposed Queen Isabella; but after six years of shifting government the monarchy was restored in 1874 under Alphonso XII. He died in 1885, and was succeeded by his posthumous son, Alphonso XIII, who was crowned in 1902.

476 A. D.–1914 — ITALY. Odoacer was the first King of Italy. He was overthrown by Theodoric, King of the East Goths, in 488. Continual warring followed, with the gradual development of independent states, until 1492, when invasions from France, Spain, and Germany began. Rome was sacked in 1527 by German and Spanish troops. For nearly three centuries (1530–1796) the Italians had no distinctive history. The Napoleonic campaigns in 1796 awakened the Italian people to new life. Napoleon created the Cis-Alpine Republic and reorganized Italy (1801–1807). When his power collapsed in 1815, Austria became mistress of Italy. The Revolutions of 1848 gave Piedmont a charter. This was the era of Cavour, Mazzini, and Garibaldi, the three great leaders in the struggle for a United Italy, which became a fact in 1870. King Victor Emmanuel made solemn entry into Rome in July, 1872, making Rome the capital of the Kingdom. He was succeeded in 1878 by Humbert I. Garibaldi died in 1882. King Humbert was assassinated in 1900, being succeeded by his only son, Victor Emmanuel III, born in 1869. In December, 1908, an earthquake shook southern Calabria and the eastern part of Sicily, destroying Reggio, Messina, and many smaller towns, with loss of life estimated at 150,000.

830–1914 — SWEDEN. Tacitus, the Roman historian, tells in his "Germania" of two great Germanic tribes in the Scandinavian Peninsula — the Swedes in the north and the Goths in the south. Mythical legends trace the Swedes to Odin. Authentic history begins with the introduction of Christianity by Ansgar, a Frankish missionary. Under Eric (1150–1160) the Swedish power was increased and extended into Finland. Gustavus Adolphus (1611–1632), greatest of her rulers, brought Sweden to a high point of influence. Charles VII (1697–1718) by his military genius won prestige, but left Sweden in debt and decline. Finland was severed from Sweden by Russia in 1809. In 1814 Norway was ceded to Sweden, and the union lasted until 1905, when Norway withdrew. Under Bernadotte, a Frenchman, who ascended the throne as Charles XIV John in 1818, the united kingdoms made great advance. Oscar I, his son, succeeded him in 1844, and was in turn succeeded by Oscar II in 1872. Gustaf V came to the throne in 1908.

933–1914 — NORWAY. Has a remarkable shore line, including fiords and islands, of 12,000 miles. Peopled later than Sweden by a Teutonic stock. Early history legendary. Historical period dates back to the uniting of petty tribal kingdoms under Harald Haarfagr (Fairhair), who died in 933. The Danes and Norwegians (Norsemen) were long the terror of Europe. In 1397 the three kingdoms of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden were united, and Norway remained in union with Denmark until 1814. From 1814 to 1905 Norway was united to Sweden, although allowed independence within her own boundaries. Prince Charles of Denmark was elected King of Norway in 1905, and took the throne as Haakon VII.

695–1914 — DENMARK. Early history lost in the period of the sagas, with its viking heroes. Real history begins with King Harald Hildetand, who fell fighting the Swedes in 695. King Gorm first united the tribes of the mainland under one rule; before 936 a King Svend Estridsen (1047–1076) founded a line that ruled for four hundred years. From 1375 to 1412 Margaret, widow of Haakon VI of Norway, ruled Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. In 1658 Denmark lost forever all possession in Sweden. In 1864 the duchies of Schleswig-Holstein became a part of Prussia, limiting Denmark to Jutland and the neighboring islands. The country has enjoyed prosperity, however. Copenhagen is the interesting capital. The population is composed almost exclusively of Danes. Christian X became King in 1912, succeeding King Frederick VIII, his father.

1793–1914 — BELGIUM. This little country, lying between France and the Netherlands, was annexed to France in 1793. In 1815, by the Congress of Vienna, Belgium was forced into union with Holland, a revolution in 1830 ended this unsatisfactory relation, and Belgium was recognized as an independent state in 1831. Leopold I, of Saxe-Coburg, was made King. Leopold II died in 1909, and was succeeded by Albert I, his nephew.

870–1914 — NETHERLANDS. These Provinces formed a part of the Empire of Charles the Great, and after 870 belonged in great part to Ger-

many. After 1384 the Provinces were under control of the Dukes of Burgundy. When they fell to Spain the War of Liberation (1568–1648) followed, and the united Provinces drove out the Spanish, finally obtaining recognition of their independence from Spain in 1648. Holland, a leader in the struggles for freedom, was attacked by both Spain and France, but was saved by the opening of the sluices, and won renown for bravery. Holland was disturbed during the French Revolution, when a Batavian Republic was established by the French; but the Kingdom of Holland was set up by Napoleon, and his third brother, Louis Bonaparte, was made King. After his abdication in 1810, Holland was annexed to the French Empire. The French officials were expelled in 1813, and the Kingdom of the Netherlands was established. Since 1830 Holland has been an independent state. Amsterdam is the capital, and The Hague is the seat of the International Court of Arbitration. Queen Wilhelmina began her reign in 1898, when she reached the age of eighteen.

1309–1914 — SWITZERLAND. The Swiss cantons held a feudal relation to Germany until the formation of the Swiss Confederacy in 1309. The story of William Tell may be a myth, but of the patriotism and bravery of the Swiss there can be no doubt. The Confederacy drove the Austrians out, and the cantons grew into republics, which proclaimed their independence in 1648, and have successfully maintained it. The Confederacy became a Federal Nation in 1847, with a common system of coinage and a centralized postal service and military organization. The Federal Council is elected triennially by Congress, and its chairman is the nominal President of Switzerland. The National Assembly is elected by the people.

STATISTICS OF THE CHIEF COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD

China (capital, Peking) area, 4,277,170 miles; England (London), 121,391 miles; British Empire, 13,213,712 miles; Russian Empire (St. Petersburg), 8,647,657; United States (Washington), 3,310,484; with Islands, 3,743,344; France (Paris), 207,054; with Colonies, 4,372,000; German Empire (Berlin), 208,780; Austria-Hungary (Vienna), 261,029; Turkish Empire (Constantinople), 710,224; Japan (Tokio), 235,886; Netherlands and Colonies (Amsterdam), 845,121; Italy (Rome), 110,623; Spain (Madrid), 194,700; Mexico (City of Mexico), 768,883; Persia (Teheran), 628,000; Portugal (Lisbon), 35,490; Sweden (Stockholm), 172,876; Norway (Christiania), 124,129; Belgium (Brussels), 11,373; Switzerland (Berne), 15,976; Denmark (Copenhagen), 15,388; South America — Brazil (Rio de Janeiro), 3,298,870; Argentina (Buenos Ayres), 1,135,840; Colombia (Bogota), 438,436; Chile (Santiago), 291,544; Peru (Lima), 697,640; Bolivia (La Paz), 709,000; Venezuela (Caracas), 303,730; Guatemala (Guatemala), 48,290; Ecuador (Quito), 120,000; Uruguay (Montevideo), 72,210; Paraguay (Asuncion), 97,700.

THE EUROPEAN WAR

In 1914 history as the story of separate nations ceased; a new kind of world history began in which nations were ranked as belligerents or neutrals. It is too soon to give any fair summary of the events of the war. It will, however, be helpful to the student of current events to trace the steps by which one nation after another was drawn into the world conflict.

1914 — June 28, Archduke Ferdinand of Austria and the Duchess of Hohenberg assassinated at Sarajevo, Bosnia, by a Serbian student; July 28, Austria declares war on Serbia; July 29, Russia mobilizes troops on Austrian frontier; Aug. 1, Germany declares war on Russia; Aug. 3, Germany declares war on France, Belgium refuses to accede to Germany's request for permission to send troops through her territory to France, Germany declares war on Belgium and seizes Luxemburg, France regards the invasion of Belgium as an act of war and does not consider declaration necessary; Aug. 4, England declares war on Germany; Aug. 5, Montenegro declares war on Austria; Aug. 6, Austria declares war on Russia; Aug. 9, Serbia declares war on Germany; Aug. 11, Montenegro declares war on Germany, France declares war on Austria-Hungary; Aug. 12, England declares war on Austria; Aug. 23, Japan in state of war with Germany; Aug. 25, Austria declares war on Japan; Aug. 29, Austria declares war on Belgium; Oct. 1, Turkish capitulations formally abrogated; Oct. 30, Nov. 5, Russia and Great Britain declare that state of war exists with Turkey; Nov. 5, Serbia severs diplomatic relations with Turkey.

1915 — May 22, Italy declares war on Austria; Oct. 14, Bulgaria declares war on Serbia; Oct. 15–19, Great Britain, France, Russia, and Italy declare war on Bulgaria.

1916 — March 8, Germany declares war on Portugal; Aug. 27, Roumania declares war on Austria-Hungary, Germany declares war on Roumania.

1917 — April 6, United States declares that a state of war exists with Germany; April 8, Austria-Hungary breaks off diplomatic relations with the United States.

1918 — Sept. 29, Oct. 31, Nov. 4, armistices concluded with Bulgaria, Turkey, and Austria-Hungary; Nov. 11, armistice signed by Germany.

1919 — Jan. 18, Peace Conference opens; June 28, German delegates sign Treaty of Versailles.